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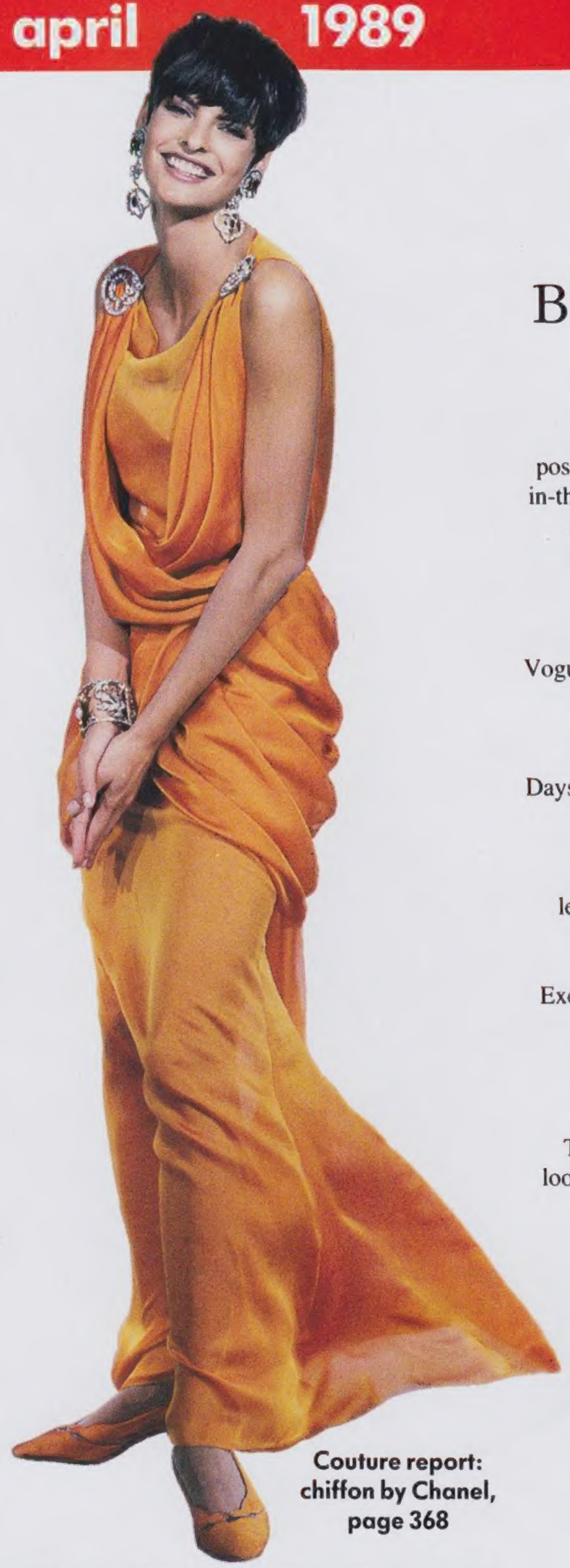

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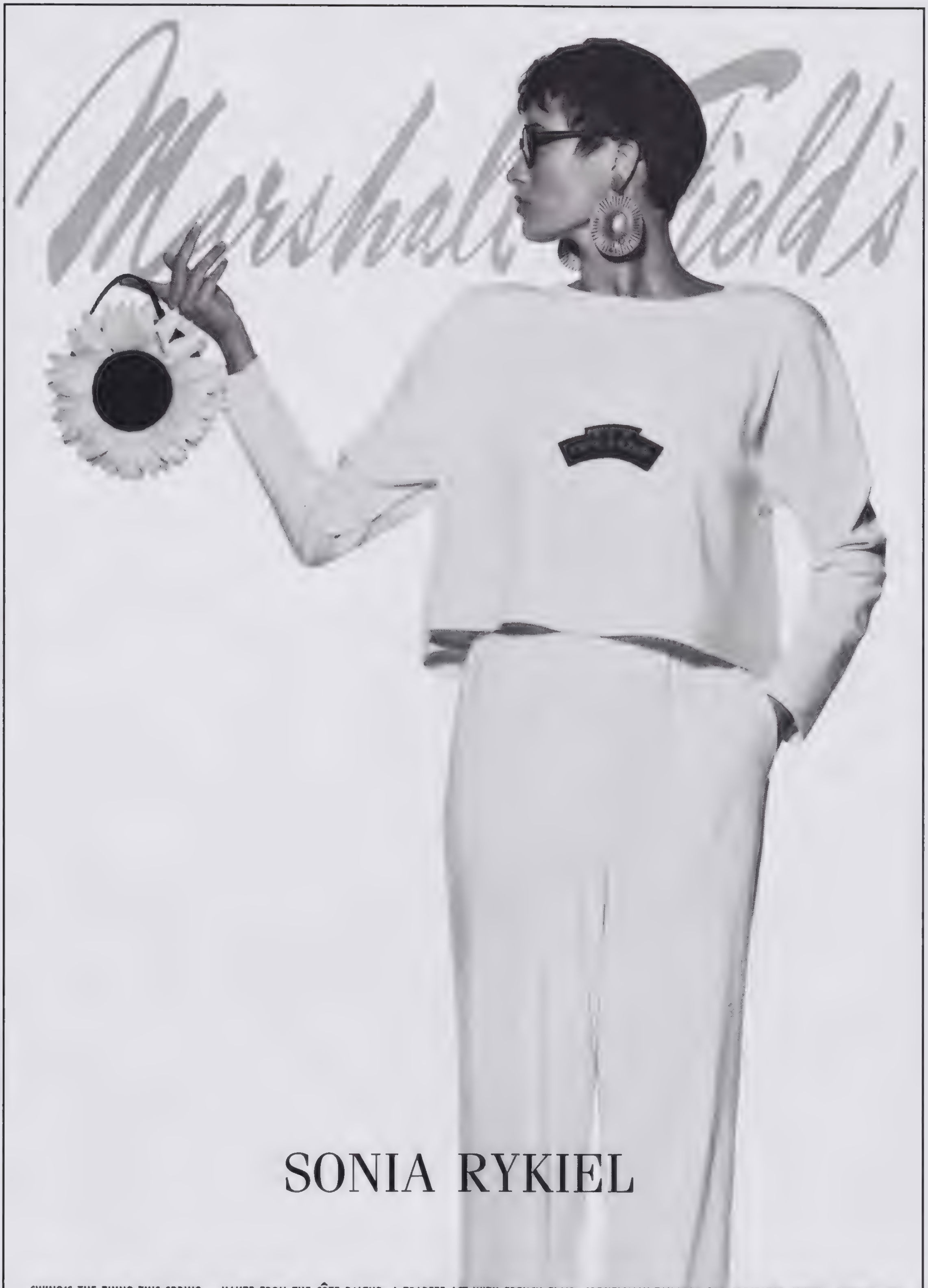

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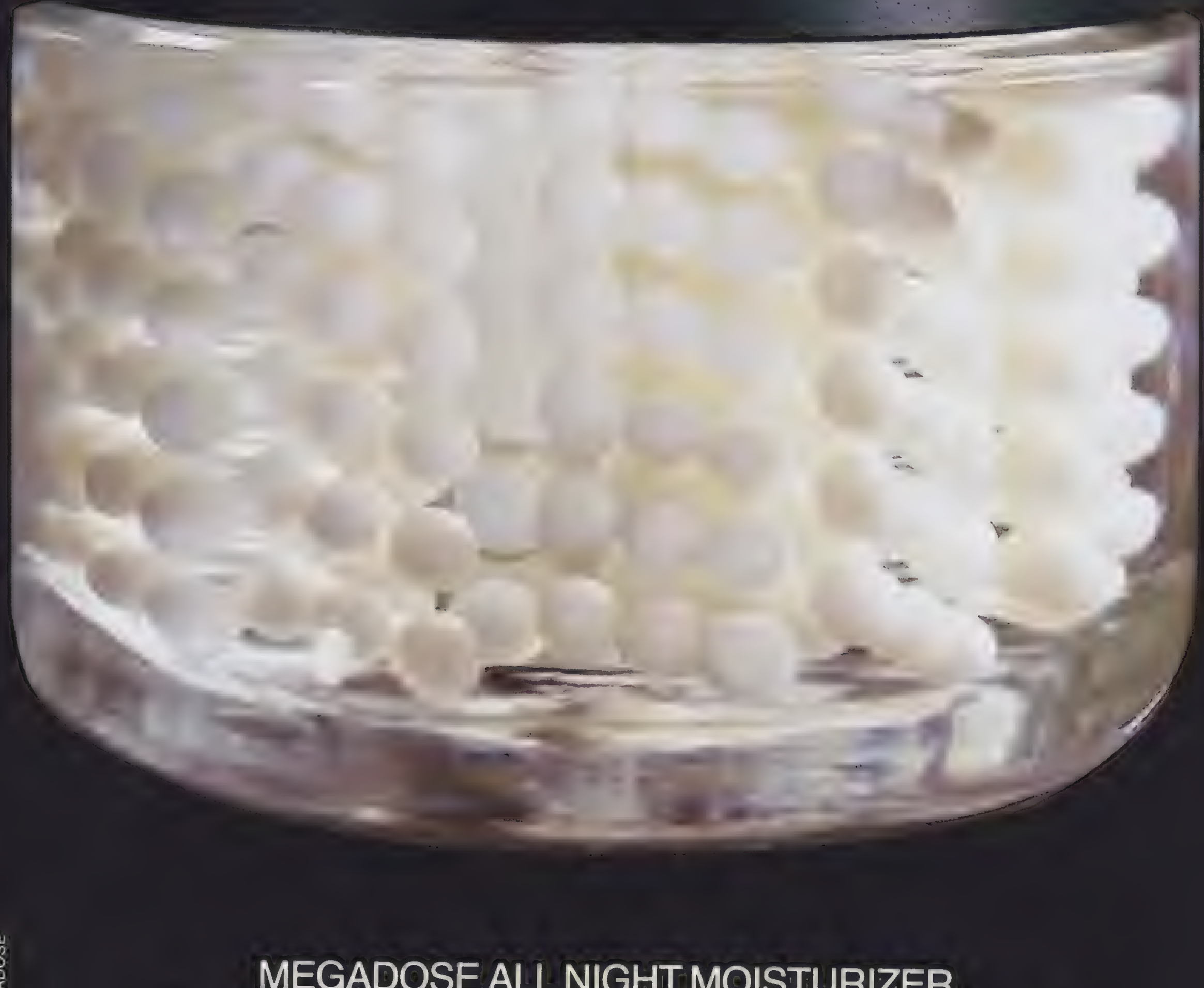

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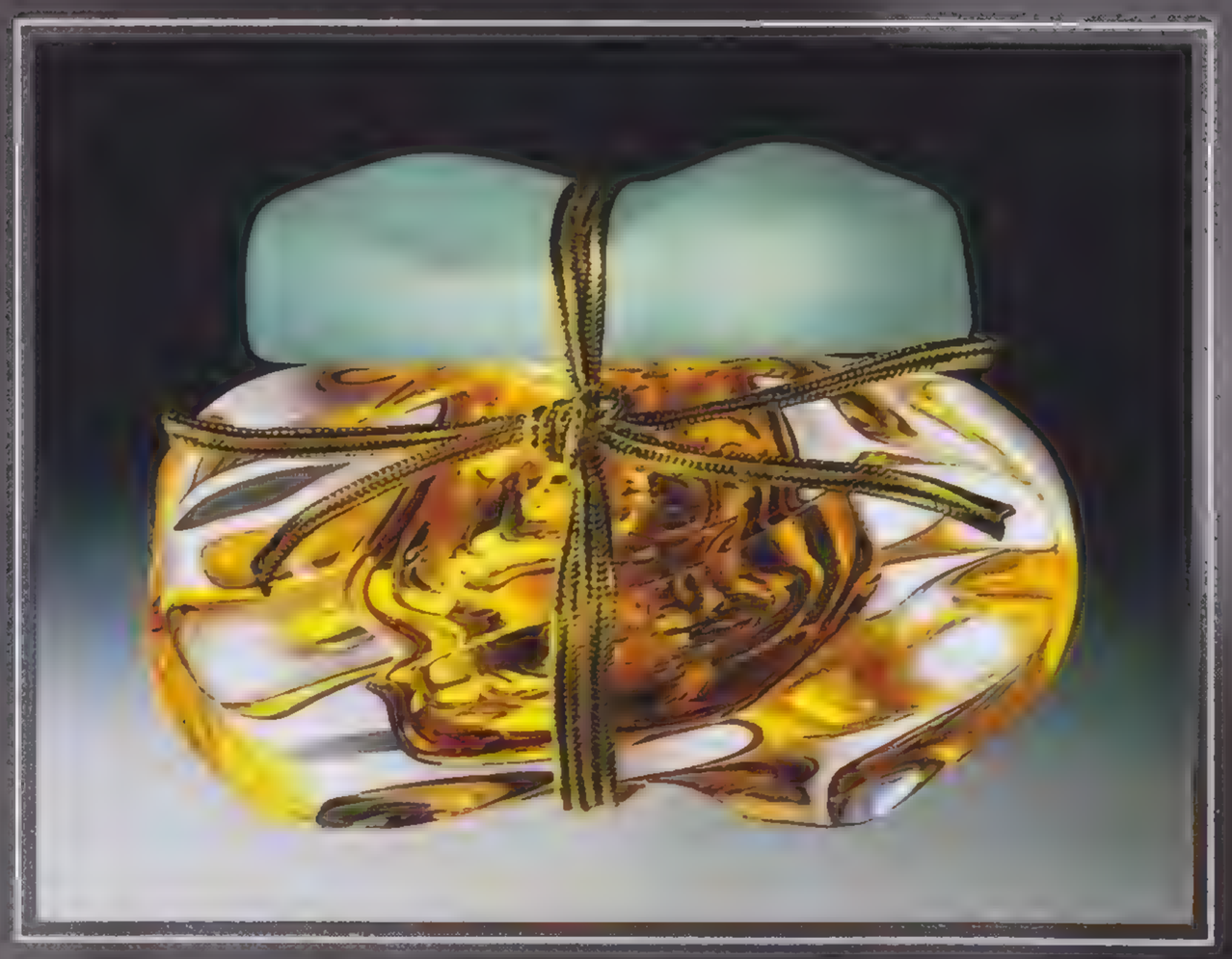

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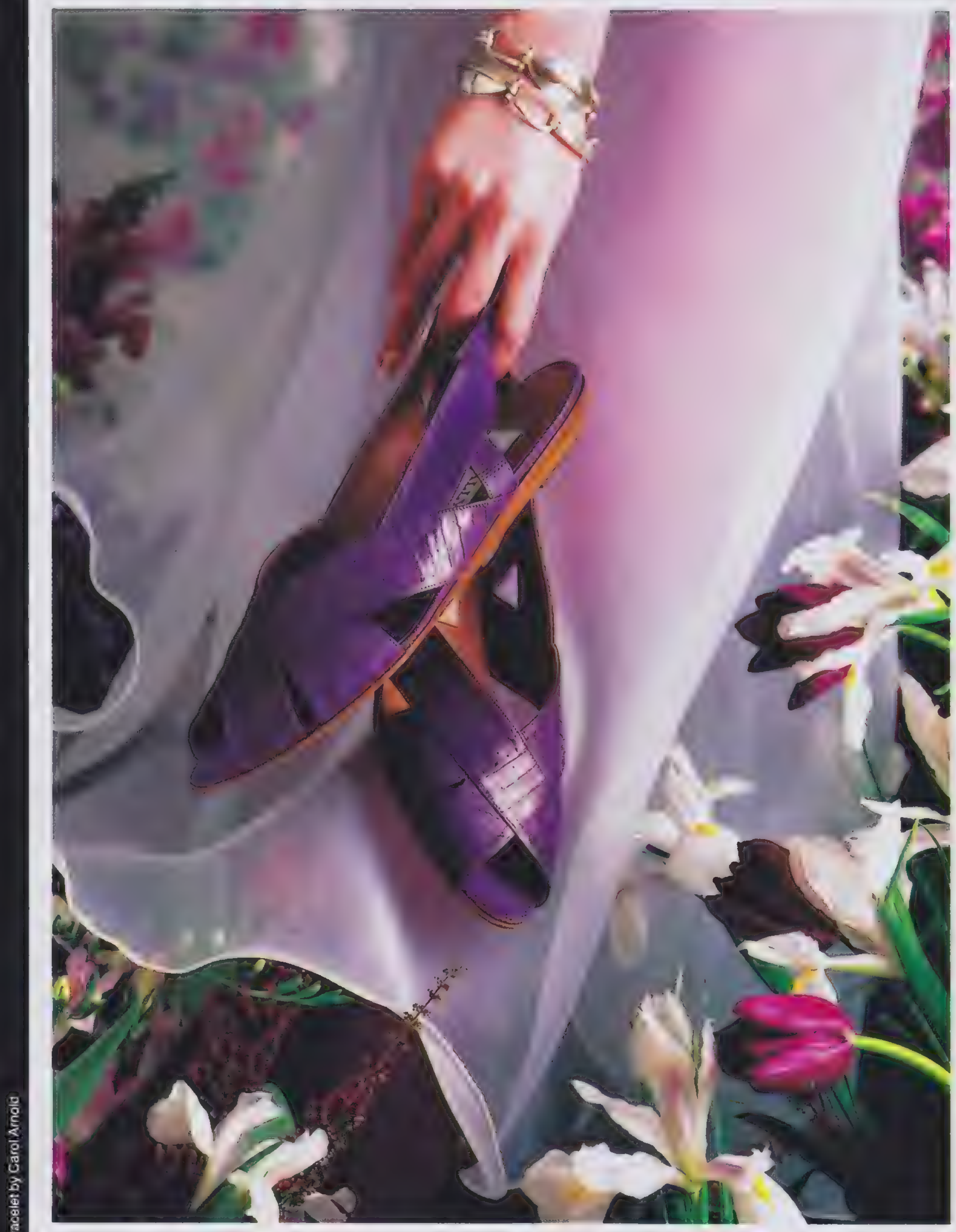

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VOGUE

Contributors

Herb Ritts

Beautiful bodies fill the pages of Herb Ritts's latest book of photographs, *Pictures*—not surprising from a guy who grew up outside Hollywood and who, after trying out his first camera on then-unknown actor Richard Gere, went on to shoot the famous figures of Sylvester Stallone, Kim Basinger, Madonna, and scores of others. His body-consciousness made him a natural for this month's athletic-dressing story, photographed in California's Mojave desert.

Ritts's involvement doesn't end when the shooting is over: "I don't work from a storyboard. When it comes to doing the layout, I like it to be collaborative. I do nudge, and I whine, and I'm on it in a protective way—I've got to see it through from start to finish. I'm more involved in the process than a lot of photographers, but I think the end result works."

(Contributors, *continues on page 72*)

HERB RITTS

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VOGUE

Contributors

Alessandra Stanley

When George Bush was elected president, Alessandra Stanley predicted the "Ralph Laurenization of America." This month she examines the other side of the president's roots in "All Hat and No Cows," her take on the Texas-tinged inaugural. Stanley, who wrote about Secretary of State James Baker in last month's Vogue, grew up in Washington and covered the presidential candidates for *Time*. Now a senior correspondent for that publication, she'll keep an eye on the new administration. "It's amusing to watch the Bush crowd—those Texans with Ivy League polish—come into town and play out a new comedy of manners."

Herbert Muschamp

"What interested me," says Herbert Muschamp about his article on Julian Schnabel's new religious art, "was that it's about aura: Julian's aura as an artist, the aura of religion. I'm interested in auras in general. For instance, it's interesting to watch George Bush suddenly acquire one. How did this nebbish become presidential? And, of course, writing for Vogue provides me with an aura." In addition to covering art and architecture for Vogue, he is architecture critic for *The New Republic*, a regular contributor to *Artforum*, and director of the architecture and design criticism program at Parsons School of Design.

Top: TOM WOLFF. Bottom: RUEDI HOFMANN

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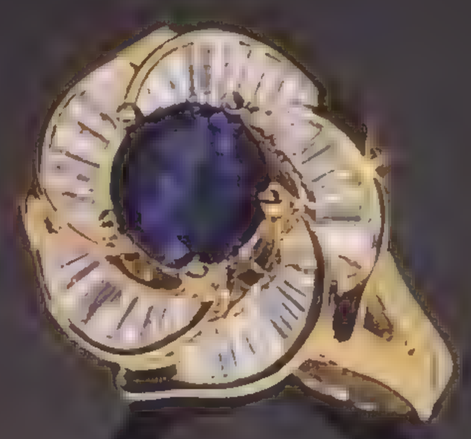

Ring enlarged to show detail.

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Overseen and overheard

By Page Hill Starzinger

ribbon crazy

What often distinguishes those with personal style are the subtle things they wear differently. A current fad: Chanel or Hermès packaging ribbon used as a fashion accessory—looped through the buttonholes of a cardigan or replacing shoelaces. Designer ribbons are the latest alternative to the Brazilian woven string "wish" bracelets worn by kids on the street. . . . Recent collections are filled with Spanish-inspired designs—boleros, pants with embroidery fit for a matador. For those who want the real thing, Madrid offers a wealth: at Zapatería Hijos de García Tenorio (Calle Bolsa, 9), custom-made boots are crafted the way they were one hundred years ago. At Cambalache (Victor Hugo, 5) shoppers find antique taffeta Balenciaga evening dresses. Sybilla, the best-known young Spanish designer, showcases her subdued, diaphanous long dresses at her boutique (Jorge Juan, 12). . . . Whoever would have guessed that the most popular accessory this spring would be the cardigan? In Paris, where kids are used to breaking fashion's rules, the cardigan sweater gets wrapped around the neck like a scarf. One inventive man even uses his to keep up his pants—he threads the sleeves through his belt loops.

stretching the point

Terry cloth and raffia have long been associated with summer: terry was traditionally used for beach towels or after-swimming robes; raffia was the staple of broad-brimmed sun hats. But today, as fabric barriers are dropping, both raffia and terry turn up in new forms. Michael Kors mixes terry with Lycra to produce short, strapless, body-skimming white dresses, cropped athletic tops. Azzedine Alaïa makes raffia body-conscious by adding Lycra to T-shirts, even short coats.

designers' summer secrets

Women who wear nothing but designer labels aren't necessarily spending as much as onlookers imagine. Because of lighter fabrications, simpler cuts, spring and summer collections may cost up to 30 to 60 percent less. At Donna Karan, for example, a wintry cashmere and wool velour jacket can be bought for about $917; a similar jacket in summery washed silk goes for about $315. . . . Finding a two-piece swimsuit that fits as well on top as it does on the bottom is an epic quest. But this season, a solution is at hand. The mail-order company J. Crew (1-800-562-0258) sells tops and bottoms separately in a range of solids—including fuchsia, orange, lime, and black. . . . Liza Bruce revolutionized the swimsuit industry five years ago by introducing unusual fabrics, flattering new cuts, sizzling colors. Now, she focuses on sportswear. A mini "wardrobe" consists of a short bright leopard-printed wrapped raincoat, tank dress, chiffon evening sarong, paired with other pieces in black. Manolo Blahnik has designed matching sling-backs and carpetbags. "So many designers confine themselves to tasteful clothes in tan," says Bruce. "My leopard spots are deliberately on the edge."

dresses for success

After years on the skids, dresses are making a comeback. At Macy's, the dress department has doubled in size. Joan Kaner, vice president and fashion director, ascribes the sudden interest in dresses to Christian Lacroix's bright, pouffed bubbles, which "infused the industry with enthusiasm." Louis Dell'Olio, who starts Anne Klein Dresses this spring, says that dresses are a "natural next step" for women who've grown up in suits and sportswear because they are "equally uncomplicated." . . . The latest secret weapon in the beauty industry: hiring a movie director to shoot the commercials. Yves Saint Laurent and David Lynch (*Blue Velvet*) collaborated on an Opium ad; Giorgio Armani and Martin Scorsese cooperated on an ad for Giorgio Armani perfume. Now the fashion industry steals the idea. Marithe and François Girbaud arranged for Jean-Luc Godard to shoot spots (whenever the spirit moves him) for their jeans, knit, and leather lines. Since the ads ran in Canada and Italy, Girbaud claims "sales have risen steadily." Plans to run them in the United States are still up in the air.

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GIANNI VERSACE

Editor: Laurie Schechter

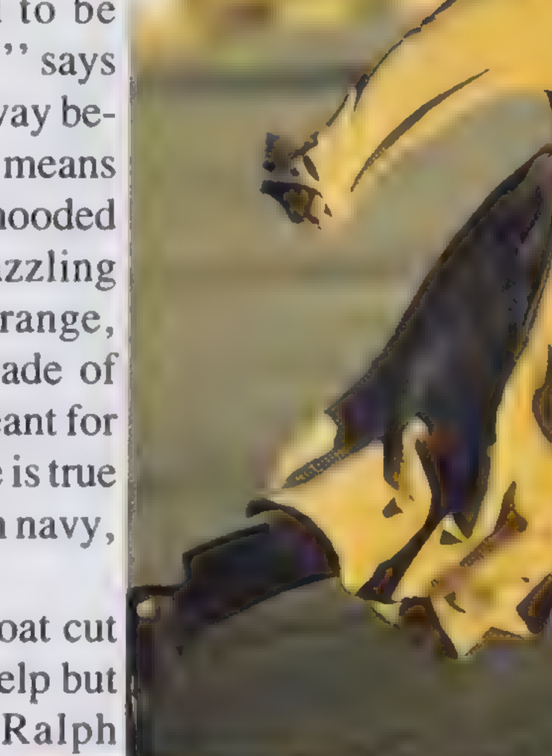
rain or shine

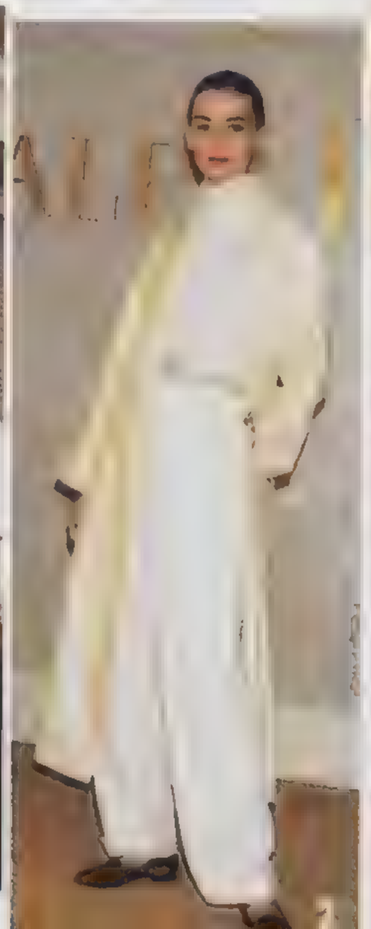
Trench coats and capes are such great classics that designers just can't save them for a rainy day

Good-bye, Colombo: the traditional trench coat now has competition. Today, rainy-weather gear comes in the brightest plaid linen madras, the softest washed silk, the crispest taffeta. "A raincoat used to be something that just kept you dry," says Jennifer George. "We've gone way beyond that." George obviously means what she says. Her reversible, hooded ponchos are drenched with dazzling color—with bright pink and orange, with yellow and red; though made of waterproofed cotton, they are meant for dry days as well as wet. The same is true of her classic trenches made up in navy, black, and white silk.

For other designers, the raincoat cut is such a classic that they can't help but translate it into sportswear. Ralph Lauren brings the utilitarian trench in from the rain by turning it out in silk charmeuse. Isaac Mizrahi admits that the water-repellent advantage of his poncho-inspired silk "raindress" is incidental: "It's more a fashion statement than anything." —RANDI GOLLIN

(View *continues, page 98*)





1–3 PIERRE SCHERMAN. 4,6 ARTHUR ELGORT. Hair by Christiaan; makeup by Sonia Kashuk. 5. Sketch by Isaac Mizrahi

1. Michael Kors's hooded cape in rubberized silk. 2. Ralph Lauren reinterprets the trench in silk. 3. Roll-up cuffs, striped lining at DKNY. 4. Actress Jennifer Rubin in Donna Karan's water-repellent silk trench. 5. Isaac Mizrahi's yellow raincoat with drawstring hood. 6. Armani's shorter version on actress Julia Roberts. Details, last pages.

girls from ipanema

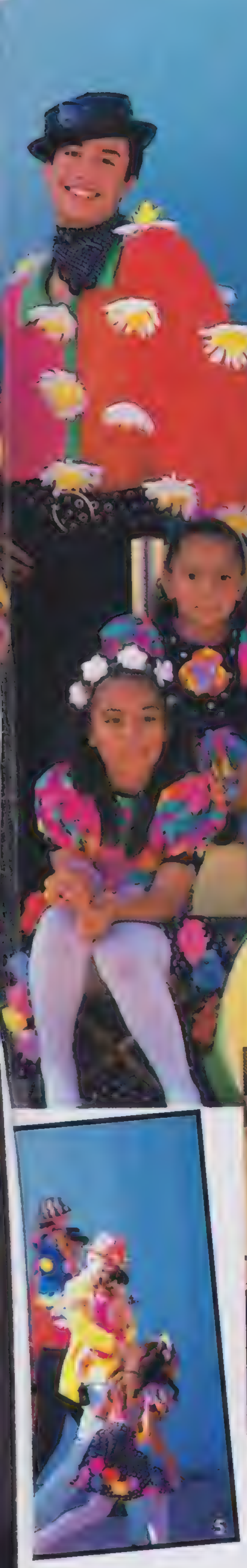
Once popular in only food and music, the Latino beat hits fashion

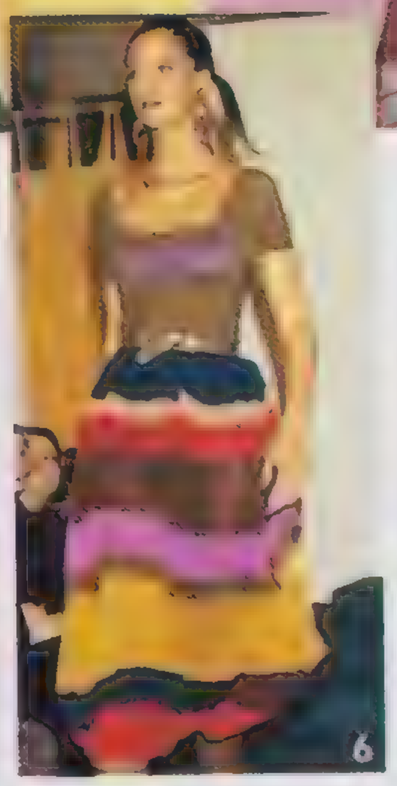
Drop into New York City's Cafe Society on any Wednesday night and try to get a handle on time and design. The peach neon sign is vaguely Art Deco and doesn't hint at the full orchestra of musicians decked in Cuban tuxedo shirts with bright piñata arms that could belong to Ricky Ricardo himself. The seventies disco ball turns above the big dance floor, where all ages fake the steps to the samba and tango, dipping and swirling with overkill drama. No hard-edged clothes here. The twenty-year-old women are dressed in the same cocktail finery as their fifty-year-old counterparts.

One designer, who responds to a telephone call about the Latin theme with "Betsey Cha-cha Johnson speaking," says a blend of Latino is hot right now, and it turns up in her spring collection as multicolored stripes. "This style is the opposite of the clean, modern sixties approach," she says. "It's the seventies—more hippie, more ethnic." Johnson says she's done this mixed-up look a lot: "It's funny, it only works when people are ready to see it, and the time is right." Alan Cleaver, codesigner of Byblos, sees the infatuation with Latino as a "reaction to all the clean lines" of previous sportswear.

The grand Disneyland of the mix-up might be Miami Beach. "You see New Yorkers all in black on the beach, skinheads, older Cubans dressed with a kind of nobility that includes a hat," says Marc Jacobs. "And the backdrop is these pastel Deco hotels. It's like a movie set, with Felliniesque characters and all the remnants from Miami's past. What holds it together is the Cuban influence." —**KATHERINE A. SAMON**

(View *continues, page 100*)



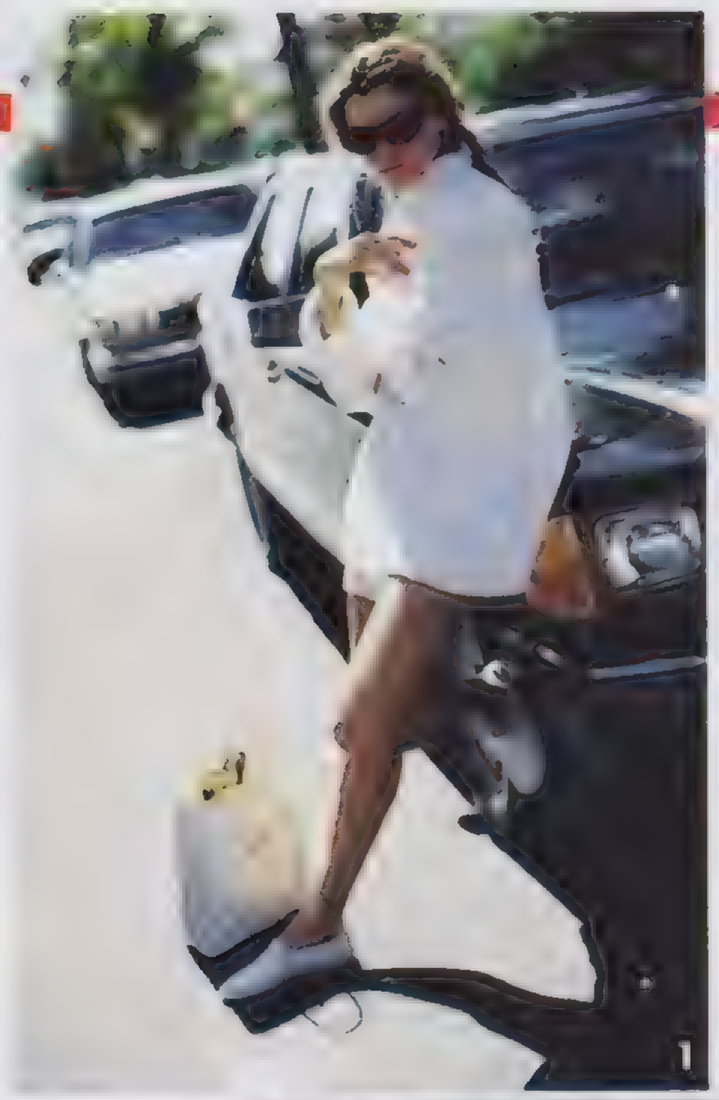


Clothes with a Latin accent:
1. High-waisted wrap skirt from Byblos, south-of-the-border style; easy white shirt, sombrero. 2. Ready to rumba: a bold paisley jacket, layered skirts that swing, by Byblos. 3. From Patricia Field: a hand-painted straw hat; Benetton checked sweater; Bob Mackie bugle-beaded jacket. 4., 5. Bright colors, pattern mixes on everything from bathing suits to dresses and jeans: Latin style as seen by Rachel London, Marc Jacobs, WilliWear, Betsey Johnson. 6. Stripes in desert tones from Giorgio di Sant'Angelo. 7. Polka-dot scarf by Marc Jacobs; cactus earrings and bolo by Christopher's Enterprises; Susan Craig charm necklace. Details, last pages.

1, 2, GUY MARINEAU. 3, 4, 5, 7. NEIL KIRK. 6. PIERRE SCHERMAN. HAIR SALLY HIRSHBERGER. MAKEUP. MARIA DE SCHNEIDER

flatwear

History shows that the low shoe has always been high style for creatures of comfort



1

In the fashion sweepstakes, flat- and low-heeled shoes have been just occasional front-runners. Close to the ground, they have a humbler image than their leg-flattering, foot-killing sisters, high-heeled shoes, which were denounced during the austere days of the French Revolution as too aristocratic. Yet flat-heeled shoes are not without their moments of greatness.

At the end of the eighteenth century, Napoleon's wife-to-be, Josephine, and her fellow fashion extremists paraded around in pseudo-Grecian drapery, ribbon-laced sandals, and heelless slippers. It's

(View *continues, page 109)*

2

3

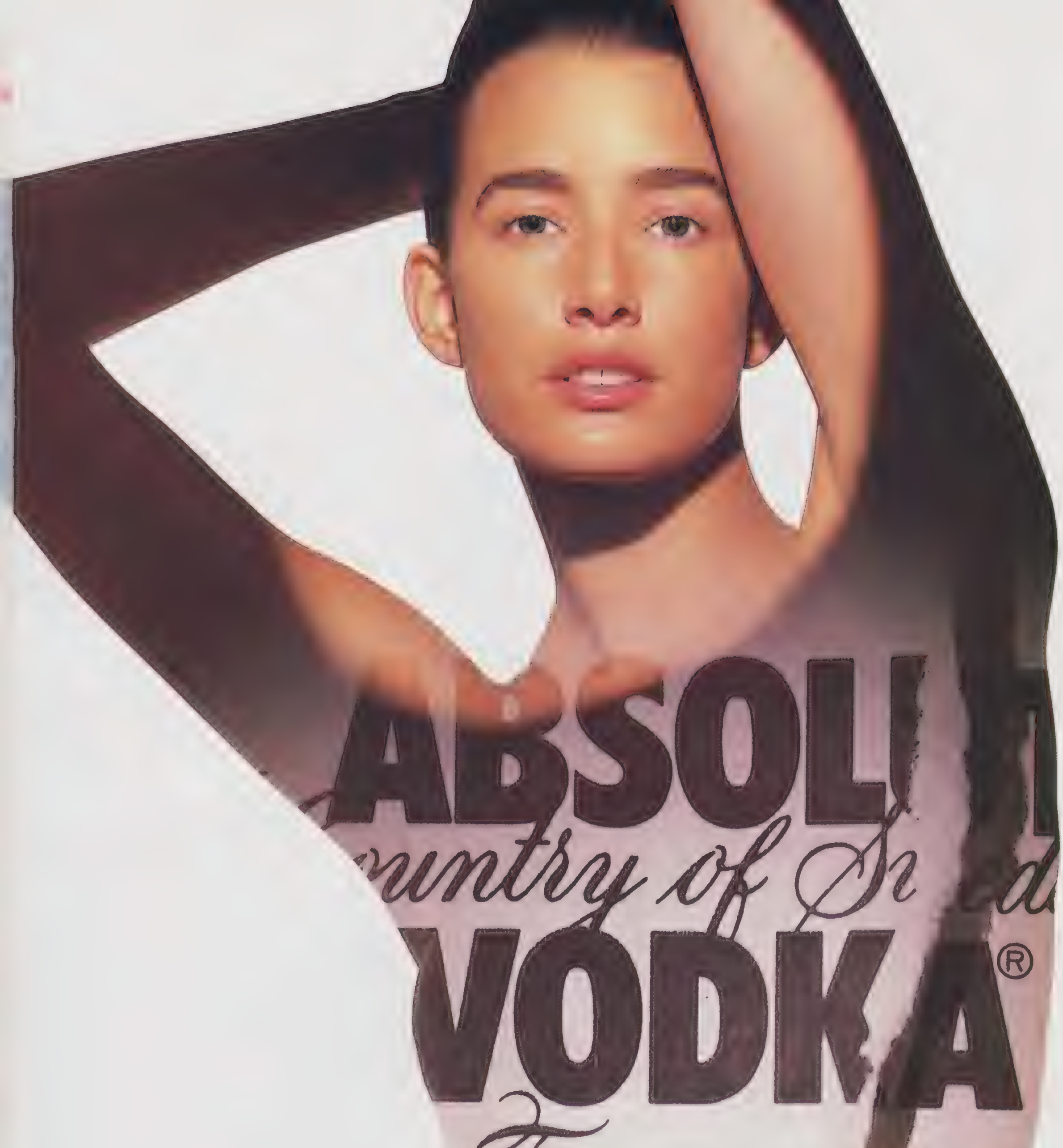
4

1. Tennis shoes have been standard sports gear for decades—today they're laceless, in leather, by i.e. 2. Thrift-shop finds from the '60s: black suede flat, front-tied ballerina shoe, plastic Beatle boot. 3. One of the barest sandals this summer—by Sam & Libby. 4. Susan Bennis Warren Edwards's black patent-leather lace-up oxfords.

5

5. Flat sandals have been around since the gladiators—this pair was photographed by Edward Steichen for a 1934 Vogue feature about shaping up the body. Details, last pages.

1, 3. ARTHUR ELGORT; 2. CONSTANCE HANSON; 4. NEIL KIRK; 5. Courtesy of *Shoes in Vogue*



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Photographer's Model: Robin Mode Suzanne 1973

Designers: Tom & Linda Platt. Model: Charlene Short

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ABSOLUT PLATT.

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Designer: Carmelo Pomodoro. Model: Lisa Fallon

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Designer: Anthony Ferrara. Model: Julie Wolfe

Designer: Stephen Sprouse. Model: Suzanne Lanza

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ABSOLUT DEL GRECO.

Designer: Maria Del Greco. Model: Jill Goodacre

Designer: Marc Jacobs. Model: Robyn Mackintosh

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View

Judged perfect for the boudoir by Vogue in 1919: green slippers with white pom-poms

also a comfort to know that as towering a figure as Queen Victoria (really a four-foot-eleven-and-a-half-inch shrimp) was married in adorable, beribboned, flat-as-a-pancake satin slippers.

Flat shoes owe their fashionable acceptance to sports. As women hit the golf links and tennis courts in the early 1900s, more nimble footwear was needed, and only flat-heeled shoes would do. These early editions weren't quite the equivalent of Reeboks. Some so-called sports shoes were manly confections of alligator, lizard, ostrich, or kidskin stitched to a rubber sole. Made in America, Keds made their debut around 1916. But flats had only one personality. Praised for their comfort and practicality, they were only pulled out of the closet for sports or daytime wear. Flat shoes were never, ever, worn at night. Any deviation from this rule was a fashion taboo.

In the 1930s, when modern "casual" dress arrived, women zipped up pants and slipped on tailored suits; flat shoes, naturally, went with them. Low heels even picked up a bit of glamour as gold and silver Grecian-style sandals became the footgear of choice worn under trailing satin evening gowns.

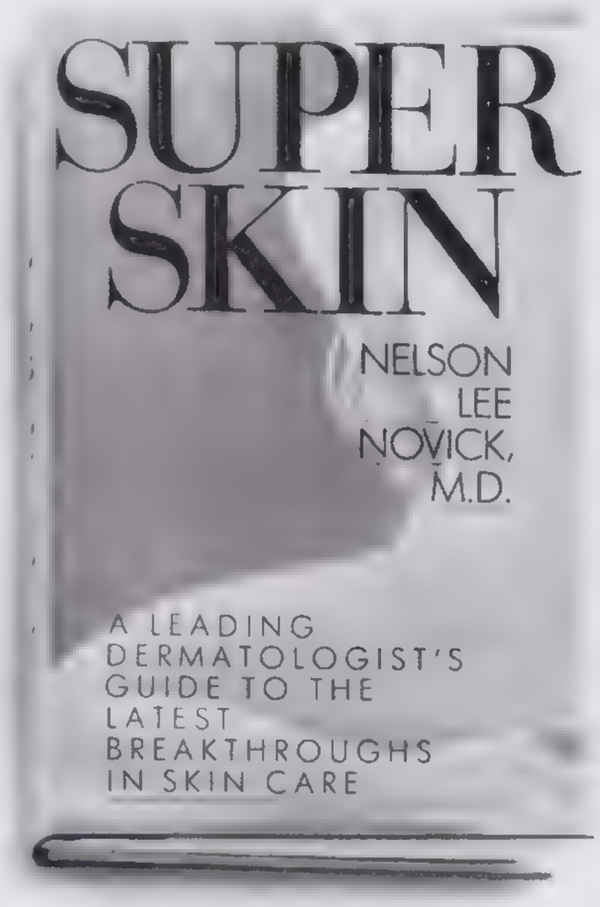
Parallel lines: Rifat Ozbek's leather slip-on sandal for Ozbek by Sergio Rossi

Comfortable shoes were a patriotic duty during wartime, and they had an ad-libbed quality. With leather restricted to combat boots, civilian flats were often made of cork, canvas, wood, and other oddities. What was functional, however, eventually became chic. By the end of the decade, the most stylish daytime shoes and sandals were absolutely heelless.

In the 1950s, teenagers adopted the oversized sweater, narrow-legged capri pants, and dishy little flats as their signature look. Older sophisticates favored a twinkle-toes version of the same: brocade, embroidered, or beaded slippers, worn in the evening with hostess caftans. Such exotica continued into the swinging sixties. Worn with the miniskirt: ethnic jewel-studded flats and low-heeled, broad-toed, little-girl Mary Janes. The footwear came in bright colors and was detailed with pop patterns, buckles, bows, and even cut-outs. Space-age style offered a contrast: short white low-heeled go-go boots of leather, colored or transparent plastic. Courrèges is credited with launching them around 1963.

Flat-heeled shoes came perilously close to extinction in the 1970s as platform shoes—with soles over two inches high—towered over the fashion landscape. Because comfort-minded women are less inclined to hobble around in heels, flat shoes suit the style of the 1980s. This spring and summer, look for ground-hugging thongs, mules, slip-ons. The twist is in the materials: made up in metallic leather and bright-colored suedes, these flats are meant to be worn at night as well as day. For the irreverent, there are sneakers for evening.—J. S. (View *continues, page 116*)

ARTHUR ELGORT; Courtesy of Shoes in Vogue. Details, last pages



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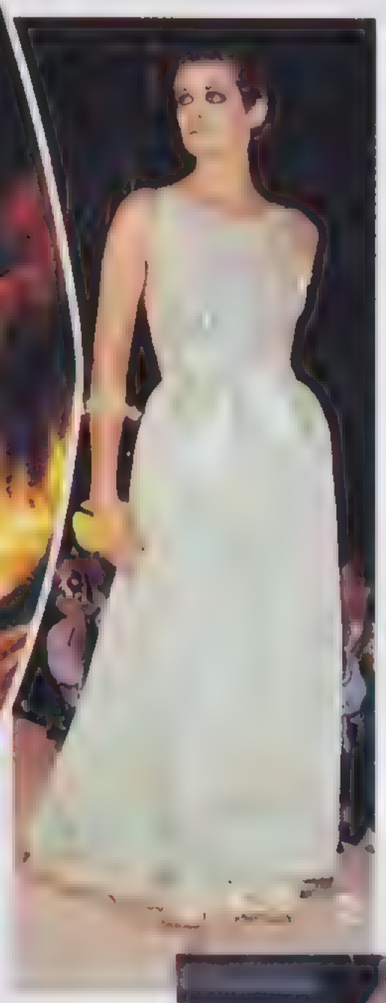
turning a new leaf

The Great Outdoors moves inside on clothes festooned with foliage



1

*i*t's a sight that would send Macbeth running for cover: a forest worth of leaves has come swirling down runways—in bright graphic prints, as vines snaking up a model's arm, or in designs embroidered onto shoes. "It's like a garden," says Geoffrey Beene, who appliqués dewy fronds of grass onto the bodice and hem of a beaded silk dress. "I'm a gardener, and I'm never without my thoughts of the beauty of nature."

In fact, designers everywhere are turning over a new leaf. Stylized foliage creeps up a Charles Jourdan black suede boot, or grows along the neckline of a delicate Giorgio Armani silk dress. Jewelry designer Stephen Dweck's sterling silver and gold vermeil pieces are cast from actual leaves and twigs he finds in his own garden. But unlike Beene, he approaches nature with a bit of irreverence. Among the leaves of his earrings, cuffs, and necklaces, Dweck often hides a Japanese beetle. "I found him eating my rosebush," he says, "so I immortalized him in silver." —LAURIE JAMES

(View *continues, page 120*)

3

4

5

6

1. Autumn leaves on fabric from Cugnasca. 2. Geoffrey Beene's leaves of grass. 3. A bold palm-leaf print at Norma Kamali. 4. Found objects: Stephen Dweck's gold vermeil necklace modeled after grape leaves he pulled off his garage. 5. Ivy-covered at Por Toi. 6. Armani's abstract leaves. Details, last pages.

4 MONICA STEVENSON, 2,3 PIERRE SCHERMAN, 5,6 GUY MARINEAU, 1 PETER VOLKMER

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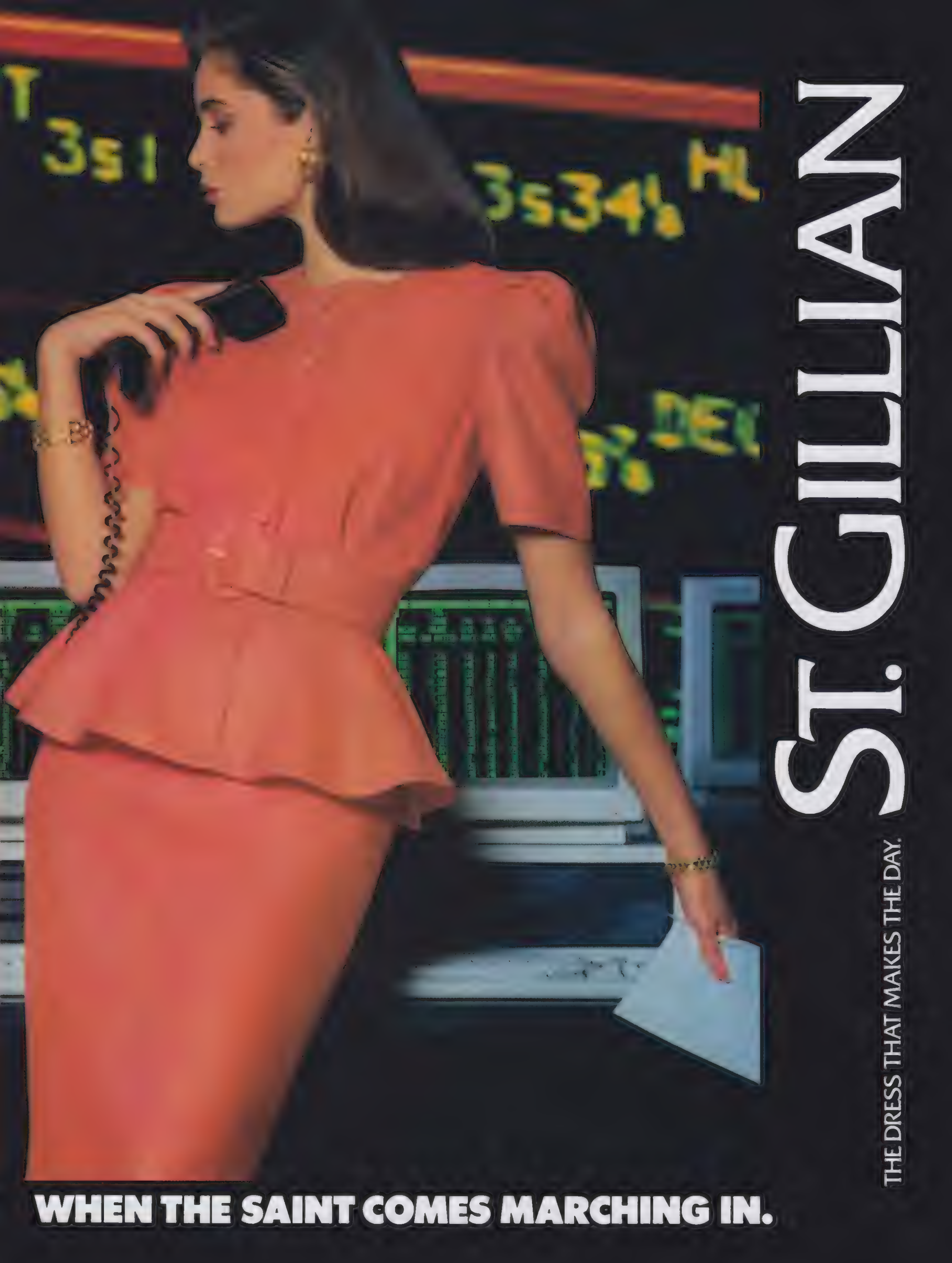
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THE DRESS THAT MAKES THE DAY.
WHEN THE SAINT COMES MARCHING IN.

hobbs's choice

JODY SHIELDS reviews the on- and off-the-set personal style of young Hollywood film director Lyndall Hobbs

Lyndall Hobbs ought to know about entrances and exits. As a film director, it's part of her job. As a woman, she makes a good entrance herself: when she strides into a Manhattan restaurant, she gets noticed. She's small-boned, she's blond, and she's dressed in the uniform of the fashionably well-informed: a black Matsuda jacket, a white T-shirt, black pants. But what demands more attention than her looks is Hobbs's attitude: she carries herself like someone who expects to get a table without a wait. Strangers may also pick up on the aura of her nervous energy that comes from having just directed a chaotic *Saturday Night Live* segment in New York City.

1 2

Attracting attention and living with jangled nerves is second nature to Hobbs. She worked as a broadcast journalist in front of the camera for years before putting herself behind the camera as a director. Hobbs did her first stint in her native Melbourne. Later, based in London, she reported from Belfast and from the runways of Paris. During her broadcast career, she covered standard news (burning buildings, car accidents), as well as conducted investigative features (once, for example, she dressed in hot pants and tried to gate-crash a fancy restaurant). Fitting in as a TV reporter must have been a bit of a stretch for Hobbs, wardrobe-wise. Asked about how she coped with the dully conservative newswoman's garb, Hobbs grimaces, then praises the trench coat that covered up her personal, "slightly crazy," too-bright clothes.

As a director, Hobbs's knack for finding stories with a fashion slant determined two of (*Continues, page 128*)

Lyndall Hobbs's signature look could be called "mix it up." 1. Vintage Jean Paul Gaultier leopard cardigan, ancient jeans, white T-shirt, Mexican silver jewelry. 2. Directing on the set, Hobbs creates a variation on the same theme: a man's shirt and vest, both secondhand finds. 3. Even an Azzedine Alaïa suit gets downplayed with a T-shirt, a hand-tooled Western bag. Daughter Lola Rose has her own T-shirt style.

DEWEY NICKS. Hair by Syd Curry for Visages Style, LA. Makeup by Carol Shaw

DONNA KARAN
NEW YORK

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her TV documentaries. *The Cult of The Rocky Horror Picture Show* focused on the eccentric, wackily dressed audience; *Sloane Rangers* covered the aristocratic yuppie style made famous by Princess Diana. *Hobbs's Choice*, a short personal statement on the fashion scene in London and Paris, collected a first-prize award at the Chicago Industrial Film/Video Festival.

Mothers and daughters: Hobbs in vintage menswear, clowning with pal Tracey Ullman, Mabel and Lola Rose.

Relocating to L.A. seems to have been a wise move; she landed her first feature film, *Back to the Beach*, in 1987. But even with that accomplishment it's an uneasy business:

"When I first moved to L.A., I had purple lips and a white-blond crew cut. I've toned down now to straight blondish hair"

"There's no assurance you're going to be working again," Hobbs notes. Her two-and-a-half-year-old daughter, Lola Rose, is a stabilizing force. "Of course, you wonder if it counts as quality time with your child when you're working with an editor and she's playing with film canisters on the floor," Hobbs laughs.

But this lifestyle is part of her Hollywood lesson. Hobbs has learned not to take no for an answer and not to let her clothes do too much talking. Figuring out how a female director should dress is an entirely self-taught operation. "When I first moved to L.A., I had purple lips and a white-blond crew cut. I've toned down now to straight blondish hair," she says. "If you look too frivolous, it's like a bad brand. You should bring style to a film project, but you can't wear too much style yourself." After trial and error, Hobbs has settled on the right look for a film-studio meeting: jeans, white T-shirt, an expensive jacket. That style has pretty much meshed with Hobbs's off-duty image, too. Dressing to please herself, she mixes secondhand goodies from antique shops with bits and pieces from Jean Paul Gaultier and Azzedine Alaïa. Antique clothing is a passion: Hobbs can reel off a list of vintage clothing stores and flea-market locations in three cities. She often heads out shopping with actress Tracey Ullman and her daughter Mabel.

On the set, it's a different story. Hobbs selects "comfort-mode" work clothes for a shoot, which means she dresses like one of the guys. But this look doesn't go out of the studio. Only a smash film would mean total freedom of dress. "Once you've made millions and have proven yourself with a hit film, you can dress as scruffy as you like—all the time," says Hobbs; there's a trace of jealousy in her voice when she talks about but doesn't name a better-established female director who dresses as casually as she pleases every day. According to Hollywood code, these are the strange comforts success can bring. Perhaps in anticipation, Hobbs has decided to stock up on canvas Top-Siders before heading back to Tinseltown. (View *continues, page 138*)

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View

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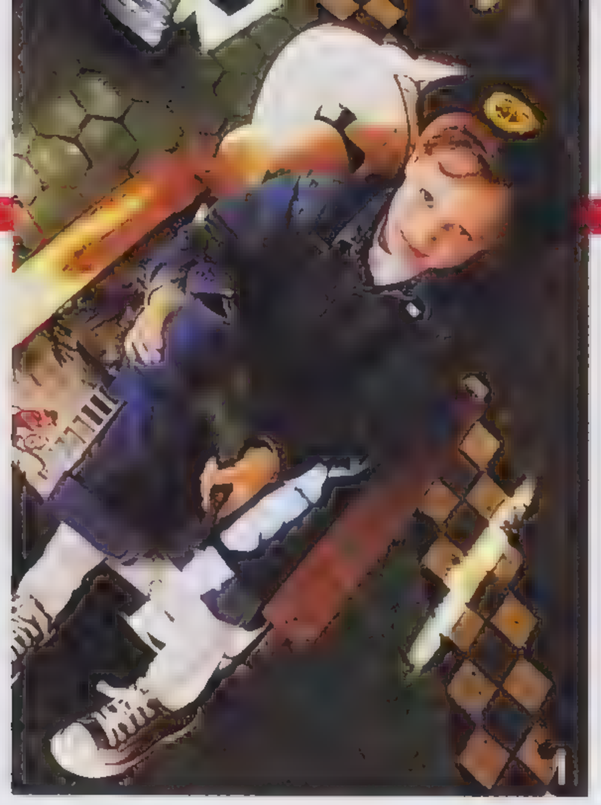

The vintage-clothes drought has fans manufacturing new versions of the old classics

As fashion hounds with a sense of style continue to nose out vintage clothes in flea markets, thrift shops, and antique-clothing stores, the wellspring of resources is drying up. "We're seeing the end of the great vintage stuff in our lifetime," mourns Wayne Mahler of the F.D.R. Drive shop in New York City. Yet Mahler intends to keep the look of yesterday's clothes alive by reinventing it today. He isn't alone. The old-clothes drought has been the catalyst for a handful of other manufacturers who offer newly made versions of vintage pieces. F.D.R. Drive, New Republic Clothier, Harriet Love, and Reminiscence all operate storefront boutiques in New York City. Two other companies—Zelda Vintage and Liza Jernow—also create vintage-inspired wear.

For the most part, the clothes these companies produce aren't straight line-for-line copies of the originals but adaptations "in the spirit of." They could be called "pseudo-retro" clothes, since they have some of the details and/or silhouettes of vintage *(Continues, page 146)*

1. Vintage clothes at a young age: American Rag owner Margo Werts's son Mark, in rerun denim. 2. Strong-shouldered: a thirties-style beaded sailor jacket, silk T-shirt, and wide pants from Zelda Vintage. 3. Store scene, American Rag. 4. Straw hat, and rayon printed camp shirt from F.D.R. Drive. 5. American Rag owner Margo Werts in an antique shirt, graphic striped pants. Details, last pages.

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pieces, but are made up in new (or never used) antique fabrics. The styles are a kind of greatest-hits collection, culled from different periods: tea dresses inspired by the twenties, broad-shouldered jackets and pleated trousers from the thirties and forties, capri pants from the fifties. What makes each piece of pseudo-retro clothing an original—not just an oldie knockoff—is the way it incorporates different historical styles. A jacket, for instance, may combine a peplum from one era with a collar and shoulder pads from another. Alterations are made to fit today's taste: armholes are raised, lapels widened, legs narrowed, and skirts lengthened or shortened. These new versions have other obvious advantages over original vintage clothes: they're available in many sizes, many colors, and without moth holes.

The styles are a kind of greatest hits collection, culled from different periods

The retro look today is sophisticated and classic—not a camp costume. "We have a curatorial point of view," explains Tom Oatman, copartner of New Republic Clothier. Oatman has spent twenty years putting together an archive of vintage-clothing masterpieces, which he consults for design inspiration. (New Republic Clothier clothes are also available at American Rag in Los Angeles.) Like Oatman, most vintage-clothes "curators" fell into their roles by wearing or dealing in antique clothing years ago. When supplies dried up, they began to manufacture garments under their own labels, vowing to match the quality of their secondhand wardrobes.

New Republic's new version of vintage menswear classics: a pinstriped linen vest, polka dot rayon shirt, pleated navy gabardine pants with suspenders

For example, Zelda Vintage has buttons, shoulder pads, and fabrics specially made for the company; F.D.R. Drive sends out a scout to track down antique materials. New Republic offers men's and women's wear tailored the old-fashioned way: hand-turned collars and cuffs, handsewn buttons, hand-finished jackets and pants. To maintain quality, all of these enterprises use older seamstresses and tailors with years of experience to produce their clothes.

For those who prefer vintage clothing well-made and original, there is an option: Barneys New York features genuine Chanel suits from the fifties and sixties (priced at $1,685 and up), elaborately beaded dresses from the twenties, and collectors' handbags of crocodile and alligator.

Crocodile—like other antique classics—never goes out of style. That's the hook for those who create retro-inspired clothing and those who wear it. In twenty years, today's version of vintage may just become a new collectible. —**JODY SHIELDS**

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gold coast

Designers explore the richness of West Africa

The National Museum of African Art in Washington, D.C., and the couturiers of Paris are exploring the riches of the Gold Coast of Africa. Both Karl Lagerfeld at Chanel and Christian Lacroix have designed bracelets, collars, and brooches derived from classical African pieces. Lagerfeld also pays tribute to the rich thirties style of Nancy Cunard, who used to string African bangles, collected during her many travels, from wrist to elbow.

Lacroix's wooden bangles and bone and semiprecious stone necklaces cling closely to their cultural roots. From Chanel come weighty chocolate- and amber-colored bangles and gold-and-pearl cuffs. Patrick Kelly's Paris boutique is a tribal paradise as well: everything inside is plumed, spotted, and feathered.

Out of Africa: 1. Gold beaded earring by Ben Amun, NYC. 2. Lacroix's ornate tribal mask. 3. At Patrick Kelly: cat-patterned bangles.

4, 5. By Karl Lagerfeld at Chanel: pearls and a gold African mask; an eclectic combination of pearls, leather. 6. From the National Museum of African Art's Gold of Africa exhibition: brass bracelets from the Ivory Coast. Details, last pages.

1. MONICA STEVENSON. 2, 4. GUY MARINEAU. 3. ROXANNE LOWIT. 5. PETER LINDBERGH
Hair by Julien d'Is, Paris Makeup by Stephane Marais for L'Agence Bruno, Paris

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PARIS

Scarf & Earrings: Angela Cummings.
Dress: Christopher Morgenstern
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Editor: Shirley Lord

pushing a feature

Who would want to be merely pretty when she could be unforgettable?

Only a foolhardy makeup artist would attempt to lipstick comedienne Sandra Bernhard's generous mouth into a dainty Cupid's bow. Bernhard would probably have a few less-than-dainty words about the idea, and she'd be absolutely right.

She has a great face, judged by a standard that would pronounce her "interesting" or "individual." Her looks are a raffish mix—a fleshy mouth that seems to be worn inside out, a baby spud of a nose, narrow eyes. There is beauty to admire in such fearless features. The French have a name for the type: *jolie laide*, which translates as "beautiful ugly." No such fine poetics exists in English. The label "character" must fit those who don't fall exactly into the average attractive category, but who aren't quite plain-Janes or -Joes, either.

It seems tame to be called "pretty" in the face of untamed examples like Madonna's brows and nostrils, Paloma Picasso's pout. Actress Béatrice Dalle has a face that's a celebration. She has oversized eyebrows and a mouth lined with picket-fence teeth. Strange, but the adjectives at-

Accentuate the positive—Audrey Hepburn did, top right. Clockwise from inset: So did painter Frida Kahlo, French actress Béatrice Dalle, Madonna, Meryl Streep, Dame Edith Sitwell (here with brothers), and Brooke Shields, who turned heavy brows into an asset.

Top right Kobal Collection. *Clockwise from inset:* KEN NAHOUM/Outline Press; G. SCHACHMES/Sygma; BRIAN ARIS/Outline Press; Cecil Beaton photograph, courtesy *Vanity Fair* 1929; S. KARIN EPSTEIN/Sygma; Art Resource.

tached to her are constant: sultry, sexy.

Every decade has had its share of remarkable features, built up into legend by writers, painters, photographers, and gossips. Artist and gossip Cecil Beaton adored faces with imperfect features and chronicled all their delicious imperfections. His wicked review of the duchess of Windsor ran, "She is like an ugly child who wakes up one day to find that it has become a beauty, but she herself has created this beauty by instinctively doing the right things."

The same could be said of painter Frida Kahlo, who reviewed her own arresting face in a series of self-portraits. Until her death in 1954, Kahlo's unblinking brush spared none of her flaws: her square jaw, eye-spanning brows, the faint mustache above her lip. Kahlo's paintings were praised by Picasso; her personal style was considered eccentric.

Since Kahlo's time, the way people view features that don't fit the norm has gradually evolved. Comediennes can be funny-looking—it's part of their job. Many actresses today are known by their pet flaws. Audrey Hepburn has atypical looks. Her face is a poised mix of heavy brows, tiny chin, and a neck that's as wide as a wrist. Meryl Streep, with her delicately bumpy nose, established the era of the uncommon face.

Paloma Picasso

In any period, noses that get noticed are a triumph of exaggeration, and back in the 1960s, when Barbra Streisand made her debut, there was polite stammering until she was labeled "an elegant Babylonian queen." Cher in those days had a face that was a jangle of features with at-odds teeth and an irregular nose. Her husband then, Sonny, reviewed her as "a beauty, because she's not perfect." Cher didn't take his words to heart. She has since worked toward a new goal. Brooke Shields came along with those hirsute eyebrows, and while tweezers weren't exactly thrown away overnight, her leave-well-enough-alone example did change a beauty ideal.

Generally, the taste of the seventies and early eighties was for fashion models who were as alike as a litter of kittens. Today, magazine covers have models that sport broad noses, unruly brows, generous lips—a catalog of horrors by any other decade's standards.

Is there a trickle-down effect at work? If makeup is any key, there is a change. Today, it's less about covering up the negative, more in favor of accenting the positive (see page 394).

Let Dame Edith Sitwell with her odd features be an inspiration. Celebrated for her poetry, her personal style was also admired, yet her hair was worn pulled straight back, which made her nose and forehead all the more prominent. This was a woman who sought compliments on her own terms. She gilded the feminine lily with her own kind of gold. **—JODY SHIELDS**

lip service

Powerful lips are being colored with powders, pencils, and brushes

At one time, big lips would have been considered a beauty flaw—colored with subtle lip shades to de-emphasize their size. Not any more. In the early seventies ballerina Gelsey Kirkland was one of the first women to have silicone injected into her lips so she would look more like her rival, Suzanne Farrell. Today, big lips are getting equal time with big breasts, and women who were not born with Carly Simon-size lips (and have an aversion to needles) have to rely on the new lip products to obtain the plump look.

"There are many ways to get a 'fat' lip look, but you have to be careful not to overstep the lip line," says Grey Zisser, who made up the lips here. One method: "line lips with a lip liner color as close as possible to your natural lip shade, then fill in with a slightly lighter shade of matte lipstick."

Once, indelibility was the first thing women asked for in a lipstick: not any more. We don't want lipsticks that are fragrant or tasty; we do want ones that don't bleed or leave an imprint behind on a glass. Perfect Lipstick is the name of Estée Lauder's new product, which apparently improves lip moisture by up to 58 percent and increases wearability by up to 136 percent.

So-called infallible lipsticks aren't arriving only in tubes. Recent improvements come from Lancôme and Chanel, who propel color in measured doses onto a brush with a single pump. The lip pencil is back in a

G. SCHACHMES/Sygma

TREL BROCK; hair and makeup, Grey Zisser; manicure, Sheril Bailey. Details, last pages

Bold lips, strong colors: clockwise from top, Lancôme's Rouge Intense; Orlane's Perle Bronze II; Clinique's Sweet Heart Sunner's Lip Stick.

new form, too. This month, Clinique introduces the Sunner's Lip Stick (SPF 8), a pencil that's fat and smooth enough to color the entire lip with one stroke. Pencil *thin* describes L'Oréal's L'Artiste and Yves Saint Laurent's Rouge Intense lip colors—sized slim enough to slip into a pocket. The latest formulas—from Revlon and Orlane—come in powder form, which, they say, is less likely to smear. "Before, I always used blusher powder as lip color because it leaves behind a superior matte finish," notes Zisser.

Some women still have difficulty finding the right lipstick shade. Solution? Lipsticks can now be personally blended and tested at Visage Beauté counters in major stores across the country. **—COLLEEN SULLIVAN**

color blocks

Fun-in-the sun protection

Zinc oxide? It's the white cream smeared across noses at the beach. The saving grace that keeps lifeguards from looking perfect. And the nemesis of those too vain to use it, who risk sunburn instead.

Today, thanks to enterprising cosmetic and sun-care companies, wearing zinc is more fun. In fact, it's becoming a fashion statement. Available in neon colors from pink to green, products like Coppertone's Zinka Sunscreen Nosecoat are taking sun protection into the realm of Pop Art. Show-offs use two or three colors simultaneously—like Indian war paints—on sun-sensitive spots. Others opt for a clown's nose—in lavender

Pocahontas on the beach: the new colored zinc products provide total coverage

or blue. And jocks duplicate the sun-deflecting streaks worn by football heroes with black Zinka. There's also a Zinka Ztick (SPF 15) in seven colors, just for lips.

White or bright, why wear zinc oxide at all? "It's an opaque material that reflects virtually all of the sun's visible and UV rays," explains Dr. Frank Akin, Ph.D., who is senior director for clinical research at Coppertone. "It's nearly a total block," he adds. (Because zinc oxide is a physical sunblock, it usually has no SPF rating.) The Zinka Ztick is an exception.

Other fun-in-the-sun news: solid-stick formulas. These glide-on sunscreens are fast, easy, and enable sun-worshipers to coat their own backs. Bain de Soleil's Classique Gelée Orange now comes in swivel-up stick form with SPFs of 4 or 15. Coppertone's Super Shade Sunblock Stick is a waterproof SPF 25 that's barely larger than a lipstick: perfect for sensitive areas like ears. And Estée Lauder's Sun Stick SPF 15 is packaged in a yellow tube and stamped with gold lettering on a white cord necklace, further proof that wearing a sunscreen—literally—can even be chic.

—HELEN ELIZABETH LEE (Images *continues, page 166*)

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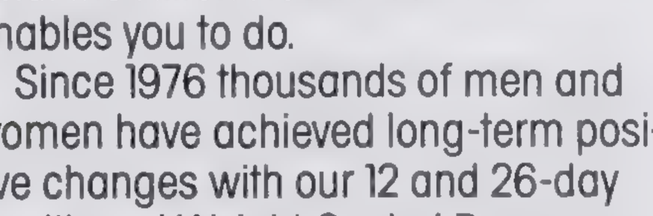

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reshaping russia

SHIRLEY LORD reports on the Institut Krasoty, Moscow's cosmetic surgery clinic

As the cock crowed, I woke up shivering. I pulled the carefully darned blanket over my shoulders and groped for the light. The bulb was out. Over a cold wooden floor I went in the direction of the only working light—in the bathroom. 7:05 A.M. On top of the small empty refrigerator by the door was my lifesaver—a purloined packet of instant coffee from the plane. I ran the hot water. It reached only lukewarm but I used it anyway to make coffee in the bathroom glass.

A fast splash and dry with a twelve-inch-square threadbare apology for a towel, and I hurried into my clothes to face the day. I couldn't wait to leave the smell of Lysol behind. I was staying in a "mini-suite" in Moscow's top hotel, where so far there were no signs of *perestroika* (economic restructuring).

Outside, from the eighth-floor corridor, I could look down to the lobby, dominated by an enormous clock tower, which is apparently a big sight-seeing attraction for the Russians. They come to see the monstrous steel bird on top (which had provided my wake-up call) screeching out "cock-a-doodle-doo" as it flaps huge steel wings on the hour, every hour from dawn to dusk.

A dollar for the initial consultation, fifty dollars for a rhinoplasty (nose job), sixty for a face-lift

As I approached the elevator, the custodian of the floor, a heavy belt of keys at her waist, smiled and noted down my departure.

On the mezzanine floor I stopped off at the *beriozka*—the foreign currency shops, which can be found in every major hotel. Their brightly lit windows hurt the eyes after the gloom everywhere else. They were packed with merchandise—amber beads, excellent Christian Dior jewelry, Estée Lauder and French perfume, Russian dolls, badly made and ugly fur coats, and uglier still sweaters—scarce luxuries to average Soviet citizens, who, not allowed to own foreign currency, face their day, every day, hunting down, then getting in line for most of life's basic necessities.

Getting in line. It was a phrase I soon got used to in Russia, where even a whisper on the grapevine that a precious box of lemons has arrived at one of the farmers' markets starts a line in seconds. Everyone I saw seemed to be carrying a *sumochki* (shopping bag), just in case it's a lucky day and they can join a line soon enough to buy.

The irony is that *glasnost* means the newspapers are now free to write about the chronic shortages and run columns of irate readers' letters. A more painful irony is that newspapers are also now allowed to carry advertisements, (*Continues, page 170*)

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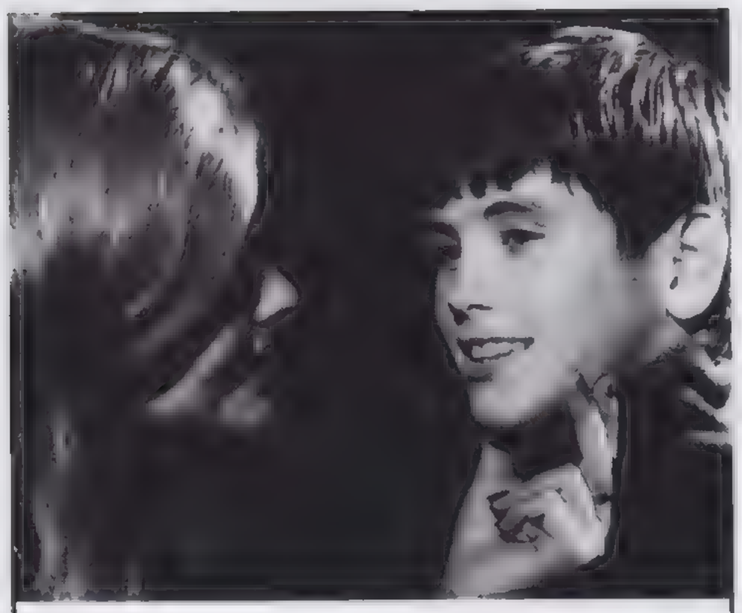

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many from foreign corporations, who hope *perestroika* really means business. They are corporations that Lenin would certainly have described as "capitalist parasites," promoting fine French wines and American hamburgers. Through its Canadian subsidiary, McDonald's has a deal to build twenty outlets in Moscow—but with good meat in drastically short supply, the prevalent attitude is understandably "we'll believe it when we see it."

With the virtual disappearance of laundry detergent and toilet paper from shop shelves, the news announcing the manufacture of the first tampons in the Soviet Union was greeted with sarcastic laughter.

The struggle to find food and basic clothing is, as usual, borne unevenly by the population. The Soviet elite find ways to gain access to the luxury shops, and there is a flourishing black market for good meat (supposedly only available by ration card) and imported luxury foods like shellfish and, a favorite Russian treat, salami.

Cosmetic surgery isn't considered frivolous in the Soviet Union

One of the places where privileged Russians don't mind lining up is at the Institut Krasoty, otherwise known as the Moscow Cosmetological Clinic, on Kalininsky Prospect, Moscow's nearest equivalent to New York's Fifth Avenue. Currently receiving a major face-lift with paint and remodeling, the institute, founded in the 1930s, is now under the direction of chief of surgery Leonid Pavlok-Pavluchenko, M.D. It prides itself on being the busiest and largest skin clinic in the world. This is probably true, with over ten thousand skin treatments carried out annually—facials, several different kinds of body massage, and acne cures. By far the most important part of their work, however, is cosmetic surgery. At last count, over three thousand operations including hair transplants and body-lifts were carried out annually, using one hundred and twenty different methods.

Obviously, cosmetic surgery isn't considered frivolous in the Soviet Union. On the contrary. A news release issued by the Soviet embassy here said, "In view of the increasing average length of human life, the problem of premature aging is becoming very important. Our specialists perform operations to remove unsightly wrinkles. We also correct the sizes and shapes of abdomens, hips, breasts, and buttocks. Thirty percent of our surgery helps individuals who want to change the shapes of their noses." I was told the state's view is that low self-esteem resulting from unattractive looks precludes a "helpful, productive life." In fact, the clinic has a special department of cosmetic surgery for children between the ages of three and eighteen, because they want to fix the facial defects early that may adversely affect the development of the personality.

Monday through Saturday, a human "conveyor belt" moves slowly along wooden benches toward the operating rooms at one end of the huge building. People of all ages, backgrounds, and incomes are in the long line, many of them with faces taped or marked to show where the cosmetic surgery is to take place.

Unlike other medical treatments in the Soviet Union, which are free, there is a charge for cosmetic surgery. Until recently, the average cost was one dollar for the initial consultation, fifty dollars for a rhinoplasty (nose job), sixty dollars for a face-lift. Let's hope *perestroika* doesn't put an end to that small ray of sunshine. ♥ (Images *continues, page 180*)

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clean obsessed

The American zeal for cleansing the skin can create more problems than it solves

After a long separation from his beloved wife, Josephine, Napoleon sent her a letter heralding his return. "Don't bathe," he wrote. "I'm coming home." The French emperor preferred Madame Bonaparte with her natural scents in full flower. It's a good thing he didn't live in twentieth-century America. Few modern Josephines would consider reuniting with their lovers, or even going to a movie, without taking a shower or a bath. In this country, you don't jump into a swimming pool without a preliminary rinse.

"Americans are hysterical about cleansing," says Dr. Albert Kligman, professor of dermatology, University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine. "They think that skin won't flourish unless they *do* something to it, and far too much is being done."

Consider the statistics: last year American women emulsified, hydrated, exfoliated, wrapped, dipped, and dunked their skin to the tune of $2.7 billion in skincare products. The battle against blackheads, acne, and aging sent untold millions to dermatologists, many of whom were faced with reversing the effects, not of poor products, but of overcleansing. "Overseas, most people view cleansing in a much less aggressive light than Americans," says Lynn Payer, author of *Medicine & Culture* (Henry Holt). The French believe not only in less frequent bathing, Payer notes, but that a certain degree of exposure to germs (say, the kind that build up in unsanitary restaurants and public toilets) helps to foster immunity to disease. Well, *vive le dirty lifestyle*. The French are welcome to it.

Meanwhile, the American fervor for keeping clean remains proudly undiminished. Armed with trusty slogans about cleanliness and godliness and secure in the false belief that if it's clean, it's healthy, American women, in particular, now cleanse their skin with alarming zeal, say many dermatologists.

"Women are convinced that if they aren't rubbing something into their faces or removing something from them, they're a failure in life," says Dr. Jerome Shupack, associate professor of clinical dermatology, New York University School of Medicine.

"The whole idea of deep cleansing is a myth," continues Kligman. "You can't remove dirt from below the skin's surface by washing, and scrubbing too vigorously can damage skin."

So how should you clean your skin and reap the rewards of lathering your way through half a bar of soap a day? Wash with a *mild* soap. (Neutrogena, Dove, Crabtree and Evelyn's Glycerine Bar, and Purpose are

all mild and safe.) Use warm, not hot, water no more than twice a day, and never scrub. Steer clear of soaps that contain deodorants or high levels of detergents. Because detergents take away surface oil and soil, they can also dry and irritate skin fast. There are, of course, many other kinds of cleansers to use. (Some new ones: Almay's Moisture Renew Cleansing Cream, Lancôme's Ablutia Huile Moussante Foaming Oil Cleanser, Intelligent Skincare's Facial Cleanser Softwash, Stendhal's Aqua Pureté Active Cleansing Mousse, Estée Lauder's Instant Action Rinse-Off Cleanser.) This month, with Clarion's new Skincare comes a Gentle Action Cleanser for normal skin, a Purifying Cleanser for the oil-prone.

Feeling good is a good part of what cleansing is all about. If it pleases you to soak your skin in milk baths, seaweed wraps, and foaming facials, you're not harming anything, least of all your epidermis. Nevertheless, Kligman has a telling last word. "It wouldn't make the slightest difference to your skin if you never washed again," he states. "In fact, it just might improve it." Back to you, Napoleon. **—BETSY BAUER**

(Images *continues, page 186*)

TREL BROCK. Hair and makeup by Grey Zisser. Manicure, Sheril Bailey. Basin from the Murray Hill Antique Center. Details, last pages

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class night

Women try their luck with the stylists of tomorrow

Every Tuesday night, a large crowd assembles outside a building on East Fifty-sixth Street in New York City. At 6:00 P.M., the doors swing open as two figures emerge to choose the fortunate few who will be allowed entry. Who gets picked? Generally, those in the crowd who have interesting looks.

This scene is not at the latest nightclub but at the Bumble + Bumble hair salon, where each week volunteers are chosen to participate in what B+B calls class night. Those willing to experiment receive haircuts by top talent at rock-bottom prices. It's the night when tomorrow's hairdressing stars take charge. Class night (also known as model or training night) takes place not only in New York but throughout the country, as senior stylists in major salons watch their assistants perform.

By the time this story appears, Robyn Zimmerman, an aspiring Bumble + Bumble rookie, will have become a stylist after spending two years as an apprentice—the last four months as B+B owner Michael Gordon's personal assistant. John Sahag did his share of class nights when he was apprenticed for two years in Sydney, Australia; Louis Licari, too, when he trained under Robert Renn at the Pierre Michel Salon; and Michael Gordon, when for two years he worked under the watchful eye of René in René's London salon.

One week, apprentices master the art of cutting hair short; the next, work may revolve around perming

On the West Coast, Tuesday night is creative night at Los Angeles's Doyle Wilson salon. "Our salon attracts young fashion artists who don't want the average haircut," says owner Clay Wilson. "Many of the cuts are difficult, which is good training for assistants." Here, appointments are necessary, as Wilson accepts only four models an evening. On Tuesday nights, cuts are free and perms and color are ten dollars to cover the cost of products. There is no charge for any service at many other salons, like the Geneses in Boston and John Sahag's NYC salon, where Wednesday is class night. At Bruno Dessange on Madison Avenue, NYC, it's Thursday. Bruno likes his apprentices to focus on a different service every week: one week cutting; perming the next.

In Chicago, the Vidal Sassoon Salon offers class mornings every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, attracting many budget-conscious students with nine-dollar cuts.

"Education through application is the only way for an assistant to learn and the only way the boss can see who has natural talent, adaptability, innovation," says Louis Licari. Every one of Licari's senior colorists (there are six) served a minimum of two years as his personal assistant—and before that as a freshman during Licari's class nights. No wonder these nights are among the best-kept secrets in town. —**COLLEEN SULLIVAN**

(Images *continues, page 192*)

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"Who said pregnant women can't wear stripes?"

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beauty answers

Getting sun-smart: protection from UVA rays . . . PABA-free products . . . effective application

In the beginning, there was sunscreen; and for women who thought they were lucky enough to have skin that tanned easily, there was baby oil.

Life was simple. Sun products were usually oily or creamy and applied with one objective—to tan well without burning. Nobody had been told about sun's terrible ability to cause premature aging and cancer.

Since medical research turned traditional thinking about sunbathing on its head—and a tan became recognized as a symptom of skin damage, the cosmetics industry has turned its attention to fighting back through increasingly sophisticated methods of sun protection.

Today, there are products that block UVB, UVA, and even infrared rays; some are waterproof; others are water-resistant; still others boast they are PABA-free. Skin Protection Factors (SPFs) begin at 2, and now climb as high as 40. Which to choose? Do we really have to worry about all these different wavelengths?

Full sun protection—new definitions

"We probably have to worry much more than we originally thought," says Nicholas Lowe, M.D., clinical professor of dermatology at UCLA Medical School and founder of the Southern California Dermatology and Psoriasis Treatment Center in Santa Monica. "It's still believed the short- and mid-wavelength UVB rays are the most damaging to skin in terms of producing painful burns and contributing to the development of skin cancer. But in recent years, it's been well established that longer UVA wavelengths carry dangers of their own, breaking down collagen and elastin fibers to induce aging, as well as compounding the effects of UVB rays. Now there's evidence also that the sun's infrared or 'heat' rays also increase ultraviolet-ray damage, which may increase the risk of skin cancer and premature aging."

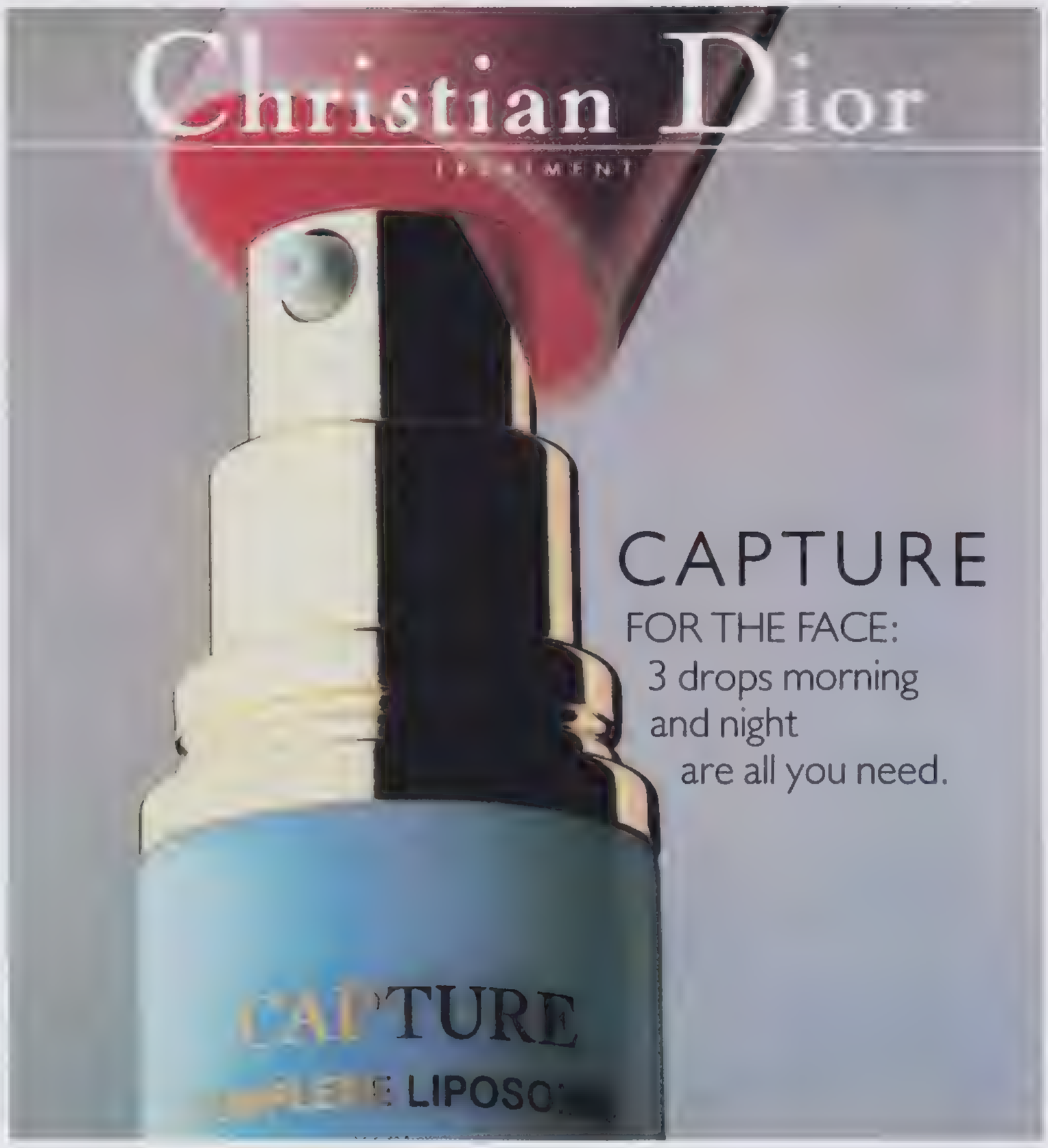
It's not well known that an SPF number represents a product's ability to screen only UVB rays. This fact, ironically, may worsen a woman's chances of UVA-induced damage, because a high-performance UVB-screening product gives a sense of security that may be false. A woman is likely to stay out in the sun much longer with a high SPF product than if she weren't protected against sunburn.

Although UVB rays predominate in summer and are strongest from 10 A.M. until 2 P.M., the intensity of UVA rays remains constant year-round, all day long, in cloudy or clear weather. And unlike UVB rays, UVA rays can penetrate glass, so that even when a woman thinks she's shielded, as in a car, or behind a window, she really isn't.

UVA rays also appear to be the culprits in photosensitive reactions caused by taking certain drugs, such as tetracycline and other antibiotics, antihypertensives, diuretics, oral contraceptives, and certain arthritis medicines. Wearing only a UVB sunscreen won't protect against or preclude this type of reaction.

Currently, there's no universal comparable standard to the SPF for UVA protection, though Dr. Lowe and other

(*Continues, page 196*)



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dermatologists are working on developing one. Until a standard is available, the ingredient list on a product label is the best place to look to determine a product's screening abilities. UVB-screening ingredients include PABA (para-aminobenzoic acid) and its esters (glyceryl, padimate A, padimate O), and cinnamates. UVA-screening ingredients include benzophenones (oxybenzone, methoxybenzone, and sulfisobenzone) and a new ingredient just approved by the FDA called Parsol 1789, or butyl methoxydibenzoylmethane, currently only in Herbert Laboratories' sunscreen Photoplex, but expected in more sunscreens soon. To screen out infrared, a product must also contain a physical block; for example, titanium dioxide or zinc oxide, which reflects infrared rather than absorbs it. If the product can screen out infrared light, it will usually say so on the label.

A new look at PABA

PABA is currently considered the most effective UVB sunscreen, and although some people have experienced sensitivity to this active ingredient in the past, they may now be able to tolerate more modern PABA sunscreens. "It's possible that someone who has reacted to PABA may not react to a PABA ester," says Lowe. "The most common and effective PABA ester is padimate O, which is actually a safe and very efficient UVB absorber. Patients who have reacted to a PABA product in the past may want to see if they can tolerate a product containing a PABA ester by testing the product on the back of the hand and waiting for a day or two to see if they react."

For people whose PABA reactions extend to PABA esters, there is now a wide array of effective PABA-free sunscreens such as Erno Laszlo's new Sun Defense Collection, which are lightweight, nonacnegenic and include SPFs ranging from 10 through 25.

Improving sunscreen application

Sunscreen manufacturers as well as many dermatologists today stress that a product's substantivity—how well sunscreen clings to skin even through exposure to sweat, water, and rub-off—is very important. Neutrogena's new PABA-Free Sunblock is the first to have a patent-pending rub-resistant formula, which maintains its SPF 15 even through a vigorous towel-dry.

If you plan to spend a day at the beach, it's important to choose a sunscreen that's waterproof, as well as one that has a high SPF. According to the Food and Drug Administration, to be labeled waterproof, a sunscreen should retain its SPF even after immersion in water for eighty minutes. "Most dermatologists today recommend a woman apply a sunscreen daily. For this, a waterproof sunscreen may be too heavy, particularly under makeup," advises Jack Mausner, Ph.D., senior vice president, research and development, Chanel. The solution? Wear a lightweight sunscreen or a moisturizer that also provides sun protection. (Chanel's Total Protection Cream, SPF 15, is designed to work under makeup and screens out both UVA and UVB rays.)

Dr. Mausner brings up another concern. "Daily use (i.e., away from the beach) of a very high SPF sunscreen—above 15—might be unnecessary, even risky. Sunscreens with SPF numbers above 15 can have higher concentrations of active ingredients, which can increase skin irritation. Although activity with intense sun exposure may warrant a sunscreen with a higher SPF number, on a daily basis, a sunscreen with an SPF 15 provides enough sun protection." **—LAURA FLYNN McCARTHY**

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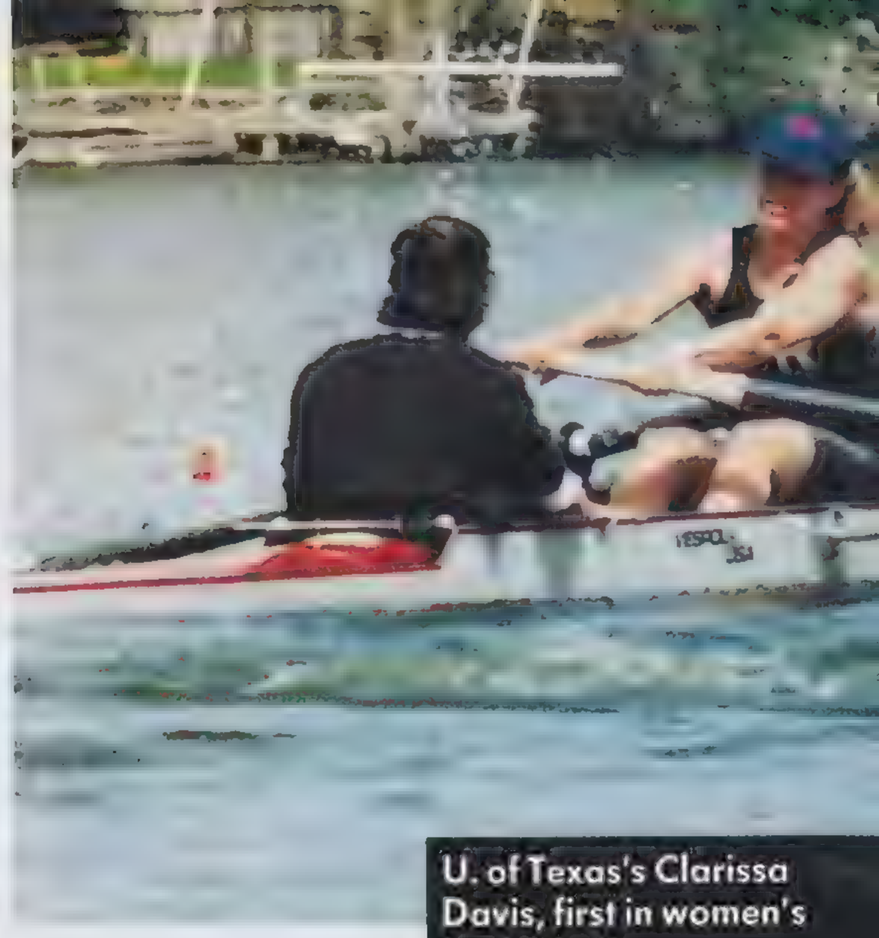
days of glory

On college campuses across the country, female athletes have become the new sports stars. GRACE LICHTENSTEIN reports



U. of Texas's Clarissa Davis, first in women's basketball

These are slam-dunk, high-five days for women's collegiate sports. More than eighty thousand female students play on varsity teams in sports from volleyball to soccer, from softball to ice hockey. Last season in Knoxville, the Lady Vols of Tennessee and the Lady Longhorns of Texas drew the largest crowd—24,563—ever to attend a women's collegiate basketball game. Although the Lady Vols lost 97 to 78, women's athletics was the real winner: the crowd was certified by the *Guinness Book of World Records*. The game, complete with play-by-play television coverage and national media hype, was a symbol of progress.

Women's college sports have come a long way in the seventeen years since Title IX forced changes throughout the school systems of the nation. Today, women's sports are so popular that the President's Club of the University of Minnesota, made up of 2,200 supporters who each donate $10,000 or more to the school, included the National Collegiate Athletic Association women's volleyball championships among its special events last year, along with the Peking Opera and the Joffrey Ballet. Thousands of Iowans subscribe to the "goal card," which allows them to attend all events of the University of Iowa's women's teams for twenty dollars a year. Women's basketball, volleyball, gymnastics, and even softball are also televised, as schools sell packages of selected women's sports to local and national stations like ESPN.

Title IX fueled a revolution in campus sports, forcing schools to offer women scholarships, teams, coaches, and facilities equal to men's

Revenue from televised games has helped swell the already-bulging coffers of some of the top colleges. This year, the Texas women's athletic budget is $3.5 million, compared with $75,000 in 1975. At Minnesota, the figure is $2.8 million, at Berkeley nearly $2.1 million. UCLA spends $1.7 million a year, with $623,000 available in athletic scholarships. One of these scholarships, in fact, went to a youngster from the East St. Louis ghettos named Jackie Joyner, who was able to get a college education while she played basketball and competed in the long jump, well before she won the gold in the Olympic heptathlon.

How did women put these numbers on the scoreboard? When Congress passed Title IX of the Educational Amendments Act in 1972, mandating equal opportunity for men and women in colleges that received federal aid, it gave schools until 1978 to comply. From that year on, Title IX fueled a revolution in campus sports, forcing schools to offer women scholarships, teams, coaches, uniforms, and facilities similar to those of men. In 1988, the Civil Rights Restoration Act cemented the gains Title IX had scored.

Kirsten Rendell, a junior at Brown University and the goalie on the varsity women's ice hockey team, exemplifies the new female athlete. Not too many years ago, Rendell would not have found many colleges where she could play her favorite sport, much less be the first woman to win the Thomas Cookman Award, a scholarship in memory of the deceased Brown hockey star. In this new era of equal opportunity, she handles a heavy course load, plus daily three-hour practices and frequent trips.

"Hockey balances out my life," says Rendell. "It structures it, and lets me get out my aggressions."

Long before they finish high school, promising women are overwhelmed by the attention they get from college recruiters. Bridgette Gordon, the Tennessee Lady Vols basketball star and a member of the 1988 Olympic gold squad, began playing basketball when she was in the third grade. "I was a small-town girl," says the striking six-footer, who wears a garland of gold chains that even Michael Jordan would envy, "but I could outplay the guys." Gordon began getting letters from college recruiters when she was a sophomore in high school. By the time she graduated, more than one hundred schools had offered her scholarships. What helped make her so attractive: a 3.1 grade point average. Gordon picked Tennessee because she wanted to stay in the *(Continues, page 206)*

Sheila Hudson of Berkeley

UCLA's Lisa Longaker

'88 Olympian/Radcliffe crew captain Juliet Thompson, second from left, with her team

Harvard's Meredith Rainey

Kelly Jenkins, top diver of the University of Texas

Charlotte Joslin of Harvard

Ann Boyer and Daiva Tomkus: UCLA's stars

Berkeley's Kirsten O'Hara: five-time All-American

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South. And she felt that coach Pat Summitt's championship-level program—in the nation's most competitive environment, the Southeastern Conference—would help her develop her skills to the highest possible level, so that she might make a living after graduation playing pro ball in Europe.

Gordon is well on her way to meeting that goal, but her priority is academics. "That's the first thing they stress—academics," explains Gordon, a political-science major, who was given a leave of absence to compete in the summer games, as were all college Olympians. "I don't want to be the first player not to graduate!" Gordon has become so well known on campus that she's hounded for her autograph but tries to keep both feet on the ground—at least when she's off the court.

"Women are more careful about their studies," she remarks, "because there are no guarantees. We can't play basketball for years like men can. So we buckle down, while the guys, well, they can just jive around."

U. of Texas's top-ranked divers

Yale's cross-country team: first in the Ivy League

For most female collegiate players, education remains as important as sports. Except for a few stars, women cannot even think about earning a living as pros. The richest schools are as proud of women athletes' grades as they are of their trophies. Texas boasts a 93 percent graduation rate among female student athletes after four years of eligibility; at UCLA, 67 percent earn a degree. (Only 59 percent of all undergraduates earn a degree.) "It's a myth that you can't win and still have academic integrity," asserts Texas women's athletic director Donna Lopiano.

Women athletes in less traditional sports are also getting their share of the hoopla. Softball is now a hot topic at the University of California, Berkeley, because Michele Granger, a "one in a million" phenomenon, according to her coach, chose Cal after sifting through more than twenty-five offers.

Granger acknowledges she is under a lot of pressure. Women's softball is a growing sport; nevertheless, "the men have more money pumped into their program, so they get more attention," she says. As for her future, *(Continues, page 214)*

Brown's women's ice-hockey team: pioneers in the sport

Left: THOMAS F. MAGUIRE, JR.; *top right:* MARK GARVIN. Charlotte Joslin & Meredith Rainey, Harvard: TIM MORSE. Ann Boyer & Dana Tomkus & Lisa Longaker: NORM SCHINDLER/ASUCLA. Kirsten O'Hara, UC: RUSS WRIGHT. Sheila Hudson, UC: DON GOSNEY. Juliet Thompson : JAMES AULENBACK/Sport Graphics. Clarissa Davis, UT & Kelly Jenkins, UT. LARRY PIERCE

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there is no comparison to men. "If you're the best pitcher, like Orel Hershiser, you get lots of money. Supposedly, I'm the best softball pitcher, but there's nothing coming in!" she laughs. The best Granger can expect after college is to play on a pro softball team in Europe. For now, she is looking forward to a career in broadcast journalism.

Less traditional sports are also the first to be dropped in a budget crunch. When San Jose State axed women's field hockey, Tina Parrott switched to Iowa in her senior year. "At San Jose, we didn't even have a locker room," she says. Parrott was so inspired by Iowa's higher level of play that she scored three times as many goals at Iowa in a single season than she had in three previous seasons at San Jose. She led Iowa to the NCAA championship game; the school's vice president in charge of finance flew to Philadelphia to watch her. "People respect you more if you're an athlete here," she says.

Winds of change are even sweeping the Ivy League, which does not permit athletic scholarships. Ivy teams usually can't compete against powerhouses like Texas, yet Harvard had the number-one women's squash team in the U.S. last year, and Yale's cross-country team was third in the NCAA championships.

As a tennis player at Yale in the late seventies, Eve Ellis was the lone woman who built up her strength with weights. Today, as a Columbia University coach, she requires weight training of all her female players, who work out in a new weight room, side by side with the men's football team.

Women's sports still have a long way to go before they match the popularity of men's college athletics; but already a hint of the excesses associated with big-time sports programs has surfaced.

Pressures to win can, on occasion, translate into abuses. Colleges have been slapped with NCAA penalties for violating rules in recruiting blue-chip high school girls. Northeast Louisiana, a small school in Monroe, was put on a year's probation in 1986, prohibited from postseason play for showering gifts on a top woman basketball recruit in violation of NCAA rules. Infractions by other schools, minuscule by the standards of men's sports, have been punished as well.

Pressures also force schools to spend huge amounts on recruiting. Ten years ago, Lopiano's recruiting budget was $6,000 for telephone calls. Now, Texas spends $200,000 a year to scout high school players around the country and fly them to Austin to visit.

Neither recreational drugs nor steroids are perceived as being as big a problem in women's sports as they are among men. Instead, eating disorders are the secret shame of women's sports—the equivalent of steroid use among male athletes. More and more women athletes succumb to anorexia and bulimia, both because "weight is still a performance issue," and because they are "still torn about the question of what the ideal female body is," explains Lopiano.

Jack H. Wilmore, Ph.D., professor of kinesiology and health education at

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the University of Texas, says preliminary findings show that ten to fifteen out of one hundred twenty female athletes studied have received some form of treatment for eating disorders. "I think that's the tip of the iceberg," he adds. "It could be twice that number. Elite athletes tend to have addictive personalities, which makes them prone to eating disorders."

On occasion, pressure on women's teams to win can translate into abuses

The problem has led the NCAA to produce a special videotape about athletes and eating disorders. "The world needs to know about this. We've got to clean things up," Wilmore warns.

Another serious concern in women's sports is that female coaches are being forced to the sidelines as schools hire more and more men to head women's teams, hoping to turn them into winners. A national study showed that in 1972, 90 percent of the teams were coached by women. By 1988, that figure had shrunk to 48 percent. "Title IX was a double-edged sword," declares Vivian Acosta, coauthor of the study. "It really hurt us, because women should be seen as leaders."

The students themselves are partly to blame. When UCLA named an alumna and former Olympian, Cindy Gallagher, to replace the women's swimming team's male coach, the young swimmers protested. A former assistant coach, Gallagher had better credentials than her male predecessor. Still, some team members initially refused to swim for her; others objected to the possibility of her two-year-old daughter being present at practices; and at least one transferred to a new school.

"It is presumed that men are better coaches," says Judith Holland, senior associate director, department of athletics at UCLA, who chose Gallagher but admits she was prejudiced at one time herself in favor of male coaches. "It is a horrible statement about what values young women are being taught."

Right now, women athletes and coaches alike hunger for the kind of recognition given Notre Dame's football team, North Carolina's basketball team, or Villanova's track stars; and they strive for the same respect. Girls now jump higher, run faster, kick further, swim better than ever before. "There's not a sport that we recruit for that our freshmen don't come in better prepared for than the seniors on the team," says Holland.

"I look for us to become household conversation," adds Chris Voelz, women's athletic director at Minnesota. "Sports are one of the most visible ways of role modeling. I look for high school girls as well as boys to realize it's okay to be the best you can be, whether it's in music or athletics. I look for the green light from society."

Grace Lichtenstein, *a former* New York Times *reporter, is an avid tennis player, skier, and cyclist who has followed women's sports for many years.*

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the video queens

Hollywood's leading ladies, sweating it out on exercise videos, have their eyes on Jane Fonda's fitness throne. RACHEL URQUHART surveys the scene

In the beginning, there was Jane. When Jane Fonda came out with the first celebrity exercise video seven years ago, few could have predicted that "Feel the burn!" would become the battle cry of the eighties. Fewer still could have envisioned the legions of overweight men and women she inspired to exercise and to ultimately, in the suggestive lingo that has since become epidemic in exercise videos, "do Jane" regularly. Yet, much as seemingly unnecessary technology has a way of creeping up and convincing one that there was no life, say, before cellular car phones, it happened: the celebrity video queen was born. And before we had time to wipe our brows and turn off our VCRs, there were Vanna and Kathy and Raquel and Angela and Debbie and countless others, all stretching and panting and feeling the burn right in the middle of our living rooms.

Indeed, these days it seems that there are relatively few female celebrities who have not come out with an exercise video. As you survey the sampling of video queens below, just try for a moment to imagine Greta Garbo or Katharine Hepburn doing buttocks tucks and talking about the burn. You'll find you can't.

Raquel Welch, a veteran of three exercise videos, has taken to an extreme the self-effacing, I'm-like-you approach to performing fitness routines in ***Raquel: Lose 10 Lbs. in 3 Weeks***. *(Continues, page 218)*

HELENE TRAN

"My mother, of course, would be appalled. 'You can't just go buy gold jewelry for yourself. Someone's supposed to do that for you.' Uh, Mom? There used to be a lot of things I wasn't supposed to be able to do for myself. Like earn a good living. And make decisions. All on my own, if I felt like it. These earrings? Ah, these I definitely felt like. And buying them for that reason, for just that reason, is really the whole delicious point."

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Fitness

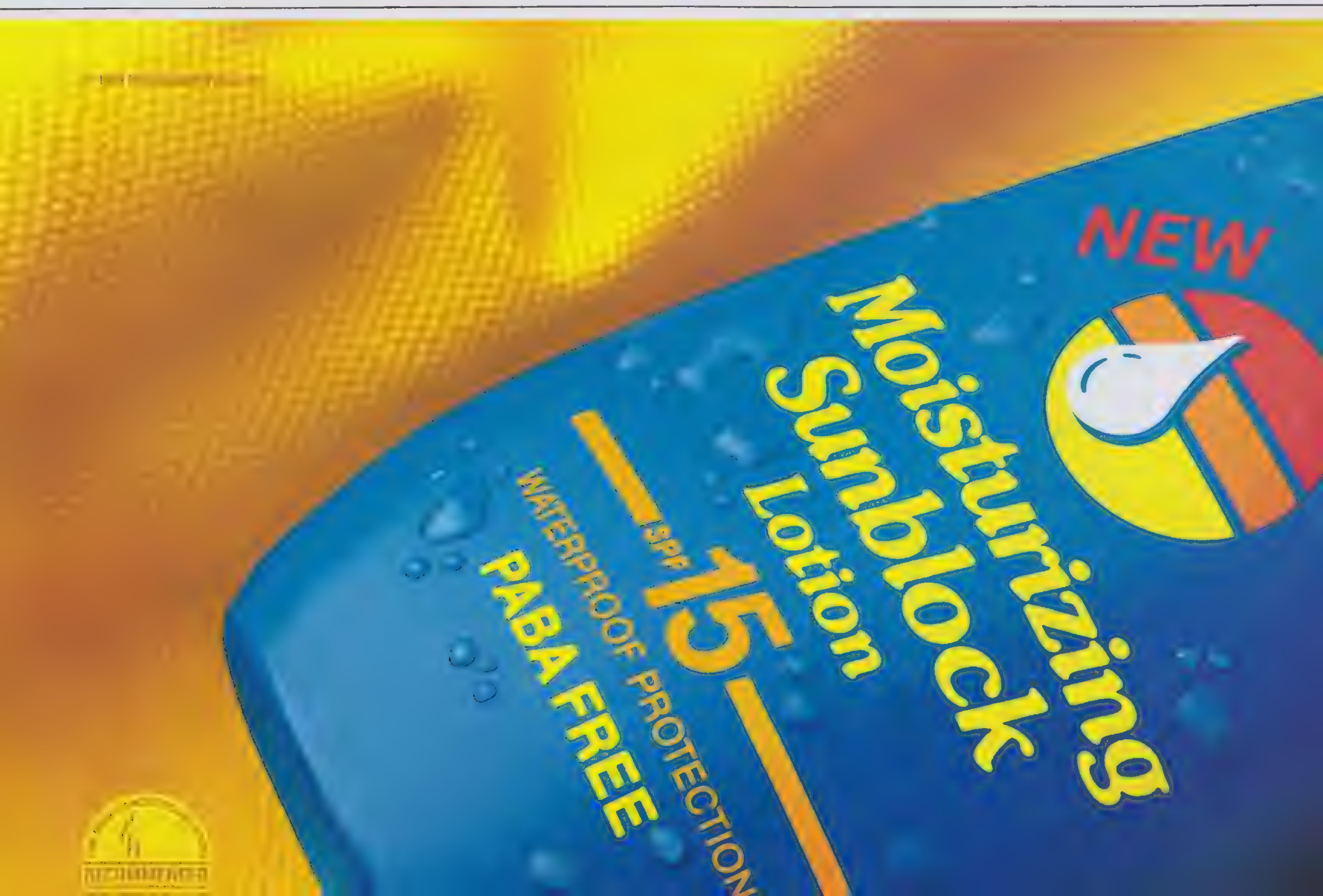
Throughout the eighty-minute yoga, aerobic, and weight-training session, the forty-eight-year-old sex kitten whines, complains, and looks thoroughly exhausted at every possible opportunity, proving that she really is, in her own words, "more human and less of a fitness diva—too perfect for words!" Unlike her previous release, *A Week with Raquel*—which, between yoga stretches, reinforces Raquel's "human" claim with stagy shots of the star at home with her dog, primping in her bathroom, and pretending to read the Sunday *New York Times*—the new video takes place in an exercise studio with a trainer and four flawless co-aerobicizers. When the trainer innocently instructs her to feel the burn, Raquel informs him in no uncertain terms that he is in the wrong exercise video. This is an example of exercise-video humor. "You better hike down the street to studio five to get that kind of dialogue!" she adds. This might not be such bad advice for him to follow, given that he might otherwise be forced to listen to Raquel purr, "Hey, find any reason to smile—it relaxes you—really."

Tracy Scoggins' Tough Stuff Workout is a good example of how far exercise videos are willing to go to stand out from the pack. The young actress (of television's *The Colbys* fame, in case you're having trouble placing her)

Just try to imagine Greta Garbo or Katharine Hepburn doing buttocks tucks and talking about "the burn"

bounces onto the Army/locker room–inspired set in a "combat" leotard, complete with guerrilla warfare camouflage markings and black combat sneakers. Based on a little-known training system from the Soviet Union (ah, hence the military motif) called plyometrics—given to "explosiveness and power"—Scoggins's video does not concern itself with sissy things like low-impact exercises or keeping time with the music (though an annoying soundtrack persists throughout). Instead, with boot-camp-like intensity, Scoggins directs four professional male athletes (Marcus Allen of the L.A. Raiders, welterweight champ Carlos Palomino, ironman competitor Michael Doven, and volleyball champ Randy Stoklos) through a series of agonizingly tough exercises at breakneck speed. There is one minor psychological barrier for viewers to clear: though Scoggins appears to have fared quite well as the Rambo of exercise queens, Soviet women do not exactly leap to mind as paradigms of the lean, elegant bodies to which we are all supposed to aspire.

You can learn a lot from ***Vanna White's Get Slim, Stay Slim*** video. You learn that Vanna keeps a journal to record her feelings about food; that she likes to crochet, exercise, read the paper, and talk to her friends; that she knows a terrific recipe made with diet cherry soda;that she is a Lakers fan, has a stuffed dalmatian named Spot, and gets calls from "Pat You-Know-Who"



at her house, where most of this information-packed video takes place. But when she's not telling you these up-close-and-personal facts about herself, Vanna struggles to lead you coherently through a week of daily twenty-minute walks and commonsense dieting (a departure, at least, from our typical twenty-minute diets and commonsense walks). After watching this video, it comes as no surprise that the most cogent thing the celebrity *Wheel of Fortune* letter-turner has to say is, "If I can do it, anyone can."

A museum-like set full of naked, headless Greco-Roman torsos on pedestals sets the tone for the elaborate video ***The Firm Aerobic Workout with Weights, Volume Two.*** Led by actress/dancer ***Janet Jones*** *(The Flamingo Kid, A Chorus Line, American Anthem)*, who is also Mrs. Wayne Gretzky, this video is beautifully shot, much like the caliber of film Jones probably aspires to appear in. But no matter, she is quite amazing here. Not one bad joke or embarrassing Fonda-esque innuendo crosses her lips as she delivers this tough, non-coma-inducing aerobic/weight-training workout. She is not even objectionable when she coos something about the latissimus dorsi muscle in perfect Marilyn Monroe breathiness. And the question-and-answer "Fitness Update" that follows the workout is interesting and articulate despite its almost unbelievable name-dropping: Aristotle, Socrates, Seneca, and Voltaire—all of whom, of course, thought and wrote extensively on bicep curls—are mentioned more or less constantly; several illuminating Arabian proverbs pertaining specifically to body contouring are also cited. (Available through mail order only. 1-800-THE FIRM.)

On the low end of the budget spectrum, there is ***Denise Austin's The Complete Workout***. With its cable TV–quality studio set, its background exercisers giving periodic toothpaste-commercial smiles, and its "Let me see that smiling face—good!" repartee, this exercise video looks more like a *Saturday Night Live* sketch of an aerobics video than it does something you'd pay $29.95 for. In any event, Austin, of ESPN's Cable TV show *Getting Fit with Denise Austin*, doesn't trouble her fans with medical advice or guidance (she does periodically pause to check pulses, but then neglects to say what one should do with the number of heartbeats counted). Instead, she entreats viewers to keep up the pace with cutesy grins and a refreshingly straightforward promise: "You'll have a nice body, come on!"

Many of these new exercise videos are rife with bad jokes, suggestive lingo, and embarrassing innuendos

In her ***Fat Burning Workout***, ***Kathy Smith*** uses her particular brand of straightforwardness to much better effect. She is not backed by the posse of inhumanly per- (*Continues, page 224*)

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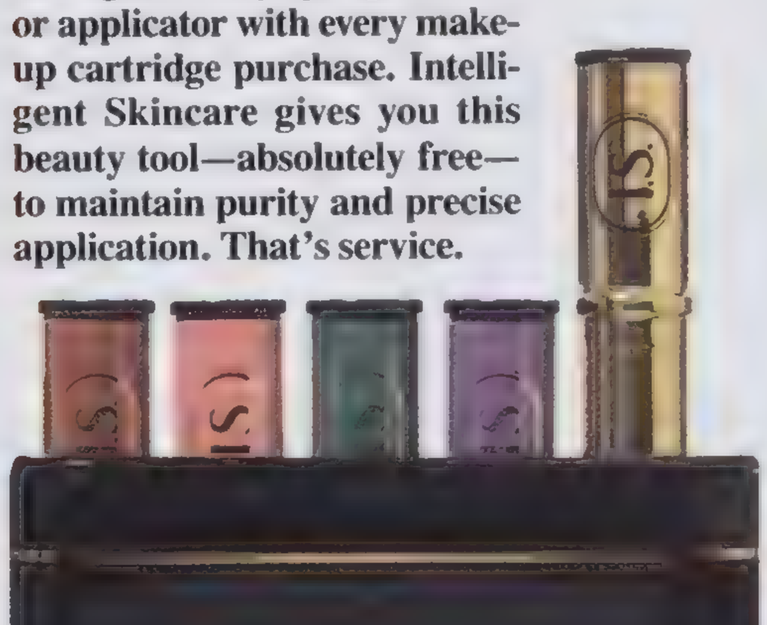

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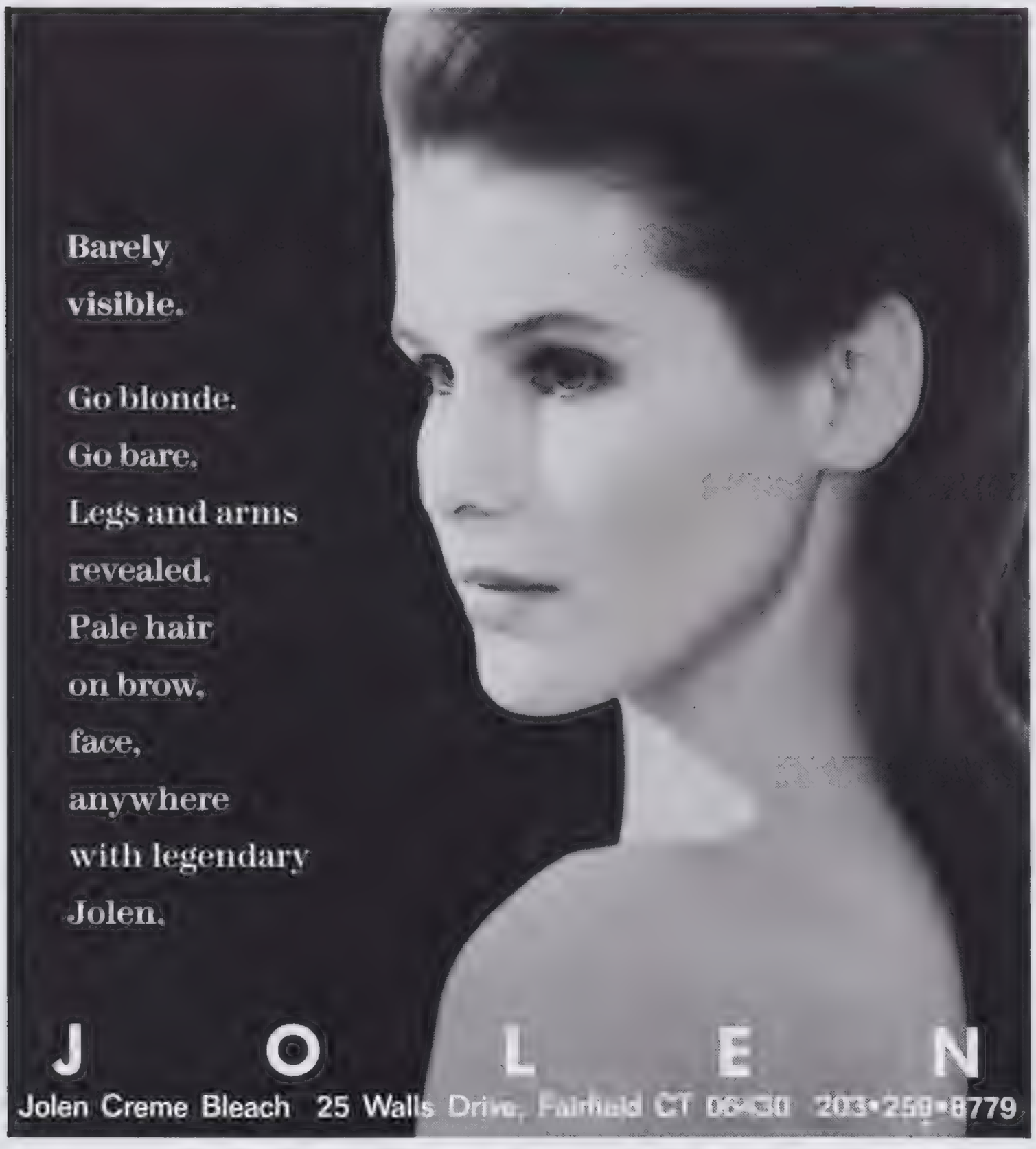
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Fitness

fect bodies that usually grace exercise videos, but instead by a group of normally spastic and soft human beings who struggle quite convincingly through the low-intensity but lengthy workout. And, thankfully, Smith is not nearly so cutesy as the picture on the video box suggests. She comes across as sincere, intelligent, and energetic—in other words, as a video queen rarity.

Speaking of video queen rarities, who would have thought ***Angela Lansbury*** and ***Debbie Reynolds*** would put out their own feel-the-burn videocassettes? Well, they have, and in doing so seem to have cornered the pleasantly plump, forty-five-and-up market—at least until Shelley Winters comes up with *her* fitness video. ***Angela Lansbury's Positive Moves*** begins soothingly with the actress walking through her garden, assuring us that she is "certainly not a fitness fanatic," and that her method requires no complicated equipment or "tricky outfits"—something that will, no doubt, come as a great relief to those who were getting a little antsy at the notion of seeing Cabot Cove's number-one crime-solver in spandex. But Lansbury manages to maintain her dignity throughout (even during the rhythmic dance segment, when she dances "freely" around the house); and her home, where the entire video is shot, deserves an award for the most tasteful exercise video backdrop around.

The jokes about sagging buttocks notwithstanding, ***Debbie Reynolds' Couples Do It Debbie's Way*** is a spirited video for the postmenopause set. There's no oversynthesized rock and roll here, just big-band swing and the sound of Tom Bosley groaning. (Bosley, his wife, Patricia, Dick and Pat Van Patten, and Debbie's husband, Richard Hamlett, are the backup aerobicizers.) Dressed in a kind of Chanel-inspired gold-trimmed navy leotard, Debbie leads the couples through a series of gentle exercises as they complain and make jokes about their sex lives. This cassette definitely wins an award for the dirtiest pelvic lift jokes in an exercise video. ♥ (Fitness *continues, page 226)*

Rachel Urquhart *is a reporter for* Spy *magazine.*

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Fitness

exercise: new moves

At lunch with Jane Fonda, in New York to promote her newest tape, *Jane Fonda's Complete Workout*, the subject that always comes up among exercisers was raised: how to maintain one's interest in fitness. Exercise videos are one solution (see page 218). Fonda's offers two levels of fitness at the same time, so you can work harder or easier, depending. . . . If you live in California, you can relieve exercise fatigue by working out while you wash-and-wait, the premise of the Clean & Lean laundry/gyms, opening up and down the West Coast. They're the brainchild of Greg Trabert, who has ingeniously paired Speed Queen washer/dryer cycles with the time it takes to complete an aerobic circuit. If interest indicates success, it's soon to become big business: Trabert already has had about one thousand calls from would-be franchisers. . . . If the outdoors is more your style, the Maui Challenge—a week-long luxury vacation at an ocean-front estate—sounds like exercise heaven. Days are spent hiking, mountain biking, snorkeling, and sailing, with activities geared to all fitness levels. Its sister vacation spot in Sedona, Arizona, offers a similar program of deluxe accommodations and rugged pleasures. For information, call (602) 878-7071. . . . At The Greenhouse, Toni Beck's spa weeks are geared to women's special interests: miniweeks, mother-daughter, an executive de-stresser. Taking place this month, a postmastectomy week, which includes special exercises and lectures.

high achievers

It took fifty-two-year-old Mary Margaret Goodwin five months to complete the Trans-Himalayan Ultra Run, making her the first woman to finish the three-thousand-mile journey. Goodwin, who has brains *and* brawn, is the former director of environment and conservation matters at the office of the secretary of the navy. She covered a rugged body-punishing terrain at an oxygen-depleting eighteen- thousand-foot altitude, breaking her foot along the way. Goodwin says she persisted because "I'm one of those people who needs incredible challenges." Kodak, the trip's sponsor and supplier of battery-powered equipment, got in its own plug at her press conference: "Goodwin demonstrated not only her physical and mental endurance but the endurance of Kodak batteries." . . . Another woman's peak experience: twenty-nine-year-old Stacy Allison of Oregon became the first American woman to reach the world's highest summit, climbing 29,028 feet to the top of Mount Everest.

badge of courage

Are fitness injuries in fashion? To look at all the knee and ankle protection exercisers are wearing, one might think so. Naturally, more exercisers equal more injuries, plus athletes tend to overwork, too. Not only are sales of fitness first-aid products on the upswing, but the

Weak knees and tennis elbows can be wrapped in style with 3M's new sports tape.

products themselves are becoming more stylish. Case in point: 3M Company's newest variation on Ace's best-selling skin-toned athletic wrap: it comes in five hot colors. . . so the injured can flaunt—rather than hide—their sports wounds.

JACKIE NICKERSON. Hair and makeup, Sandra Bocas; Dance France unitard. Details, last pages

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RALPH LAUREN

People are talking about...

By Julia Reed

A kinder, gentler nation???

Will the Reagan era exit now that the Reagans have? It may take a silver bullet and a stake through the heart. During inaugural week, **Henry Kravis** camped out in a $15,000 hotel suite, but turned down the Rolls limo that went with it—he brought his own. **Donald Trump** flew straight from inaugural parties to a Super Bowl party on his yacht docked off Miami. Meanwhile, D.C. hotels, fearful of food-poisoning lawsuits, decided not to donate leftover party platters to the **homeless**. . . . Was anybody listening when George Bush said, "We are not the sum of our possessions; they are not the measure of our lives"? Not retired Gannett chairman **Al Neuharth.** Already worth millions, the *USA Today* founder held a tag sale at his Waldorf Towers apartment. The all-day sale was open only to Gannett employees, who paid a $10 admission fee for a shot at the boss's custom pool cues and his king-size mattress complete with pillows and bedspread.

Bad boys

Yasser, that's my baby! After years of being everyone's favorite towel-headed terrorist, **Yasser Arafat** is the media's new darling—he not only sounds credible but looks highly salable. Journalist T. D. Allman has a six-figure deal with Random House for a bio, and more are sure to follow. Perhaps items like the following, from the *Wall Street Journal*, helped turn the tide: "Israeli soldiers dynamited the homes of three Palestinians suspected of throwing stones as part of a tougher policy in the West Bank. . . . [Israeli soldiers] said their role in putting down the rebellion was robbing them of their values." . . . New Republican party chief **Lee Atwater** was the guitar-playing badass your mother told you never to date. He convinced Ron Wood and Bo Diddley to play the Inaugural, now he's recruiting blacks for the G.O.P. It's the first time in decades the party has had a street-fighting politician at its helm. Watch out. If the **realignment** the pundits predicted after Reagan's landslide in 1980 is ever going to happen, now may be the time. Atwater compares elections to samurai sword fights—in which the losers always die. . . . Even **Jerry Brown** has learned to play politics. After a stint with Mother Teresa, Governor Moonbeam has decided he's personally against abortion but still believes, naturally, in personal choice.

Wise guys

E.L. Doctorow's new novel, *Billy Bathgate*, was snapped up by Disney/Touchstone for a cool million even before it hit the stands, and it's no wonder. Billy, young apprentice to the Dutch Schultz gang, is the wisest narrator in years—sure to join Huck Finn and Holden Caulfield in the pantheon of **coming-of-age heroes**. His boss values him for his keen senses and extraordinary dexterity—qualities also possessed by his creator. In Doctorow's hands, even a grisly death is illuminating: a gorgeous gangster, his body in a tuxedo, his feet in cement, awaits his fatal exit talking to Billy and singing, "Blackbird, bye, bye. . . ."

New faces

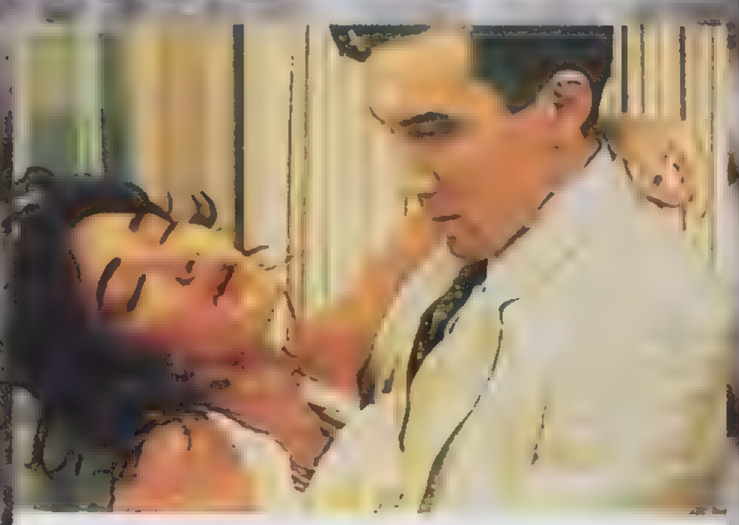
What's new at the plastic surgeon? **Collagen injected** lips à la Barbara Hershey, and the latest craze, implants to create the Yale chin—that well-bred jaw jut of Yalies like George Bush, Sigourney Weaver, and **Treasury Secretary Nick Brady**. . . . Before you check in at the clinic, better check out the cautionary tale of Vogue beauty director Shirley Lord. In her racy new thriller, *Faces*, corrupt doctors peel away clients' wrinkles—as well as a nose or two—and then murder the evidence. . . . A more valiant surgeon emerges in John Camp's *Plastic Surgery*, which tracks a doctor and his patients through a catalog of procedures and provides frank talk about risk, pain, results, and cost. Camp, who thinks society punishes the unbeautiful, subtitled his book "The Kindest Cut." Others obviously agree—**plastic surgery** is still the fastest-growing specialty in medicine.

The feminine mistake

Two new books tell us—again—how to be women of the eighties. *Sequencing* recommends **having it all** but not all at once. And *Tender Power* urges women to "reclaim their feminine qualities without giving up their newfound power." Bleccch. At least *Working Girl's* **Melanie Griffith** was drunk when she said, "I've got a head for business and a bod for sin." . . . Griffith seems to have started a trend. No sooner had she reunited with first love Don Johnson than Lee Majors started lusting after ex-wife Farrah Fawcett. Perhaps the shock of the new will be replaced by the joys of well-trod terrain.

Something Wild (USA)

Betty Blue (France)



Tampopo (Japan)

Fatal Attraction (USA)

Matador (Spain)

sex-rated

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AMERICA

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This was true even before actual sex was allowed onscreen. Then, larger-than-life symbols did the job. In *The Gang's All Here*, for example, we guessed what Busby Berkeley meant when those hundred or so girls, dressed like overripe fruit, found their bananas suddenly standing on end. And we also got the point every time a filmmaker cut away from a couple embracing to a train plunging into a tunnel, a river overflowing its banks, or a bolt of lightning crashing through the sky.

Having invested sex with such fantastical properties, Hollywood has apparently had trouble coming to terms with the comparative drudgery of the real act. Showing a couple in bed together, which until the fifties was a censorship taboo, has increasingly become an aesthetic taboo. In contemporary movies, every location has the potential to be an exotic boudoir. Warren Beatty, an early pioneer of never-in-a-bed screen sex, illustrated this point in *Splendor in the Grass*, when he chose a picturesque—and very public—waterfall to first unveil his manhood. Fourteen years later, in *Shampoo,* he had graduated to the floor (of a cramped bathroom and then a pool house). A model Hollywood lover, Beatty emerged from each encounter troubled by neither whiplash nor emotion—a true Olympian narcissist.

His example has fueled the sex scenes of the eighties. While such films as *Something Wild* and *Bull Durham* pointed out that beds—or more particularly, bed frames—are essential apparatus for bondage fantasies, the decade's most memorable screen couplings have occurred elsewhere. In *Risky Business*, upwardly

Warren Beatty launches his career as an out-of-bed screen lover in *Splendor in the Grass*

Details, last pages

RALPH LAUREN

FINE LEATHERS

mobile hooker Rebecca de Mornay inducts yuppie teenager Tom Cruise on a staircase before escorting him on a triumphant night of public lovemaking on the Chicago El.

In *Fatal Attraction*, Michael Douglas's weekend assignation with Glenn Close begins on the built-in sink of her overdesigned loft. As Douglas makes Close's Cuisinart hum, her bare bottom almost lands in a pile of dirty dishes. (Her cleaning lady obviously doesn't work weekends.) The couple chooses the elevator for a return bout.

In *No Way Out*, Kevin Costner and Sean Young, having just met, retire to the back of Young's limo, where it's sex-at-first-sight under the amused eye of Young's black limo driver. When it's over, they introduce themselves to each other; clearly, they're in love.

In these films, if anything is certain, it's that men must be able to achieve instant arousal anywhere, women want it everywhere, and it's often better in public, hopefully with a poor or not-as-lucky-as-we-

John Cleese in *A Fish Called Wanda*

The British embarrassment about sex has recently come under siege from a new generation of British filmmakers

are working-class person watching the gymnastics. Hollywood's message is clear: to survive sex in the modern world, you need not only a condom but a chiropractor.

GREAT BRITAIN

Traditionally, the stiffest body part in British movies has been the upper lip. Even such memorably romantic films as *Brief Encounter* and *Room at the Top* never strayed far from middle-class gentility: both ultimately advocated unhappy marriages over passionate affairs.

Nevertheless, gritted teeth have not prevented the British from laughing at sex. The enormously popular *Carry On* movies of the sixties—a cinematic bridge between the Victorian music hall and Benny Hill—found their humor in excruciating double entendres about the erogenous zones—notably breasts (large) and bottoms (smacked). However, the pneumatic lovelies in these films were paired with leading men so brazenly camp—or so decisively unappealing—that any sexual threat was instantly defused.

The British embarrassment about sex, so delightfully lampooned by John Cleese in *A Fish Called Wanda*, has recently come under siege from a new generation of British filmmakers. For them, Mrs. Thatcher's Conservative rule has functioned as something of an aphrodisiac. The sex in films such as *My Beautiful Laundrette*, *Sammy and Rosie Get Laid*, *Mona Lisa*, and *Wish You Were Here* is a taunt, a means of exposing the stultification and rot beneath the prim orderliness of middle-class life. The defanged mainstays of British vaudeville—adultery, buggery, whoopee—have returned, this time with fangs bared. The emblem of this new, politicized, socially conscious sex may be a scene in *Sammy and Rosie Get Laid*. The screen divides into a vertical triptych, showing three pairs of interracial partners humping in furious tandem. We're seeing the melting pot of new British society in midmelt.

FRANCE

French film eroticism has always taken off from a higher, more intellectual level of fantasy than that of other nations. Eric Rohmer's *My Night at Maud's*, which many people considered one of the sexiest films ever made, was *all* talk. Though the French affect a casual sophistication in talking about sex, there are surprisingly few great sex scenes in French movies—perhaps because deep-down they believe that physical possession snuffs desire. What you have instead are great romantic *moods*—inevitably fatalistic—and a stunning procession of actresses—inevitably paraded as objets d'art. These women serve essentially as validators of male vanity. And the Frenchman apparently cherishes his vanity far more than his female.

Accordingly, French films display little affection for the modern woman. Instead we get a sour piece of sluttishness like *Betty Blue*, with toothsome, messy-mouthed Béatrice Dalle as sacrificial muse. The casualness of the sex in that film turns out to be proof of her dementia. Implicit in such films is a hankering for the chivalric codes of old—the days of courtly gallantry and "the eternal feminine." The modern Frenchman doesn't quite know what to make of the modern Frenchwoman. He's too busy embalming her in a romantic fog.

JAPAN

The infamous closing scene of *In the Realm of the Senses*, in which the leading lady snips off her lover's privates, exposes the violence underlying Japanese sensuality. In a society pulled between conflicting images of woman—as revenger, courtesan, mother—the shriek and the sigh are the twin mating calls of sex play.

There may be a third: the giggle. Juzo Itami's *Tampopo*, billed as a "noodle Western," exhibits the intimate relationship between sex and eating. Few erotic set pieces can match the ones in this film; a white-suited thug and his moll concoct creative uses for everything

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Movies

from crayfish to egg yolks—the latter passed back and forth, unruptured, from mouth to mouth. The French may regard food as a sensual pleasure but in Japan, it seems, food *is* sex.

SPAIN

Blood, death, and carnality have long been the mainstays of Spanish cinema. The value of love is always in proportion to the fear it elicits. From the very beginning, with *Un Chien Andalou* and *L'Age d'Or*, Luis Buñuel set himself in opposition to the Catholic Church and gleefully raided the dungeons of re-

In Spain, the value of love is always in proportion to the fear it elicits

pressed desire. He's the Big Daddy of Spanish filmmakers, even though most of his movies were made outside Spain. In tone, however, he's somewhat atypical—dry-ice cool where most of his compatriots are hot-spiced.

In recent years, Carlos Saura has upped the humidity in American art houses with his mythic flamenco-thons, *Blood Wedding* and *Carmen*, in which the dancers forever seem to be stamping out the fire of their passions. (There may well be a connection between flamenco and the Latin penchant for foot fetishism.) Pedro Almodóvar, whose latest film is *Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown*, has become the great pop pansexualist of post-Franco Spain. His movies are determinedly apolitical; it's as if he doesn't want to waste a second of his, or his country's, newfound liberation flaying old enemies—although he makes an exception for the Catholic Church, to which, no doubt, he's deeply grateful for fostering his highly developed sense of sin. No filmmaker alive has come up with sex scenes as perfervid: for example, the firelit twosome in *Matador*, in which an ex-bullfighter, rose clenched between his teeth, slides onto his inamorata as she poises for the coup de grace. It's an archetypal Spanish sex scene: the mating dance as dance of death. And because the Spanish, unlike the British or the French, don't regard passion as absurd, this scene, which by all rights should be a hoot, comes across as a scorcher. (Movies *continues, page 244*)

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A revised classic, a Mafia comedy, a southern fairy tale, and a Soviet breakthrough: JEFFREY SHERMAN sorts through this month's releases

Crusoe

Crusoe transforms Defoe's classic tale into a racial morality play. As the shipwrecked hero of this verbally sparse but visually lush film, Aidan Quinn teeters delightfully between winsomeness and madness. Working with less than a page of dialogue, he carries the film from start to finish. But it is his native companion, Lucky (né Friday), who supplies the political correction. Unlike Defoe's Friday, Lucky is surprisingly liberated: to this independent savage, the role of servant is as alien and unappealing as Crusoe's gunpowder. Indeed, Lucky has no need for civilized ways at all and gradually convinces Crusoe (and the viewer) of the old notion, made novel, that no culture or race is more advanced than any other.

Cookie

Even Emily Lloyd, with her pixie mouth and endless legs, can't save Susan Seidelman's long-anticipated new movie, *Cookie*. In this, Lloyd's American film debut, she stars as the smart-ass daughter of mob boss Peter Falk (a role not unlike her distinguished part in the recent British hit *Wish You Were Here*). Although Lloyd's perfect Brooklyn accent is a joy to hear, neither Seidelman's direction nor an uninspired script by Nora Ephron and Alice Arland gives much support. Most of the jokes just peter out.

Seidelman's take on the Mafia is ersatz *Married to the Mob*; even her use of offbeat cameos—Ricki Lake, Jerry Lewis, Arto Lindsay—smacks of Jonathan Demme. "The Mafia angle isn't the most important or, to be quite blunt, the most original aspect of the film," Seidelman says. "It's the family stuff that I like—using the gangster genre as a way of telling a father/daughter story. I mean, this could have been *On Golden Pond*."

Emily Lloyd, top, and Peter Falk and Jerry Lewis, above, in Susan Seidelman's new film, *Cookie*

Holly Hunter, above, going for broke in *Miss Firecracker*

Miss Firecracker

In *Miss Firecracker*, Holly Hunter stars as Carnelle Scott, a young fish-factory employee whose life's goal is to emulate her too-perfect cousin Elain (Mary Steenburgen) by winning Yazoo City's Miss Firecracker Contest. "The movie's scope is small," says Hunter, "a few days in the life of a family in a backwater Mississippi town." But the themes of this singular film, like the outstanding performances of its cast, are profound: "It's filled with people driven to find their limitations, people willing to throw themselves off a precipice without knowing whether they'll be caught or hit bottom." Hunter originated the role Off-Broadway in the show's critically acclaimed stage version. As to *Miss Firecracker*'s success as a film, she says, "Well, I liked it."

Little Vera

Brandishing the first explicit sex scene in the history of Russian film, *Little Vera* has hit *glasnost* where it hurts. By American standards, *Vera* is just a mediocre teen-angst movie featuring a female James Dean: she fights with her parents, smokes cigarettes, listens to rock music, and sleeps with her boyfriend. But in the Soviet Union, this starkly grim depiction of family discord has broken box-office records and scandalized the nation. Next month, the star, Natalya Negoda, will even teach the West a thing or two about decadence when she poses nude in *Playboy*. How fitting that the camp followers of artistic freedom are those same principles that govern our great nation: sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll.

Top and center: © 1988 Warner Bros., Inc. Bottom: BOB MARSHAK/Corsair Pictures

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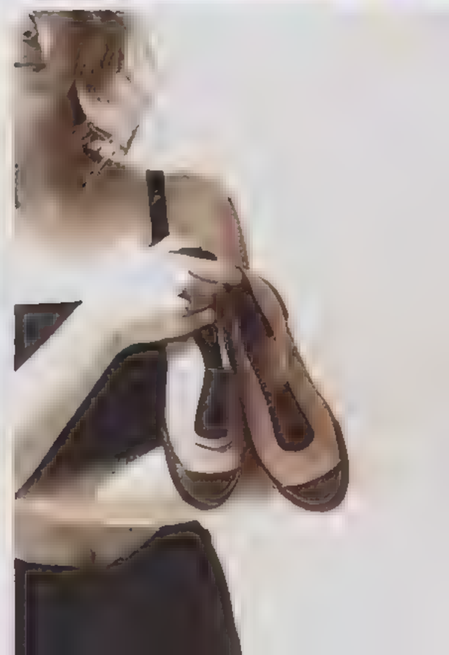

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Theater

the bard stripped bare

From classics to modern satire, British theater is rediscovering blood and passion. VICTORIA RADIN investigates

Contrary to the dire predictions of several years ago, British theater is surviving the slashed subsidies and discontents of the Thatcher era. While the few new plays that attack the national soul tend to be thin, the commercial houses of the West End are welcoming classical revivals and ambitious new musicals. And both the National Theatre and the Royal Shakespeare Company, Britain's two state-aided flagships, have perked up with transfusions of young blood from an exciting new generation of directors.

Audiences, meanwhile, are thrilling to blood and passion. Sir Peter Hall's West End revival of *Orpheus Descending*, Tennessee Williams's weird and bumpy *cri de coeur*, was the winter season's hot ticket. Vanessa Redgrave invested her improbable casting as an Italian-American with a bitter hilarity that Williams, who is enjoying a posthumous renaissance in Britain, would have recognized as his own. Although *Orpheus* bombed on its only Broadway outing in 1957, Redgrave is expected to take her performance to New York this fall. *Orpheus* was also a personal triumph for Peter Hall, who has ended his long and stormy directorship of the National Theatre to mount classics in the West End. Although Hall began his new role in an old way—by falling out with his producers—his *Merchant of Venice*, with Dustin Hoffman as Shylock, is still scheduled for early June.

The installation of forty-six-year-old Richard Eyre as Hall's successor at the National Theatre has been like the first days of JFK's reign: all fresh air and pizazz. Eyre's background spans from the pure entertainment of *Guys and Dolls* to his early work with Britain's more committed—or left wing, as they now say—dramatists. Eyre's newest *Hamlet*, with Daniel Day-Lewis in the title role and the great Judi Dench as Gertrude, opened last month. It must compete with his own 1980 version, dubbed the "Hamlet of the eighties," which deleted the Ghost entirely; Jonathan Pryce starred as a student prince who, in dire need of an exorcist, belched his father's admonitions from somewhere deep inside his gastrointestinal system.

The National continues to be locked in mortal rivalry with the Royal Shakespeare Company. The competition now is not for bright new playwrights (the news here is that there is no news) but for hot young directors. At least three of them—Nicholas Hytner, Declan Donnellan, and Deborah Warner—are changing the way Britons look at classical theater. Characteristic of their time, these new directors prefer the class-act robes of Shakespeare and Sophocles over possibly flimsy and fallible new clothes.

Hytner's staging of *The Tempest*, which the RSC takes to London next month, has proved a much more enchanted and generous reading than Peter Hall's NT valedictory of last summer. Versatile and ambitious, Hytner is also directing the Israeli play *Ghetto* at the NT this month. Donnellan, another iconoclast, recently offered a *Twelfth Night* in which Sir Toby Belch let fly with Sinatra's "My Way." Bagged by Eyre for the NT, Donnellan has fashioned a beautifully lucid and visually stunning interpretation of *Fuente Ovejuna*, Lope de Vega's eighteenth-century tale of peasant rebellion.

Opposite: Fiona Shaw, top, Britain's new classical star; lower left, Clare Higgins, Paul Shelley, Penelope Wilton, and Jill Baker in *The Secret Rapture*; lower right, Simon Callow as Guy Burgess in *Single Spies*.

Caryl Churchill, above, still smiling from the success of *Serious Money*; right, Jean-Marc Barr and the tragically ferocious Vanessa Redgrave in Peter Hall's *Orpheus Descending*; and, far right, Ian McKellen, recycling noise into art in Alan Ayckbourn's *Henceforward* . . .

Left to right: DAVID MONTGOMERY; Photostage; DONALD COOPER/Photostage. *Right, clockwise from top:* hair: Kathleen Bray; makeup: Frances Hathaway. ALASTAIR MUIR

DAVID BAILEY

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Theater

Donnellan and Hytner may be new brooms, but like most of the British theatrical establishment, they are Cambridge men. Warner, an even younger RSC director currently being wooed by the NT, is neither Cambridge nor male. But her unblinking treatments of *Titus Andronicus* and *King John* (soon at the Barbican) have earned her a reputation as the most gifted Shakespearean director in Britain. Her production of Sophocles' *Electra* consolidated Fiona Shaw's position as the brightest new classical actress around; Shaw's gangly

In her new play, *Icecream*, Caryl Churchill extends her righteous indignation to both sides of the Atlantic

androgyny should work well as Rosalind in *As You Like It*, opening at the Old Vic next month.

This newfound fascination for the violent extends beyond the classics. In June, the NT welcomes the tortured, mythic adaptation of *The Grapes of Wrath* that was unveiled to enormous acclaim at the Steppenwolf in Chicago last year. In the fall, the RSC will present *A Clockwork Orange*, adapted by its author, Anthony Burgess. Still smarting from the transatlantic debacle that was *Carrie*, the company insists that this play-of-the-film-of-the-book will *not* be a musical. Back in the West End, watch out for *Metropolis*, a play-of-the-film that *is* a musical.

In this revivalist climate, original plays tend to come from older, established writers. Alan Bennett's *Single Spies* is now installed in the West End at the Queen's. How appropriate: Her Majesty the Queen is a central character, imitated perfectly by Prunella Scales down to the rigidly right-angled elbow dangling the royal handbag. Informing the queen with his own surreal humor ("I suppose for me heaven is likely to be a bit of a comedown. What about you?"), Bennett turns a legitimate premise—her encounter with Sir Anthony Blunt, Palace curator and former Soviet spy—into a wickedly funny meditation on loyalty and betrayal.

Bennett's cheerful nastiness nevertheless implies that the old, cozy face of

Britain lives on—a prospect denied by *Henceforward . . .*, a new, uncharacteristically tough-minded play by Alan Ayckbourn. He shows us a Britain set in the near future—which now practically means yesterday—where female robots mind the family and gangs of blackmailing youths control the streets. Unable to compete with her mechanical rival, Jane Asher, playing a hard-nosed bank manager in black leather, delivers a marvelous aria of regretful envy. Ian McKellen costars as a composer who recycles into art any sound uttered by humans. The evening doesn't entirely gel but brims with suggestively black possibilities.

Icecream (or *I Scream*—pun intended), Caryl Churchill's new play, opens at the Royal Court this month. Having successfully bashed Britain's yuppie class in *Serious Money*, Churchill extends her righteous indignation to both sides of the Atlantic. Max Stafford-Clark, head of the theater and the play's stylish director, describes this clash between two couples: "On the surface the British couple seems rather nasty and peculiar, but ultimately turns out to be nasty and nasty; while the Americans seem genial and friendly, but underneath are pervasively shallow." Hummm. The play itself probably goes further than these national stereotypes.

Britain's other reliable malcontent, David Hare, had *The Secret Rapture* at the NT earlier in the year. Dinner-party talk was split down the middle over this strange hybrid of satire and cinematic melodrama; the climax, in which the victim-heroine meets a Christ-like death, inspired both veneration and bewilderment. New York audiences can decide for themselves when it arrives at the Public Theater in the fall. By that time, Peter Schaffer's *Lettice and Lovage*, an implausible fantasia on two middle-aged ladies who turn terrorist, should already have arrived—hopefully with Maggie Smith still in the lead role. And it goes without saying that Andrew Lloyd Webber's forthcoming new musical, *Aspects of Love*, will eventually cross the Atlantic. Depending on personal allegiances to the various James Bonds, one can either hope or fear that Roger Moore, its London star, will come with it.

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What else could explain such a defection?

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dance steppes

Andris Liepa, golden boy of the Bolshoi, arrives from Russia with love.

DAVID DANIEL extends greetings

Smoothly sculpted and California-blond, Andris Liepa could be the surfer next door. But born in Moscow, not Malibu, he is the Soviet Union's latest export from the Bolshoi Ballet.

Audiences thrilled to his powerful jumps at the New York City Ballet last year, where he performed Balanchine's *Raymonda Variations* and *Symphony in C*. Although not cast from the heroic mold of Bolshoi men of the sixties and seventies, he is a hotshot and a charmer whose dancing is suffused with a warm muscularity.

Liepa currently lives in Manhattan, but he has neither defected from the Soviet Union nor plans to. His presence at American Ballet Theatre is an example of *glasnost* in action. "I'm married to an American," he says. "I have a year's contract with ABT and a passport that lets me travel anywhere. Of course, I'll eventually go back home and continue at the Bolshoi." Liepa's freedom surprises anyone who has followed the fortunes of Soviet artists in the past two decades. During that time dozens of artists including Rudolf Nureyev, Natalia Makarova, and Mikhail Baryshnikov have felt forced to defect from their homeland—usually under soul-wrenching circumstances—in order to find the simple freedom to travel and seek new career opportunities. "New regime," Liepa explains matter-of-factly. "Everything is different now."

Liepa has his own explanation for this new atmosphere: "I think the authorities got tired of everybody defecting to the West; your ballet got better and better while ours got weaker and weaker. Maybe they finally listened to all the artists who later said they would prefer to live in Russia if they could be free to travel and try new things. Now we can do that." For Liepa, like many other Soviet visitors to the United States, it is the immense quantity and variety of our dance scene that entices. "You have so many different choreographers and styles: Balanchine, Twyla Tharp, Paul Taylor, Martha Graham. In Russia we only have very traditional classic ballet. But American dancers get to dance everything, including Russian ballet."

Nevertheless, the biggest item on his calendar right now is his preparation for the role of Prince Siegfried in Baryshnikov's new production of *Swan Lake*, which will have its New York premier next month at the Metropolitan Opera. It's a sumptuous restaging of the Petipa/Ivanov classic, with some new choreography by Baryshnikov and scenery and costumes by PierLuigi Samaritani. "Susan will be my Swan Queen," Liepa tells me. "Can you believe how beautiful she is?"

The beautiful Susan Jaffe, ABT's prima ballerina, has recently returned from Leningrad. She was the first American to dance with the Kirov Ballet since the sixties. Jaffe's midnight glamour and Liepa's sunniness add up to more than a vivid contrast of physical types; together they form an ironic emblem of current international dance. Liepa, a Russian, dances with the swaggering boldness that is the hallmark of the Bolshoi style, yet his temperament is puppy-eager and as American as a baseball player's. Jaffe, an American, is cold, remote, grand: the archetypal American fantasy of a Russian ballerina. Opposites attract, but not always right away. "When I first met Andris," Jaffe says, "I was taken aback a little because he would kiss my hand every morning before rehearsal. He still does, but now I'm charmed by it."

JIM VARRIALE. Hair: Ayo/Joseph Martin Salon, Beverly Hills. Makeup: Barbara Kamp/Clive Summers Salon. Wardrobe master: Bob Halloway

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Music

soul kiss

On his new album, the multitalented Roland Gift proves he's more than just a pretty face

In a late scene in the film *Sammy and Rosie Get Laid*, as a quartet of street minstrels sings "My Girl" around a burning trash can, the camera pans slowly over the naked body of Roland Gift. He lies face down on the bed, his muscular torso and shoulders forming a perfect V. He turns his head to reveal a sculptural wedge of hair and a set of high cheekbones the size and glossiness of billiard balls. Here is the most distinctive English singer since Boy George displaying his other talent—beauty. Trading glances with Roland Gift, you can't help but feel he's getting the bad end of the deal. Is this true? "Sometimes when we do a concert," he laughs, "it's best that they don't turn on the houselights."

After *Sammy and Rosie*, Gift says, he was flooded with offers for "the predictable parts, the obvious black-stud role." This didn't discourage him from taking on just such a role in the new film *Scandal*. As Christine Keeler's West Indian lover, Gift becomes a symbol of untempered passion.

Gift draws portraits of heartache and longing as he slides from falsetto to deep mournful moan.

Gift's music is also romantically charged. His band, the Fine Young Cannibals, has released its second album, *The Raw and the Cooked*—a collection of bitter and sweet love songs that runs the gamut of sixties soul styles, from bouncy Motown pop to doo-wop. Along with Andy Cox and David Steele, who formed the band after their previous group, the English Beat, split up, Gift draws portraits of heartache and longing as he slides from falsetto to a deep mournful moan.

Although all three band members originally got into music through punk rock, the Cannibals have evolved into something even more typically British: a sentimental replica of an old American soul group. Gift, in his full-cut, starched white dress shirts and French cuffs, his black features divorced from contemporary black culture, seems an image from another time, a vessel of soul as pure style. When the Cannibals performed in Barry Levinson's film *Tin Men*, set in 1953 America, they didn't have to alter their dress. They fit right in.

"It was very flattering to be compared to Otis Redding when we came out," Gift says, "though I don't think I really sound like him. People tend to compare me to their favorite singer. If they like Al Green, they'll say I sound like Al Green. If they like Sam Cooke, I sound like Sam Cooke. At the risk of sounding corny, it's like a dream come true. But at the same time, it's not something I worry about. I worry about sounding like me."

—JOHN LELAND

in brief

Debbie Gibson, *Electric Youth* (Atlantic) The sound of young America: in good times or bad, she seems to have an unerring musical sense and an unshakable faith in the future. This is simple—or even simpleminded—music, but like the Monkees or Sonny and Cher, Gibson infuses her jingles with real cultural resonance.

XTC, *Oranges and Lemons* (Geffen) Unwilling neopsychedelic forefathers of England's Acid House fad, XTC apply their warped technological worldview to a set of bubblegum pop songs worthy of Wham! Simultaneously pleasant background and manic foreground music, this record pulls pop apart and puts it back together in the wrong order.

The Replacements, *Don't Tell a Soul* (Reprise) Evolving from boozy melancholy to overt sentimentality, the Minneapolis band turns twenty-something frustration into catchy, affecting, guitar-based pop.

Luigi Boccherini, *Quatuors pour deux clavecins* • *Fandango. William Christie, Christophe Rousset* (Harmonia Mundi HMC 901233) To hear Boccherini's Fandango (originally a string-quintet movement) played on harpsichords is like walking through the gardens of the Villa d'Este. It isn't just the music's erotic drive that is so thrilling, but the texture and drama of the harpsichord sound. At times, you'd swear you can hear a lace fan brush across a taffeta bodice.

—JOHN LELAND and DAVID DANIEL

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wild irish rogues

Peter Maas's new novel led him inside the IRA. DAVID BLUNDY discovers how

Peter Maas safely ensconced in his New York City apartment

Even though the conflict in Northern Ireland is only a backdrop to Peter Maas's new novel, *Father and Son* (Simon and Schuster), the book is as meticulously researched as *Manhunt*, *Serpico*, and *The Valachi Papers*—the blockbuster works of nonfiction that have made Maas one of the most successful, and certainly one of the richest, writers in New York City. There was no sitting back in his comfortable Upper East Side apartment to pen this work of the imagination. Maas boarded a plane to London's Heathrow Airport, took another short flight to Belfast, and talked to every paramilitary faction in Northern Ireland—including an active service unit of the Provisional IRA, which is no mean feat.

Most American journalists can't get past the hollow rhetoric of the Provisional IRA's extremely active public-relations department, set up in a ramshackle house on Falls Road in Belfast. Armed with contacts he'd made in the States and in Ireland, Maas went on a sinister journey through the city's back streets. To make sure they weren't being followed, the IRA hauled him down different roads, led him through an alley between two houses, and pushed him into a kitchen where a woman sat feeding her baby and watching television. Upstairs in the bedroom was the commander of the Belfast Brigade of the IRA. Maas found everybody liked him. One thing both the Catholic and Protestant paramilitaries had in common was that they were both Maas fans, he says. Although not known for their literary appetites, they had all read *Serpico* and *The Valachi Papers*.

He also penetrated the British government's most secret organization, the intelligence service known as MI5, which is now responsible for the bulk of British intelligence-gathering in Northern Ireland. These shadowy men, whose official existence was only recently acknowledged by the British government, are apparently more reluctant than their CIA counterparts to talk to writers. "They were very nervous about meeting an American writer, even though I had explained to them that I was writing a novel," says Maas.

Most American journalists can't get past the hollow rhetoric of the Provisional IRA's active PR department

They may have been slightly put off because Maas, with his rumpled face and shock of white hair, would look quite at home propping up the bar in Falls Road. But Maas set them at ease by the triviality of his questions: "I wanted to know the color of the walls in MI5's headquarters in London, whether the elevators were automatic or manned, the color of the filing cabinets. They seemed relieved. They told me that stuff, and then they told me some other stuff."

Maas made four trips to Northern Ireland during '85 and '86 because he wanted to "convey a realistic picture." And up to a point he does. He catches the right tone of treachery and seediness—particularly when describing the peculiarly (*Continues, page 264*)

CHRIS SANDERS

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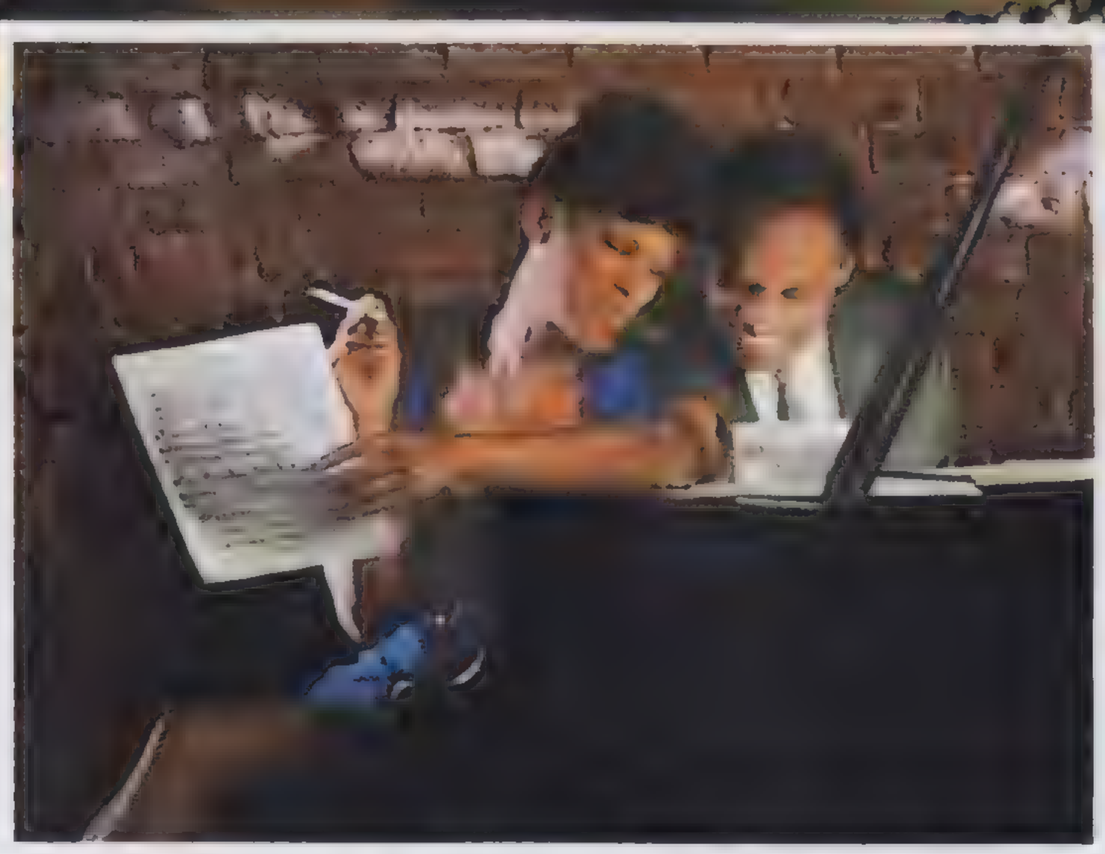

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unpleasant atmosphere of the Forum Hotel in Belfast, now renamed the Europa, where journalists, paramilitaries, intelligence agents, and informers loll together in the lounge bar, served by scantily clad, overweight waitresses.

The book is not a political tract; it is neither pro- nor anti-IRA. Maas does not romanticize the IRA as some Irish-

Maas catches the right tone of treachery and seediness in scenes that ring horribly true

Americans (his ancestry is Dutch, German, and Irish) are prone to do, although he has emerged with respect for some of them: "They were more sophisticated than I thought they would be, and I think the new Provisional IRA leaders are more sophisticated than their predecessors."

He does deal with some pretty unsophisticated IRA violence, however. In one scene, the Provos kneecap a suspected informer by drilling two holes through his legs with an electric drill because the drill is less noisy than a gun. It is a scene that rings horribly true. I interviewed one young Catholic boy in the late seventies who was punished by the local IRA leaders for a similar offense as he walked to school one morning. In that case they shot him through the lower thigh of both legs. What outraged the boy most, though, was that one of the gunmen sat eating his sandwiches while the other one shot him. "Imagine that," said the boy. "He ate my fucking sandwiches."

All of this research is secondary to what the novel is really about, Maas says: the relationship between a father and his son, who becomes romantically involved with the Northern Ireland cause while he is studying at Harvard, and who ultimately ends up gunrunning for the IRA against his father's protests. The narrative is bogged down by lumps of factual description (i.e., sudden forays into the history of Ireland or the use of radar) that are hard to digest.

The father/son relationship is a theme close to Maas's heart. When his first wife died after a car accident, Maas was left to bring up his son, now a senior at Duke University. "I have always wanted to do a father/son story that dramatizes the fears of being a father, especially a single father, because every book I have ever read about this has been from the point of view of the son. I have used a bit of myself in this book, but it's not me and it's not my son."

This is Maas's second novel, and he finds fiction more appealing than fact: he did not have to take notes during his trips to Ireland, nor did he have to double-check his sources. The political line in *Father and Son* may not please Maas's friends in MI5, and it will be dismissed by the British government as another piece of Irish-American schmaltz, but it will strike a familiar chord with many in the United States. It has already been sold to Warner Brothers, with Maas as the movie's coproducer. Meanwhile, Maas has caught the fiction bug. He is starting work on a thriller-movie that he says will have "no redeeming social values." ▼

David Blundy *covered the conflict in Northern Ireland for six years for* The Sunday Times *of London.*

The War Zone by Alexander Stuart (Doubleday). When Nabokov's Humbert Humbert schemed to seduce the young Lolita, readers were both repulsed and attracted. Now, in his first novel, Alexander Stuart creates a similar tension with his story of a family destroyed by incest. One summer vacation in a quiet town in Devon, far from their home in London, a boy inadvertently discovers his sister's sexual relationship with their father. The psychological—and physical—torment that follows is frightening and all too believable. As Stuart reveals the torturous effects of such a relationship, the reader vainly wishes for the boy to be mistaken in what he saw, for the family to live happily ever after. Stuart doesn't provide such fairy-tale plot twists, but he does offer a riveting modern tragedy. **—M.G.**

(Books *continues, page 268*)

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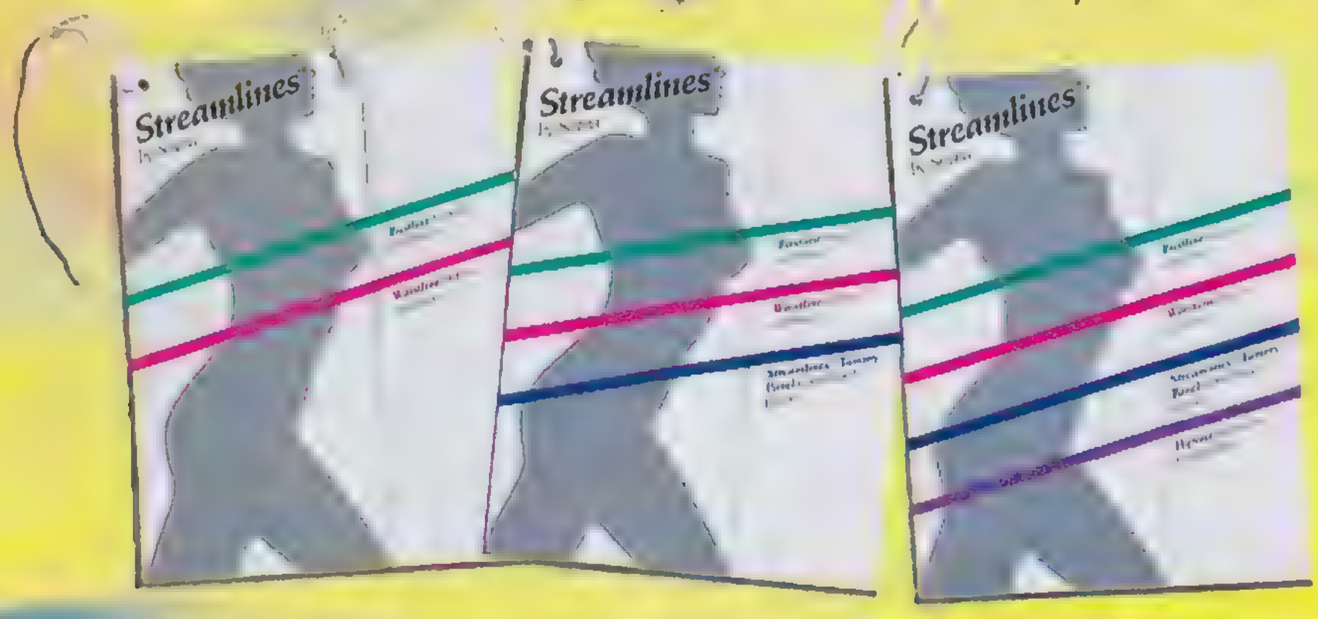

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pen ultimate

HENRY FAIRLIE on the immediacy—and intimacy—of the old-fashioned letter

Winston Churchill's favorite porcine close

"My, my!" Winston Churchill exclaimed shortly after the war, when an American said that he and his wife always got up to breakfast together. "My wife and I tried two or three times in the last forty years to have breakfast together, but it didn't work." Clementine Churchill found other ways to communicate with her husband during his busy days, not least by letter. Not only did the two of them write often lengthy letters to each other when they were apart, but Clementine wrote to him even when they were both at home. Her letters were frequently sharp corrections, and the man who was to the world the image of fearlessness reacted like Rumpole, who referred to his wife as "she who must be obeyed."

They were at home when she wrote a letter scoffing at him for planning to wear his Royal Air Force uniform to a purely civil occasion in France. He went in a suit. He was in Oslo when she wrote telling him to write to Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, who had just entertained him in The Hague: "*Please* write quickly 'in your own paw' before memory fades." He sat down in Oslo and wrote the queen. They were at home in 1949 when Churchill was proposing to continue on from an engagement at MIT to holiday at Lord Beaverbrook's home in Jamaica. Clementine wrote, not once but twice:

My Darling:

I am so unhappy over Jamaica. . . . But as I said in my letter yesterday (which I tore up perhaps before you had time to assimilate it), I feel that for you, at this moment of doubt and discouragement among our followers. . . [it] would seem cynical and an insult to the Party. . . . You do only just as much as will keep you in Power. But that much is not enough in these hard anxious times.

If he insisted on going to Jamaica, she said, she could not accompany him, "feeling as I do." You've guessed—Churchill sat down and wrote to Beaverbrook that he must forgo the pleasures of Montego Bay: "I do not feel I ought to be away so long."

In his memoirs, *The Vantage Point*, Lyndon Johnson publishes several letters and memoranda from Lady Bird, including a lengthy one of May 14, 1964, in her own hand on sheets torn from a stenographer's notebook, discussing whether he should remain in the presidential campaign. In the first section, called "If you do get out," she imagined the consequences, including the possibilities: "You may look around for a scapegoat. I do not want to be it. You may drink too much for lack of a higher calling." In the second, "If you do *not* get out," she included a possibility: "You may die earlier than you would otherwise." (He did.) The third section, "Stay in," is encouraging and consoling.

To many people these days it seems peculiar that wives and husbands should write to each other when they are living under the same roof

To many people these days it seems peculiar that wives and husbands should write to each other when they are living under the same roof. But for Clementine Churchill, Lady Bird Johnson, and other wives similarly placed, what chance would they have of influencing their busy husbands if they interrupted them when their minds were on other matters, and spoke to them only hurriedly? Moreover, these letters, even when they were sharp with advice and correction, also carried warmth and support—"I love you always. Bird"—as did any letters from the husbands, not least Churchill's hand-drawn, signature pig (above).

Julián Marías, a disciple of Ortega y Gasset, who spent time lecturing in America, published a journal of his visits, *America in the* (*Continues, page 272*)

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Fifties and Sixties, that is one of the most observant commentaries on everyday life in the United States. Americans, he said, receive more mail than any other people in the world, and fewer personal letters. In the same vein, an American sociologist I know says that a letter from an American friend is seldom more than an itinerary (it states that he will be in Boulder, Colorado, the following Thursday on the way to Aspen, and asks if they may meet for lunch), whereas a letter from an English friend is like a diary (he says he will be in town the following Thursday, and then, in explanation, describes the present state of his marriage, his need to get away from the children, or his current digestive disorders).

The decline in American letter writing is one of the impoverishments of our lives. Letters need not be long, but they should be snatches of autobiography, taken from the day, week, month, or however long since one last wrote. They should digress, rely on anecdote and vignette, and, of course, offer a dash of gossip about mutual friends. They should have most of the qualities of good conversation, and even have one advantage over conversations: one can return to them later. "The electric telephone," as a septuagenarian friend of mine still calls it, is useful only for itineraries, or for editors to badger writers who are behind their deadline.

In the 1960s I wrote a letter to my hippie son, chiding him for most of his behavior and appearance. It ran to ninety-one pages of yellow pad. His reply was not quite so long.

Letters should be handwritten, but even if one resorts to a typewriter—but not, God forbid, a word processor—at least the envelope should be handwritten. Because it is with the envelope that the pleasure begins. One takes one's mail out of the box, throws away the junk, puts aside the typewritten letters, and is left with the handwritings one can recognize, sometimes even after not hearing from someone for many years, as has happened to me several times. Before one opens the envelope, there is the relish of anticipation.

No fewer than three readings are usually necessary for a good letter. This is especially true since, humanly enough, we tend to read a letter quickly first to find what we want to hear. If I receive a letter from a friend with whom I have had a spat or even more serious row, or to whom I have been negligent in my own letter writing, I gaze first at the envelope, perhaps even pouring a Scotch, summoning the courage to open it. When I unfold the pages, I turn at once to the final paragraph and the signing-off. If the letter ends with a reasonably adequate expression of continuing affection, I feel emboldened to start at the beginning, though I may skip the passages of protest and reproof. The more general point here is that the charms of a good

For once, do the sensible thing. Buy a sports car.

letter are often hidden, because they glance as good conversation does; and the miracle is that, without the presence of the face, the glances are just as easy to catch.

But the real value of the letter is that one can return to it even years later. Who has not come across an old letter while sifting through his papers, or gone to a file of them to extract only one, and instead sat down to several hours of pleasure to read those from long ago? They are records of a friendship, its growth and continuity. There is no substitute for them.

Of course, letter writing takes time. People today think that they are too busy to set aside hours for letter writing. Yet the Victorians (and others) who did so were among the busiest people who lived, wrote, and acted in public life. In the anthology *Letters in American History*, there is not one letter from the famous we would like to be without; yet these were all the most active people of their times. Besides, not only are letters engaging to write, because one is conversing with an absent friend (who can't interrupt!), but one is likely to be rewarded with a letter in return.

One of the hazards of letter writing, of course, is that people then begin to expect them. Once when I had neglected one of my daughters for some time, she wrote to me: "The telephone is a cop-out." I had only to read that to know she was her father's daughter. In the 1960s I wrote a letter to my hippie son, chiding him for most of his behavior and appearance. It ran to ninety-one pages of yellow pad. His reply defending his choices, though not so long, was substantial. He ended: "Still, I am the only boy at school who gets a ninety-page letter from my dad telling me to get my hair cut."

Such are the rewards, unpredictable but always to be found, of letter writing. They are nourishment. "Don't call me," I say. "Write me a letter." ♥

Henry Fairlie *is a contributing editor of* The New Republic.

Wild America and Other Stories (Grove Press, $17.95). Jayne Loader, who coproduced and codirected *The Atomic Cafe*, has turned her quirky sensibility to fiction, creating an America just a little wilder than the one we know. The title story takes the form of a computer game, but instead of exploring a distant planet, the player is dropped down—jobless and desperate—in the middle of Detroit. The object is to survive. In "True Confessions," Mrs. Carrie Jo Starkweather "confesses" to running away and becoming Mr. Tom Cruise's Hollywood sex slave. It turns out she spent a very different summer at her brother's. In "Kismet," two former lovers discover they have AIDS. She convinces him to spend the summer with her and, now that it's too late, they fall in love. Loader tackles the bizarre with humor and keeps the writing charming. Anything can happen in Wild America. —**ELLEN SILBERMAN**

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Art

sartorially suited

JED PERL looks at a new show exposing the modern male in all his finery

there's a Dennis-the-Menace streak to Richard Martin, professor and director of exhibitions at New York City's Fashion Institute of Technology (FIT). Sitting in his office in a camel-colored corduroy suit, talking about Jocks and Nerds, the survey of twentieth-century men's fashion that opens April 4, he's mild-mannered but mischievous. When Martin announces he wants to show "men's clothing as a kind of fetish—down to the cuff links," he says it deadpan, as if the fashion-as-fetish idea were the most natural thing in the world. But Martin doesn't just talk a good line. He tosses off these titillating ideas and then goes out and gets the backing to turn them into realities.

Martin arrived at FIT in 1980, while in the midst of a fourteen-year stint as editor of *Arts Magazine*. Under his auspices, that dowdy monthly became the least predictable of New York City's art periodicals; in its pages some of the first reports on the East Village scene of the early eighties (including Robert Pincus-Witten's gossipy diaries and Nicolas Moufarrege's spaced-out ramblings) ran side-by-side with studies of little-known nineteenth-century painters and reviews of shows too odd for other publications to touch. Martin's offbeat editorship (he left last year) didn't make anybody totally happy, but it sure kept people guessing. And the high-profile position thrust Martin—with his gently friendly manner and hard-to-pin-down allegiances—into the role of art-world mystery man, which he obviously enjoys.

What isn't mysterious is that behind Martin's cool, slightly whimsical facade lurks a driving ambition. By the mid-eighties he was turning up on panels, juries, and at symposia just about everywhere. It quickly became clear that *Arts Magazine*—with its dusty offices and staff of approximately one and a half—wasn't going to contain him for long.

At FIT Martin has found the perfect setting for his oddball creativity. His unique mix of art and fashion knowledge gives clothing exhibitions an exhilarating new spin. When Martin talks about clothing, his art background comes to the fore. He tosses around chunks of Postmodern theory, referring to "deconstructivist histories of fashion," or "how a textile becomes meaning." Postmodern eclecticism is the magical elixir Martin uses to give the fashion past a new relevance to the fashion present.

The shows Martin organizes with FIT curators Harold Koda and Laura Sinderbrand—they range from The East Village (1986) to Fashion and Surrealism (1987) to last fall's Tartan—are intellectually stimulating and make some pretty stiff competition *(Continued, page 278)*

Businessman

The nerd triumphant: curator Richard Martin

Nerd: Woody Allen

Rebel: Peter Fonda

Hunter: Robert

Sportsman: Edward, Prince of Wales

Clockwise from top: DAN WEINER, courtesy Mrs. Dan Weiner; JOSEF ASTOR; Kobal Collection; Library of Congress, A Y OWEN Time, Inc.; M C.A Inc.; PHILIPPE HALSMAN

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Stanford	Thursday, 4/13	415-326-3333
Fairfield	Thursday, 4/13	707-428-3333
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Sacramento	Friday, 4/14	916-444-3333
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Huntington	Friday, 4/7	516-271-3000
Roosevelt Field	Saturday, 4/8	516-746-8200
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Livingston	Tuesday, 4/4	201-994-2000
Willowbrook	Wednesday, 4/5	201-785-9525
Bridgewater	Saturday, 4/8	201-725-1400
Monmouth	Monday, 4/10	201-542-1212
■ CONNECTICUT		
Stamford	Friday, 4/7	203-964-1500
Danbury Fair	Saturday, 4/8	203-731-3500
■ PENNSYLVANIA		
King of Prussia	Monday, 4/3	215-337-9350
■ VIRGINA		
Tyson's Corner	Saturday, 4/8	703-556-0000
■ TEXAS		
Dallas Galleria	Friday, 4/7	214-851-3300
Houston Galleria	Saturday, 4/8	713-968-1500
■ FLORIDA		
Plantation Gardens	Thursday, 4/6	305-370-5385
Palm Beach	Friday, 4/7	407-775-8985
Adventura	Saturday, 4/8	305-937-7000
■ GEORGIA		
Lenox	Friday, 4/7	404-231-8991
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Wacoal at BULLOCK'S

April 6th through 15th

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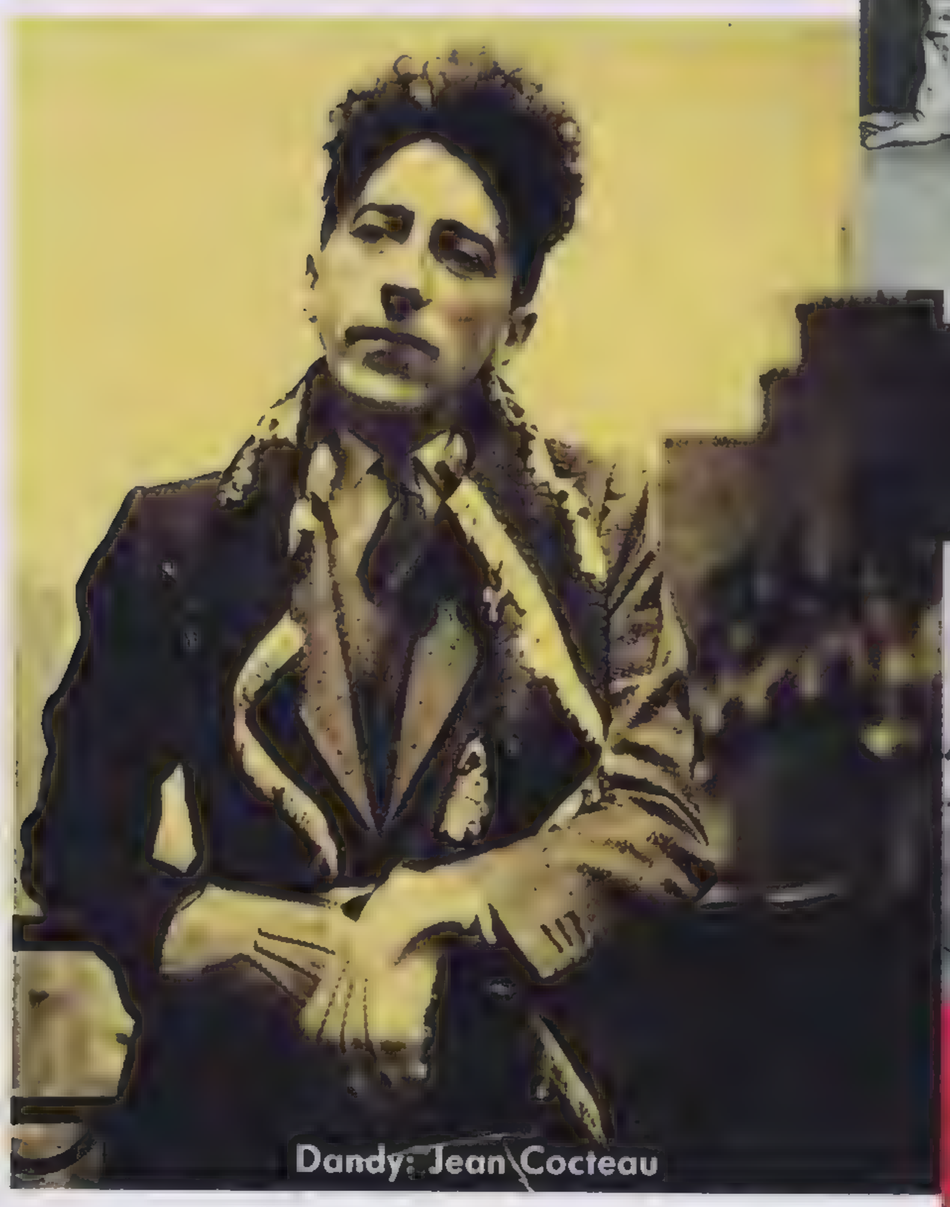
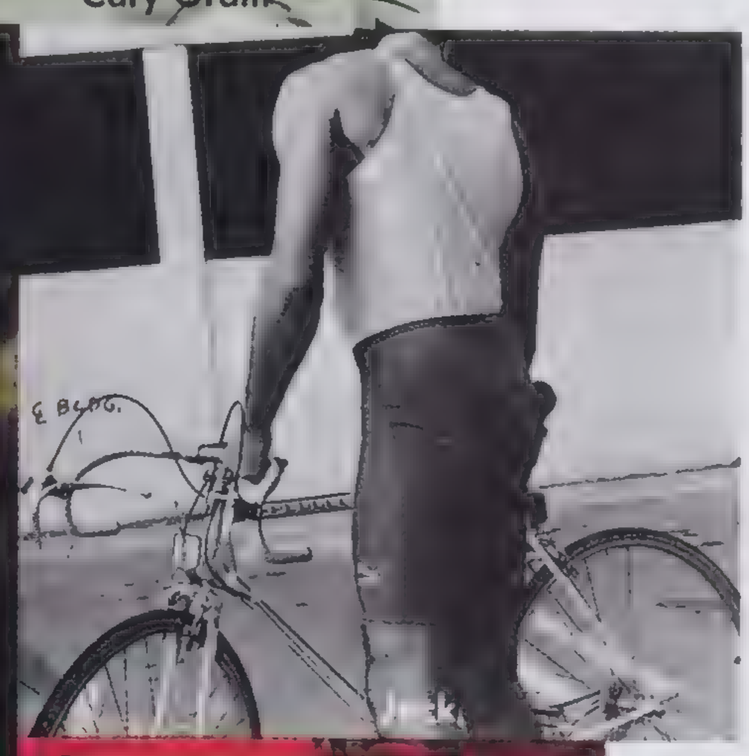
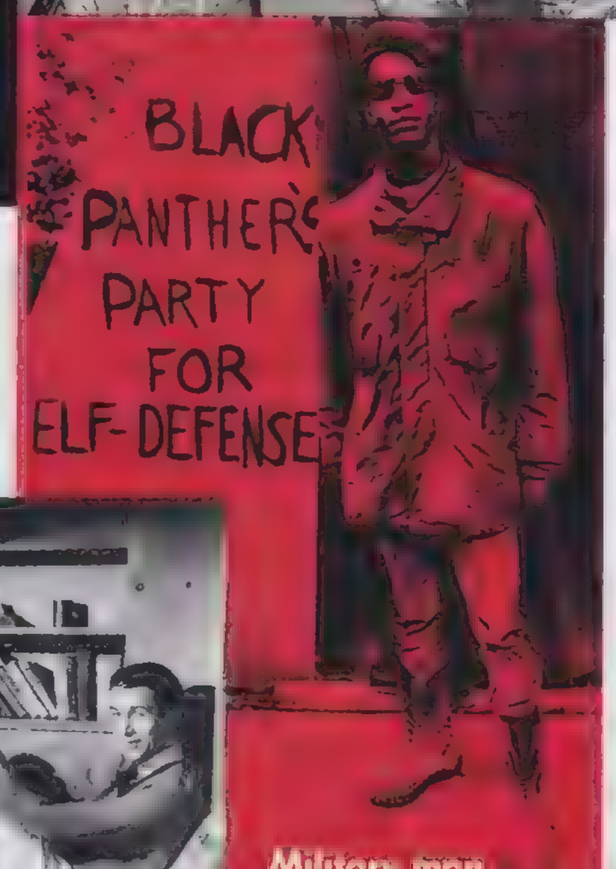
Art

The shock of this fashion show is that men are the fantasy objects, the objects of delectation


Dandy: Jean Cocteau

Man-about-town: Cary Grant





Military man

Cowboy

the book has just been published by Rizzoli), Martin is juggling even more. He's offering sartorial splendor and semiserious sociology. By dividing twentieth-century Adam into twelve types—in addition to jock and nerd, there are dandy, rebel, cowboy, man-about-town, military man, businessman, sportsman, hunter, Joe College, and worker—Martin and cocurator Koda present men as fashion/culture objects the same way women have forever been regarded as fashion/culture objects—as housewife, secretary, playgirl. The show looks at men's fashion as men's culture. Says Martin, it examines "the way men seek to characterize themselves through dress." And the pleasure of the displays is in the juxtapositions—how different self-images bounce off one another.

In the fun-house installation, each of the twelve types has its own room, a perfectly crafted little scenario built around full-dress mannequins and brilliant scenic flourishes. As always, the FIT curators reveal a positive genius for detail; they glory in carrying every idea to a dizzy, ditzy extreme. For the Cowboy Room, they've ferreted out the ultimate in gear—chaps of skunk skin, Buffalo Bill's embroidered buckskin coat,

for the Metropolitan Museum of Art's high-profile Costume Institute.

While the Met, with its extraordinary collections and megabucks, has—to quote Martin—"all the advantages," it has lost energy in the last few years. As Martin explains, "There was an end to the road that was reached with Mrs. Vreeland," the doyenne of American fashion, who directed extravagant exhibitions at the Costume Institute until 1987. "The great glamorous shows can't go on forever. You have to have something that's more critical, that gives you a new way of looking at fashion." And that's exactly what FIT does.

Martin and his staff operate in a delightful never-never land where styles then and now meet and meld. He is enthusiastic about the illusionistic game involved in putting a great show together. Complimented on the marvelous brooding-castles-in-the-Highlands settings for Tartan, he blurts out, "But it's all Styrofoam and plywood!" For Martin, the fakery makes it all the better. The fantasy of history and the fantasy of fashion merge into the fantasy that is the gallery itself.

With Jocks and Nerds (the show runs through May 6;

Clockwise from top: courtesy of the Fashion Institute of Technology; TOM McBRIDE © FREEDMAN Martin; DOROTHEA ARNOLD; CARPENTER MOM JEAN MAGRAL; courtesy Stacy Wise Gallery; The City of Oakland, The Oakland Museum; 288 f.k.; CARPENTER

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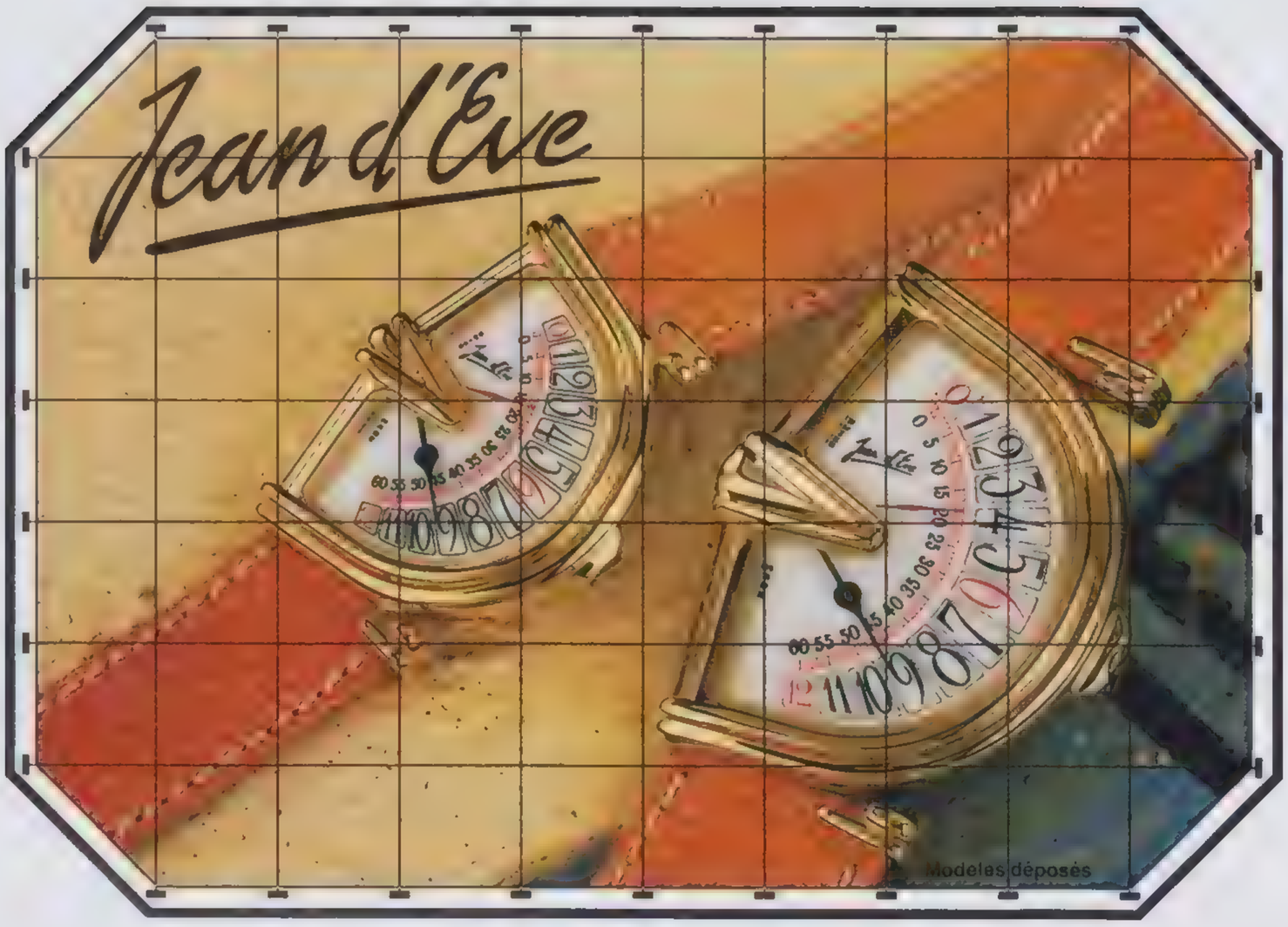

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the Lone Ranger's original outfit. And as a counterpoint to the little narratives built around each male type, there's a series of "essay" rooms on particular elements—a Tie Room, a Shirt Room, even an Underwear Room. The room of ties contrasts pure geometric patterns with what in the trade are called "conversationals," that is, ones with pictures, and carries clothing display into the outer reaches of site-specific sculpture. The Underwear Room is full of voyeuristic kicks, with pride of place going to Arnold Schwarzenegger's un-

Postmodern eclecticism is the magical elixir Martin uses to give the fashion past a new relevance

dies from *Running Man*—at least, Martin explains wryly, that's how they were sold by a shop in Los Angeles that specializes in such things.

Talking to Martin, you can't help but feel that the nerd has a special place in his heart—that the awkward adolescent with the taped-up glasses reminds Martin of his earlier self. He says, "When I was a little kiddie, nerds were thought to be not good. And people who buttoned the top button of their sport shirt were thought to be supernerds. That pejorative has more or less vanished. Certainly, in the early eighties, you had to button your top button to appear cool."

In an essay in the book, Martin goes further, explaining how nerd style has become high fashion in Italian magazines such as *Per Lui*; he describes the nerd as "a male counterpart to Cinderella," awakened by love, and he cites as nerd heroes Buddy Holly, Woody Allen, and David Byrne.

There's a shock at Jocks and Nerds, because this is one fashion show where men are the fantasy objects, the objects of delectation. Women will enjoy the turn-the-tables situation. And Martin knows how to package an art-historical exposé of male narcissism deliciously. Last fall's Tartan show kicked off with a battalion of bagpipers filling West 27th Street; the crowd at the opening probably included every guy on this side of the Atlantic who'd ever worn a kilt. For jaded New Yorkers, that was a head-turner. With Jocks and Nerds heads will turn again. (Art *continues, page 282*)

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Art

swamp things

As artists return to nature, CARTER RATCLIFF examines the power of the primal

The art world is always ready to be hypnotized by a swing of the pendulum, the sweep from one extreme to another that seems, briefly, to clarify everything. Aha, one says, so *that* is what the moment demands. For decades, Americans had looked only at American art. Then, as the 1980s began, New York City galleries overflowed with paintings from Germany and Italy. So violent was this swing that critics called it a European Invasion. About the same time, abstraction gave way to figuration. Then, a few seasons ago, abstraction was back, dubbed Neo-Geo—though, as the logic of the pendulum dictates, the geometry in question was not so much new as recycled. If we can conserve natural resources, why not do the same with such cultural resources as styles in painting?

Abstract art has its own oscillation, a fight-*and*-flight impulse, which prompts it to flee the organic to grapple with the mechanistic, and then, a few seasons later, reverse the pattern. At present, a batch of lively young artists has abandoned the broad, barren avenues of Neo-Geo for thickets of budding, branching, tendril-like form. The organic is in the ascendant.

When Terry Winters appeared on the scene early this decade, the European Invasion was in full force. Amid German aggression and Italian sensuality, Winters's subtle browns and grays would have been easy to overlook if they hadn't played such subtle variations on the sobriety of Jasper Johns—if, in other words, they had not looked so quietly yet defiantly American. Winters offered Johnsian images of fungi and their spores, the latter looking as if they had been enlarged many times by an electron microscope. In Winters's newest canvases, surfaces are as lushly ruminative as ever. The spores still have their resemblance to soccer balls. There is, however, a surprise in the shape of human figures. Like Winters's other forms, these seem to float. This levitational effect gives them the look of embryos on the verge of birth. Having seen this, you begin to notice that some of the other presences in the artist's recent paintings resemble embryos at earlier stages of development.

An aesthete of the organic, Winters teases his images from the subtleties of paint surfaces as responsive as skin. Rodney Ripps stage-manages large, landscapish effects. A decade ago, he covered his canvases with florist's leaves, then smothered them with thick slatherings of pigment. Other motifs entered his art, most notably a tribe of outsized Harlequins, and it seemed for a time that Ripps had permanently severed his relations with the vegetable kingdom. Now, plants are back in the form of branches poking out from the canvases of the artist's recent *Berkshire Series*. Ripps's looming fragments of elm and birch are bare and spectral. He puts organic art in a wintry mood.

Suzanne Anker shapes bronze into reminiscences of the vegetable kingdom at its most refined. The sturdiest of her forms look like twigs shorn from trees by the mildest of breezes. Others have a fragility suggesting petals or the wings that bear *(Continues, page 286)*

Cells, spores, and mud come to the fore in the work of a new generation of organic abstractionists. Among the works exploring nature's most basic components: top, Suzanne Anker's bronze wall sculpture *Odd Ball*, 1988; above, Terry Winters's 1987 gouache *M*; and left, Willy Heeks's lushly ruminative untitled oil painting of 1987.

Top to bottom: Courtesy Greenberg Wilson; courtesy Sonnabend Gallery; courtesy David Beitzel

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Bill Rice, the bu
the Lands' End Inte

There wasn't much moving on that shimmering hot summer day not long ago, on a West Texas ranch. Just a skittish lizard, here and there. And a tractor, plowing the fields, driven by a man named Bill Rice.

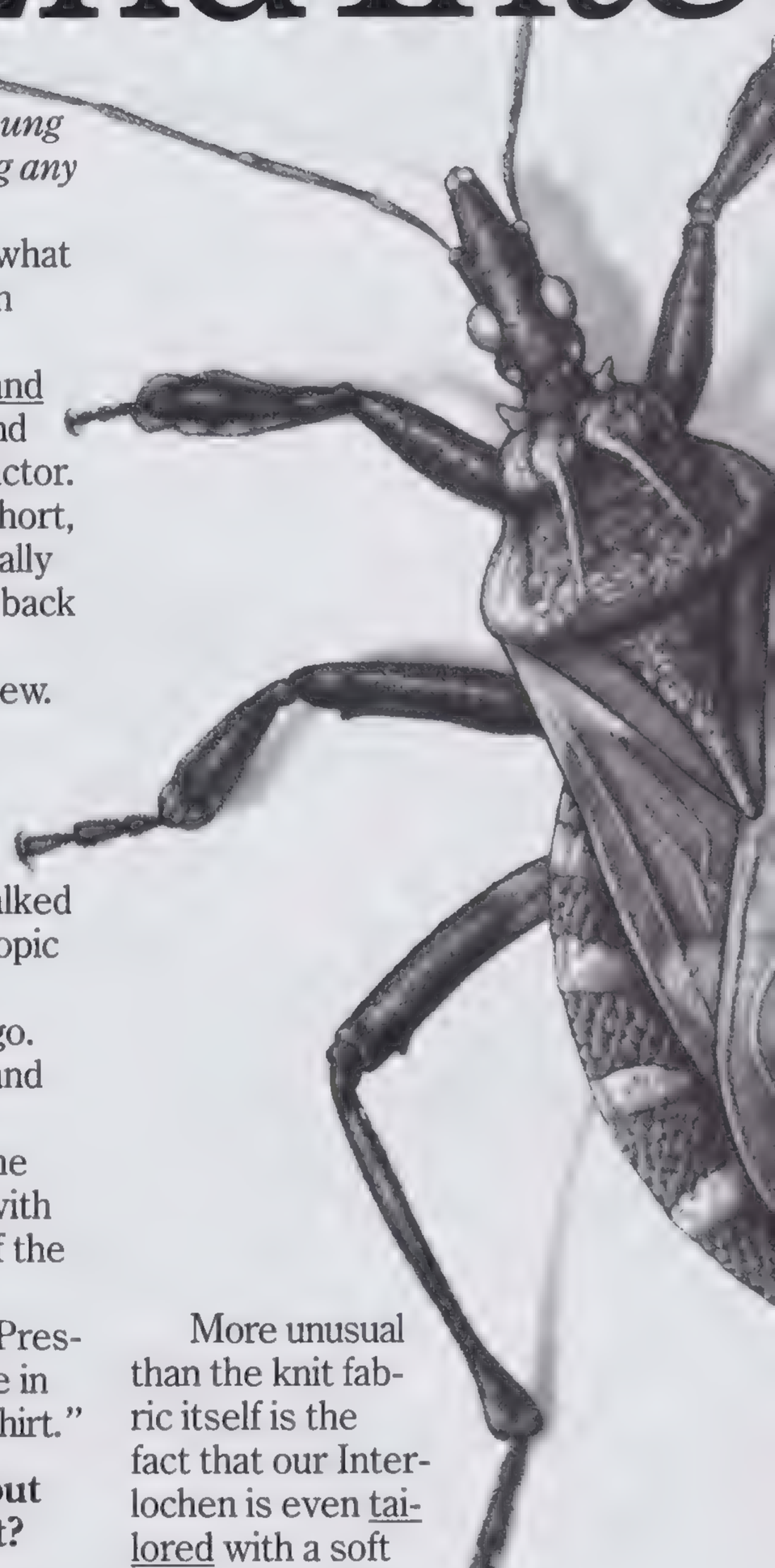
Now, summertime and bugs seem to go together like bacon and eggs. So it wasn't surprising that pretty soon, a bug crawled down into the Lands' End Interlochen Knit Shirt that Bill happened to be wearing that day.

(While we have gotten pretty well acquainted with Bill Rice, we can't tell you anything about this bug, whether it was a brave bug or an ornery bug, a wise old bug or a foolish young bug. It disappeared without giving any interviews.)

Anyway, we'll let Bill tell you what happened at this point, in his own words.

"There wasn't room for me and the bug, so I yanked the shirt off and just hung it on the back of my tractor.

"Well, to make a long story short, the shirt fell down and I accidentally plowed it under. After I plowed it back up and threw it in the washing machine, it was still as good as new. Now that's a well-made shirt."



A shirt good enough to meet the President.

At this point in the story, as Bill talked to us, he began to warm to the topic of our Interlochen Knit Shirts.

"I wear them everywhere I go. Working out here on the ranch, and going into town too."

Bill says it's the comfort of the shirt that's got him sold. Along with the way it looks. (He owns six of the shirts he's pictured in here!)

"If I was going to meet the President," says Bill with a twinkle in his blue eyes, "I'd wear this shirt."

What's so special about our Interlochen Knit?

As its name somewhat prosaically implies, it's knit with an "interlocking" stitch to create a fabric that is especially lofty and plush. Of pure combed cotton, no less, for surpassing softness next to the skin.

In one of our more exuberant moments, we once declared that our Interlochen Knit Shirt is absolutely "COTTON BALL SOFT!"

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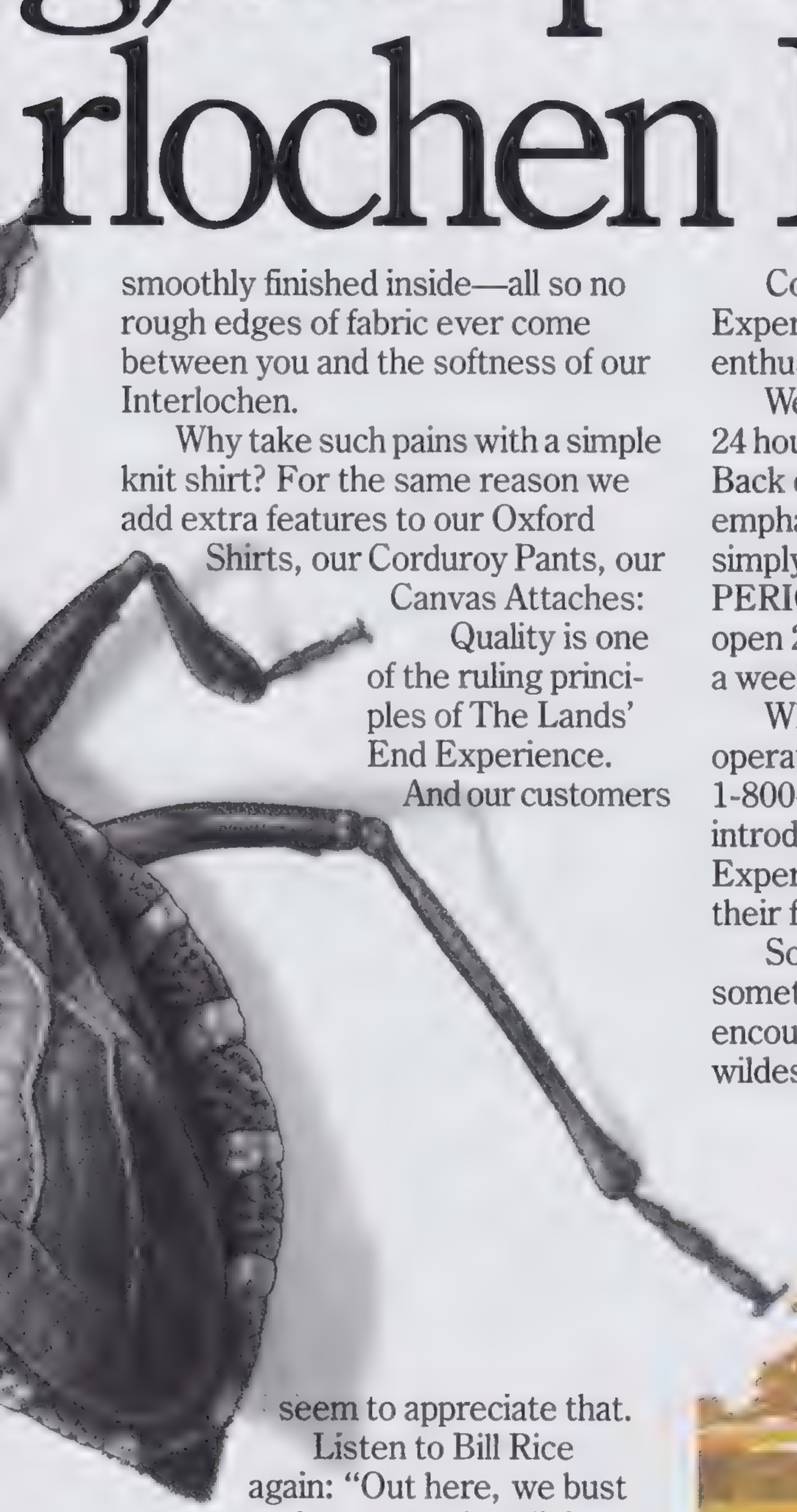

smoothly finished inside—all so no rough edges of fabric ever come between you and the softness of our Interlochen.

Why take such pains with a simple knit shirt? For the same reason we add extra features to our Oxford Shirts, our Corduroy Pants, our Canvas Attaches: Quality is one of the ruling principles of The Lands' End Experience.

And our customers seem to appreciate that. Listen to Bill Rice again: "Out here, we bust our butts to make a living. And when we spend money, we want quality. That's why I buy from Lands' End."

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seed pods away from a branch. Having worked with handmade paper before turning to bronze, she knows how to give a papery thinness, almost a translucency, to metal. Anker usually mounts her sculptures on the wall, where they seem to float, not so much defying gravity as making a temporary peace with it.

Ripps works at the heroic scale of Barnett Newman, Mark Rothko, and all the other New York School founders he has chosen as ancestor figures. Winters and Anker are intimists. Ripps invokes the wide-open spaces of the sublime. His canvases are big—up to ten feet wide—and the stripe patterns covering their surfaces could, in principle, go on forever. This is the organic infinite, and it rings convincing changes on the logic of New York School painting. But what about the pendulum that swings from biology to geometry and back again? Ripps's new works touch on both extremes.

The French talk of *la nostalgie de la boue*, a yearning for the mud of primeval origins. This urge appears to be chronic—sometimes faint, sometimes overwhelming, but always in force. With their love of neat generalizations, the French understand *la nostalgie de la boue* as something universal, an impulse felt in the same way everywhere, at each stage of history. But there has long been a particularly American version of this persistent *nostalgie*. Henry David Thoreau wrote in his *Excursions* of entering "a swamp as a sacred place, a *sanctum sanctorum*. There is the strength, the marrow of nature." There he can "re-create" himself. From contact with *la boue*, the muddy source of all life, an individual existence can renew itself. This American hankering for ancient beginnings oozes through at unexpected points.

There is nothing inorganic that cannot, someday, come to life—at least in art

The *Artists' Cookbook*, published in 1977 by the Museum of Modern Art, offers much of interest including Roy Lichtenstein's recipe for "Primordial Soup." The main ingredients are hydrogen, ammonia, and methane. Calling as well for "a dash of nitrogen" and a "heaping tablespoon of carbon monoxide," this soup is the artist's favorite, he says, because "it is the atmosphere that may have generated life on earth." With Benday dots and ruler-sharp edges, Lichtenstein makes his landscapes as inorganic as his tableaux of the *moderne* machine. Yet, tongue in cheek, he too admits a *nostalgie* for the Thoreauvian swamp.

The feeling is widespread these days. Occasionally it attacks even a painter like Gary Stephan, giving his mechanical forms a flicker of biological energy. Carroll Dunham spins color and line into cartoony images of molecular structures, possibly organic—or possibly not.

Willy Heeks permits us no doubts. His canvases take us into depths churning with organic impulses—not, of course, that he neglects the surface. Like every other well-schooled painter on the scene, he understands that a canvas is an object whose flatness must be acknowledged. So he smears, splashes, and drips his colors in layers as resolutely two-dimensional as any theoretician of the painter's medium could demand. Yet the layers are so many and they intrude on one another so insistently that the surfaces of Heeks's paintings give way to fathomless interiors, becoming quicksand for vision.

This painter's virtuosity makes him the most notable presence in his own swamp, save in those moments when his swirling textures seem to dissolve even the suggestion of a discrete being—

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painter, paramecium, whatever. Then the viewer has no hope of telling if a blob of hot, Heeksian color is microscopic or cosmic. Discomfiting at first, this high-speed shift from the molecular to the galactic and back is exhilarating once you get used to it. And it is familiar. Though not huge, Heeks's paintings evoke the grandly ambiguous scale of canvases by Jackson Pollock, whose paint-slinging gestures have provided this artist with an indispensable precedent. Heeks also cultivates a puddled effect that recalls the work of James Brooks, a contemporary of Pollock's, and his stained-in pigments bring to mind any number of other abstract painters prominent during the past four decades. Heeks's canvases offer an anthology of devices from the great American swamp of painterly painting. Others have attempted this project, but no one has anthologized as thoroughly as Heeks does. That may be why his works look, for all their borrowings, so distinctive.

There are still artists who scrub away every trace of the organic, as if it were mildew that would impede the workings of their formal machinery. Think of Minimalist Donald Judd's rigid geometries or Richard Artschwager's wittier but equally mechanistic sculpture—lively refutations of Thoreau's claim that "there is nothing inorganic." For years, Brice Marden laid down gray and stony slabs of monochrome color. Recently, he began to send brushstrokes across the canvas in branching patterns. Detecting vegetable energy in these images, we might want to amend Thoreau as follows: there is nothing inorganic that cannot, someday, come to life—at least in art. Or maybe the cultural climate is encouraging this reading. For it seems imperative now to encourage everything that remains in sympathy with our biological selves.

The West left the mechanical for the electro-mechanical age decades ago, yet the last few years have confronted us with an astonishing array of new gadgets to come to terms with—the personal computer, the VCR, the camcorder, and now the fax machine. Art, we would like to think, will help us cope. When television appeared and the balance tipped toward the inorganic, Action Painters of the 1950s tried to right it. As the balance tips again, another generation of militantly unmechanistic artists has appeared.

Can the new organic abstractionists give us a sense of our living, breathing, gesturing bodies as alluring as the disembodiment promised by the latest in image-making machines? Yes, though it ought to be observed that these young artists are as sophisticated in their own way as any electro-mechanical device. Hence, a note of caution: in our search for the primeval, will their sophistication really help? It may turn out, in retrospect, to have been absolutely necessary. *La nostalgie de la boue* is not, after all, a dream of drowning in the mud. It is a wish to make contact with primal forces that reinvigorate us properly only if we remain civilized. The refinements of Heeks, Winters, and company can help us with that, too. ◆

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the Bush league

The new cabinet is filled with the president's close friends and old enemies. FRED BARNES tells how it happened

Before the 1988 presidential election heated up, George Bush was talking about his old pal Nicholas Brady, who was then chairman of the board of Dillon Read, the New York investment banking firm. "Brady is the kind of tough Irishman I admire," Bush said. "He battled his way to the top. He's got street smarts. He made it on his own."

This stream of accolades was too much for Bush's oldest son, George, Jr. "For heaven's sake, Dad," he blurted, "Nick Brady is hardly a self-made man. He inherited his millions from his father."

George, Jr., was right, but his father was more endearing. George Bush is the sort of friend everyone ought to have. He's blindly loyal and ridiculously supportive. And once elected president, Bush remembered his old pals as he filled his cabinet (fourteen official members, five more at "cabinet level"). Brady, a family friend from Connecticut, is now treasury secretary.

Being a chum of the president's isn't the only path to the cabinet, but it's the surest. Unlike Ronald Reagan, who let his senior advisers pick his cabinet, Bush took enormous interest. He conducted interviews, read résumés, recruited applicants himself, and personally decided on every member. The surprising thing was not that Bush picked so many friends, along with Republican stalwarts and a few tokens (women, minorities). It was that he also chose former enemies.

The better he knew you, the better your chances. In 1970, Bush was anxious about two of his friends in Houston, where he was in the oil business. Each had just lost a wife to cancer. One evening Bush took the pair out to dinner. "You guys"—one was a lawyer, the other an oilman—"have got to shake your despondency," he told them. "You've got children to rear. Get your minds on other things. Go into politics."

Both took Bush's advice. Now the lawyer, James Baker, is secretary of state. The oilman, Robert Mosbacher, who acted as chief fund-raiser for Gerald Ford's 1976 presidential campaign and raised $12 million for Bush in 1980 and $119 million in 1988, is secretary of commerce. Both, by the way, have remarried.

During the campaign, Bush became fast friends with John Sununu, then governor of New Hampshire. They make an odd couple: Bush is a tall, wealthy, athletic patrician; Sununu is a short, pudgy, ethnic nerd who munches peanut M&Ms and incessantly fiddles with his lap-top computer. After Bush's loss in the Iowa caucuses, Sununu instructed him to take the populist approach in New Hampshire. Bush drove an eighteen-wheeler, stumped in shopping centers, and ate three meals a day at fast-food joints. He won, and locked up the GOP nomination. Bush was beholden to Sununu. When Sununu asked to be White House chief of staff, Bush gave it to him.

Some of Bush's old friends were wary of Sununu. Baker and Bush pollster Robert Teeter preferred Craig Fuller for chief of staff. He was close to them and had run Bush's vice presidential staff. They proposed a Sununu-Fuller-Teeter troika. Sununu balked at this, but he might have been forced to accept it if his conservative ally Paul Weyrich, head of the Free Congress Foundation, hadn't intervened. When Sununu disclosed to Weyrich that Bush had agreed to name him chief of staff but planned to wait a week before announcing it, Weyrich spotted trouble. "Get Bush to name you immediately," Weyrich urged. "Otherwise, your enemies will have time to plot against your nomination." So Sununu went back to Bush with a second request. Again Bush complied, naming him the next day.

Richard Darman is brainy but arrogant, a guy who used to tell people his SAT scores

In every administration the president's wife influences an appointment or two. Nancy Reagan got Charles Wick, husband of a friend, his job as director of the U.S. Information Agency. Barbara Bush lobbied to get Dr. Louis Sullivan a top post. She met Sullivan, the dean of Morehouse School of Medicine in Atlanta, on a trip to Africa in 1982. Afterwards, she invited Sullivan and his wife to dinner in Washington several times, and she joined the Morehouse board of trustees. Shortly after election day, Bush typed a note to his aides: "I want someone to look at Lou Sullivan." Sullivan is now secretary of health and human services.

That Bush is a politician who cherishes loyalty made his sudden affinity for foes all the more unusual. He viewed Congressman Jack Kemp as a thorn in the White House's side, a non–team player. Kemp made matters worse by challenging Bush for the presidential nomination. But Kemp bowed out gracefully and stumped for Bush. Kemp's wife, Joanne, and Barbara Bush became warm friends. Still, Bush was standoffish until he attended a gala honoring Kemp last December. Kemp said the best man had won and pledged fealty to Bush for eight years. Bush, who was sitting next to Joanne Kemp, visibly soaked up the praise. The next day, he summoned Kemp for a one-on-one chat. Soon Kemp was named secretary of *(Continues, page 295)*

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This spring, see and be seen. If you haven't already, look into a country club, a resort, a spa. As always, they're the civilized spot for the high-power set to have a sporting good time. But clubs aren't just for exercise anymore. They're a place for you to play, to mingle, to make important contacts, too. Chat by the edge of the swimming pool, cinch a deal at the tennis court, network your way across the golf course.

Now's the time to get ready for spring's "club" scene. That means finding the latest spring fashions, accessories and beauty products that are right for you, for your lifestyle. Remember, you'll be meeting with the best, so you'll want to put your best foot—and the best of the rest of you—forward.

To enjoy any activity under the sun—from tennis and golf to mingling at the country club—you need the right shades. High quality Ray-Ban sunglasses by Bausch & Lomb combine chic good looks with 100 percent protection from ultraviolet rays. Shown here: Ray-Ban Marnie and Trish sunglasses by Bausch & Lomb.

the Games people play

Fitness experts have recently learned the aerobic and body toning benefits of walking—inspiring many golfers to turn in their golf carts to take the course by foot. More than ever, wearing the right shoes can make (or break) your game. Comfort should be your first priority when deciding on a golf shoe, advise experts at Foot-Joy, whose shoes are worn by about 80 percent of all tour pros. Long days spent walking a course can be tiring on your feet if shoes don't fit to a "T." Luckily, women's surging interest in golf has inspired greater choices in all equipment, including shoes. Look for a generous variety of styles, running from the classic all-leather shoe to a waterproof athletic-styled model (to keep early bird players dry from morning dew). Don't let freedom of choice overwhelm you—talking to a golf shop pro about your game will help steer you in the right direction. Look for a quality shoe that's also appropriate for your playing level. If you're a recreational player you may prefer a spikeless shoe, which will make a smooth transition from course to club. As you improve your golfing skill, you'll want to do the same with your equipment. Foot-Joy offers dozens of women's styles and colors ranging from classic white to two-tone and pastel mixes—guaranteed to complement today's golf fashions and all playing levels.

GETTING STARTED

Want to find out more about your favorite social sports? Lessons are generally available at your local country club, at racquet and golf clubs and through city programs. To get you started:

Golf—increases arm strength and flexibility and can build endurance. If you walk the course, expect to burn about 250 calories an hour.

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U.S. Tennis Association
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SOCIAL SPORTS

Tennis and golf, sports that were once for the country club set only, have become as American as baseball. In the spirit of the club lifestyle, these sports combine physical activity with social activity—always a winning fitness combination. Following are some sports (most transported from Europe) that may have gotten their start in America at the local country club, but are fast moving into the mainstream.

Squash Racquets A singles or doubles game played in a four-wall court, players use long-handled racquets and a rubber ball that can rebound off any number of walls.

Squash Tennis Similar to squash racquets, this is a singles-only game played with an inflated ball the size of a tennis ball.

Bocce Ball Italy's version of lawn bowling, it is played on a narrow, usually dirt, court.

Lacrosse A ball game of American Indian origin, a player uses a long-handled stick that has a triangular head with a loose mesh pouch for catching and carrying the ball; the object is to move it across to the other team's goal.

Cricket This team sport is played with a ball and a bat by two sides of usually 11 players each; the action takes place on a large field centering upon two wickets each defended by a batsman.

Croquet More social than sport, croquet is making a comeback. Players drive wooden balls with mallets through a series of wickets set out on a lawn.

Polo A game often associated with royalty, polo is played by teams of players on horseback using mallets with long flexible handles to drive a wooden ball.

NET-PLAYING

To best find out if you want to do business with someone, take them out to the golf course, goes one theory. For years, deals have been opened and closed at nation-wide country clubs where games test the ability to perform under pressure and showcase competitive natures—all which transferred over to work habits. Today, country clubs are playing host to an increasing number of women who are challenging the "old boys' network" and taking up an eclectic offering of favorite sports—for socializing *and* the opportunity to conduct out-of-office deals in a relaxed environment. Putting in a few hours at your favorite country club can give new meaning to taking your work home with you.

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SHOE NEWS

Don't make playing level an issue when choosing a tennis shoe, advise experts at Tretorn. After all, everyone runs, jumps and uses the quick lateral moves that come with every active match or rally. To best compensate for a sport that has you turning on a dime with almost every step, a tennis shoe's comfort is top priority. And in this game, comfort means extra cushioning, support and stability. Look for a fit that is snug around the heel with an outersole that is tough and durable, especially around the toe, which tends to wear down from all those foot-dragging serves. If you're trying to match tread to court, most tennis lines come with all-surface styles that cross from hard to clay or grass courts. Whereas hard courts are becoming increasingly universal among recreational players, if clay is your regular beat, look for outsoles that do not have a deep tread pattern. This prevents digging up these much-groomed courts and keeps the ball from hitting against uneven grooves. When playing tennis, a game that combines both physical and hand-eye coordination, you want to keep your mind focused on the ball instead of being preoccupied about sore feet moving around in shoes that don't fit perfectly. At Tretorn, where comfort and classic designs incorporate Goodyear Indy 500 Plus rubber, you're assured of staying on your feet in a style that insures long-lasting durability through the most challenging of games.

DAVID STOECKLEIN/THE STOCK MARKET

Be sure to eat properly, or you may be sidelined with fatigue or cramps. Your best bet: complex carbohydrates (in moderate portions) such as bread, pasta or other starches to create glycogen for the muscles.

The story behind the tradition of [illegible] whites is really an elusive mystery. Experts toss about different theories, including one that goes back to the game's introduction on the cricket fields where attire was strict white or cream. History aside, the practical reasons for this shade remain long-lasting: Wearing white keeps you cool by reflecting heat and acting as a non-distracting uniform. Head Tennis Wear updates the can't-go-wrong basics of white with jazzy streaks of marin blue graphics in its latest Ladies Ticker Tape line. Made from the trusty absorbency of 100 percent cotton, this tennis wear by Head provides comfort and a courtside look that combines the classics with a modern touch. These days, few clubs have strict dress codes, but sticking with what endures can give you the confidence to hold your own—whether you're at the country club or on the tennis courts.

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Not to be overlooked are the well-deserved indulgences of delicious Spa cuisine (dessert included!) and the Spa itself, including a full service beauty salon that offers steam baths, massages, saunas and everything from standard manicures to a seaweed wrap (new from abroad).

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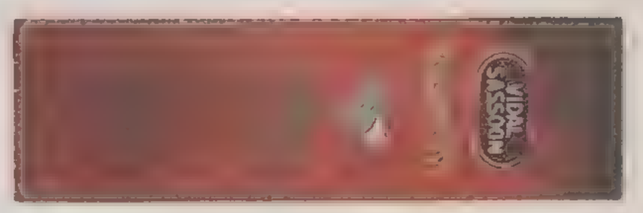
With New SOLUTIONS from Vidal Sassoon.
Five intensive treatments that will help restore health and beauty to your problem hair.

PROBLEM: **Excessively damaged, permed or color-treated hair**

SOLUTION: **New Nourishment Therapy** A transparent fluid in four single application vials ingeniously combines intensive pantethine with provitamin B-5 supplements. The important difference: strengthens and repairs the internal structure of the hair while adding beautiful body and fullness. Hair is up to 70% stronger after treatment.

PROBLEM: **Dry, itchy scalp**

SOLUTION: **New Scalp Replenisher Shampoo** This creamy blue, lightly fragrant cleanser contains aloe, vitamins and nutrients and assists in moisturizing and soothing your scalp. Extra bonus: works to reduce dryness, irritation and flaking while leaving scalp and hair in peak condition.

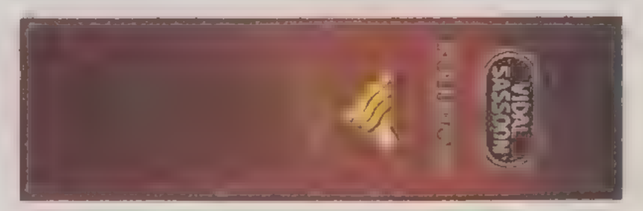


PROBLEM: **Drastically dry hair**

SOLUTION: **New Hydrating Complex** Quench your hair's thirst with this creamy, peach colored formula fortified with protein, collagen and glycerin. It revitalizes hair, leaving it with enhanced elasticity and shine. Rebalances the effects of harsh shampoos and environmental stress and helps shield hair against heat-styling damage.

PROBLEM: **Unresponsive, tired hair**

SOLUTION: **New Revitalizing Deep Cleanser** Give your hair an extra boost with this once-a-week refreshment. This super-cleansing clear aqua gel with natural chamomile, citrus, and eucalyptus extracts helps eliminate excess oils, micro-minerals and styling product residues. Even removes 98% of chlorine build-up. Gives new life to hair and leaves it ready to follow directions.



PROBLEM: **Brittle, rough hair**

SOLUTION: **New Protein Pac Treatment** This extra intensive conditioning cream smooths and seals roughened hair shafts strand by strand. It's fortified with Keratin Protein Complex—the actual building blocks found in healthy hair. It softens and silkifies your hair back into luxuriant shape.

NEW VIDAL SASSOON SOLUTIONS

If you don't look good, we don't look good.®

health & Fitness head to toe

If your total fitness plan consists of calesthenics or aerobic dance a few times a week, you may want to take heed. Although this exercise schedule (if done at least three times a week for about 20 minutes) *will* improve your overall health, you run the risk of suffering from "workout burnout." Many fitness experts now recommend that you supplement your regular workout with "social sports" such as golf, tennis and other racquet games. This allows you to combine exercising with socializing, and provides other benefits as well. These sorts of sports build endurance, provide the challenge to perform under pressure, and hone concentration skills—all of which carry over into a healthy, productive work and home environment.

For days when the competitive edge takes hold, rely on Kotex Lightdays Longs—the longest panty liners available—for a fresh feeling and the confidence you need to keep your attention, and your eye, always on the ball.

PAUL STEEL / THE STOCK MARKET

Plunge into the spa lifestyle and pamper yourself by helping to get your hair into shape. The experts at Vidal Sassoon say a little extra attention can keep active hair as healthy as your lifestyle.

A great cut will keep you looking terrific during workouts and also eliminate dry, brittle ends.

Increased activity usually means more frequent shampoos. If you wash your hair daily, be sure to massage shampoo in at the top of your head. But never "pile" hair on top of your head, which can cause tangling and breakage—just let the shampoo trickle down to the bottom of your hair.

Take a tip from the spas and give your hair some extra pampering with Vidal Sassoon's Solutions, specialized new treatment products that work to help solve your most resistant hair care problems.

SOOTHE with Scalp Replenisher Shampoo which works to help relieve scalp dryness and flaking often confused with dandruff.

Introducing the longest pantiliner ever.

• *Use this enriched, non-drying cleanser in place of your regular shampoo for two weeks. Then use once a week or more often if needed to help maintain your scalp condition.*

SPA TIP

• *—finish off with a blast of cold water which will add shine to your hair and keep your scalp from getting oily.*

SOFTEN with Protein Pac Treatment, an extra intensive dose of conditioning that takes as little as five minutes after you shampoo. It helps return brittle and rough hair to soft, silky hair.

• *Apply entire pack to freshly shampooed hair.*

• *Work evenly through to ends of hair.*

"Plunge into the spa lifestyle and pamper yourself by helping to get your hair into shape."

SPA TIP

• *—apply a quick mask to your face and lie down for five minutes while your face and hair get a treatment.*

After five minutes, rinse well.

STRENGTHEN with Nourishment Therapy, a non-greasy, provitamin liquid that helps add strength to hair weakened by overprocessing with color or perm chemicals or that's very dry.

• *Apply to towel-dried hair.*

• *Work evenly through to end of hair.*

SPA TIP

• *—hit the sauna or steam room—the heat will help it sink in!*

• *Style as usual (DO NOT RINSE).*

New Lightdays® Longs.
A measurable difference in pantiliner protection.

Introducing new Kotex® Lightdays® Longs Pantiliners. Liners a full inch longer than most. That means more coverage, for a measurable difference in protection. Plus, just-showered freshness all day long. Try new Lightdays® Longs.

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go for the Glow

For a subtle blush that plays up your natural complexion, try Kelly Kohane's Watercolor Blush. It goes on light, and rinses off easily with soap and water.

Finally. The color that complements your active lifestyle with a slight golden glow to take your face from deadly-pale-winter to gently-sunkissed summer. Don't cover or camouflage your tan with thick and heavy rouges; try Kelly Kohane's Watercolor Blush to give you a see-through healthy glow. Completely natural looking, watercolor blush goes on right the first time, doesn't need blending or an artist's touch to impart sheer highlighting that lasts all day. You don't need to be a makeup connoisseur to choose the correct shade either. There's pink for fair skin, peach for medium complexions and rose for darker skin tones. Watercolor blush is available at Capezio Dance Theatre Shop, New York City. Stop in for a free color consultation. To order by American Express, Visa or MasterCard, call (212) 315-4429 or (800) 535-5956 or send $12.50 plus $2.50 shipping to: Kelly Kohane Watercolor Blush, Dept. V, 755 Seventh Ave., New York, NY 10019.

STYLISH EYES

"Pulled-together" is always the look at the country club, and no outfit is complete without matching eyewear, say experts at Tura. This means glasses that are becoming increasingly transparent to not overpower your features and are meant to be collected en masse. More than simple vision enhancers, eyewear should act as an accessory to subtly match each outfit and occasion. The trend is moving away from "all purpose" glasses to Tura's new quick-change with lenses that can be popped out of ready-for-business day looks and into softer colors for evening.

What frames are right for you? Again, it depends on your mood. For a splash of color, look for frames with tones on the upper-outer edge that accentuate your gaze and add lift to your face. A soft, rectangular style generally looks good on all face shapes, but if you have sharp, square features, look for frames with rounder corners (vice versa for full faces). The glasses you wear can make you look as much as ten years younger or older, so don't make light of finding the perfect pair to suit your image—all of them!

At Tura, the "woman of 101 images" is catered to with a wide variety of frame selections, from cool hues to warm tones and every style in-between.

SPRING'S BEST

This season, rest easy when putting together a wardrobe suited to your liking, and keep in mind that *almost* anything goes. The result of last year's hemline controversy makes pants the popular item of the moment (much safer, and just as sexy). Skirts are still being seen—they're just more likely to cover any amount of leg from high thigh to low ankle. Hip-hugging snug fits are replaced with materials that are lighter and looser, flowing gracefully from the body in roomy wraps, short crop tops and wide billowy slacks. What else is on the fashion agenda?

For a splash of many colors, designers are turning to the creative ethnic flairs of Africa and the Caribbean, with free-flowing styles that use dashes of vibrant yellows, reds, blues (many against dramatic black backdrops) and accessories galore to (mix and) match.

For daywear that combines a down-to-business savvy that says you're an individual (and anything but traditional) look to pant suits in light earth tones, bold stripes with dashing vests and square-shouldered jackets that coordinate with short skirts and Bermuda shorts.

The sporting look of the riding stables has become urbanized, and jodhpurs are the newest in city funk. For a contrast, a night-on-the-town ambiance of fun and romance is best expressed with a sheer top, the latest look that's turning all heads.

As always, white backdrops and nautical, sporty designs are usual springtime stars, as you look to drop heavy winter layers and head for the fun and sun of the warm outdoors.

What's the move in makeup? Natural is in. This means keeping a light but feminine hand when applying makeup (and staying away from startling reds or other shocking shades). Keep in mind the beauty of simplicity, and when you do want to add a bit of pizzaz, keep the hues muted, but just top it off with a gentle pink or soft red lipstick.

Focus on eyewear that allows people to focus on you. Tura eyewear features frames that play up (not hide) your face. Pictured here: Model 111 in Blueberry Ice; handcrafted in France from Tura's Jazzy Collection.

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housing and urban development.

Elizabeth Dole was on the enemies list of some of Bush's advisers, notably Baker. But Bush liked her, despite her marriage to Senate Republican leader Bob Dole, his bitter rival for the GOP presidential nomination last year. When he worked up a list of eligible women, Bush put Dole's name on it. After all, she'd been transportation secretary in the Reagan administration until 1987. And there was another reason. Bush figured it was good politics to mollify her husband. He wanted to make it impossible for Senator Dole to buck the Bush administration.

As the selection process wore on, there was only one job left, labor secretary. Bush told his aides to give it to Liddy Dole, and announce it quickly. He wanted to fill his cabinet before Christmas. But when his aides reached Dole, she was in North Carolina. Fog kept her from flying out for a day. Bush couldn't announce her nomination until Christmas Eve.

Bush was downright hostile to Richard Darman, a White House aide in Reagan's first term and deputy treasury secretary in the second. Darman is brainy and politically savvy but also arrogant and condescending, a guy who used to tell people his SAT scores (800 in math). He was indiscreetly critical of Bush as vice president and predicted Bush would be like "a second husband" as president: there'd be a short honeymoon and no thrills. In 1984, Bush accused Darman of leaking an unflattering story about him. Barbara Bush didn't like Darman either.

But when his campaign was floundering, Bush took help from anyone. Darman was invited to a Memorial Day weekend strategy session with Bush. He was restrained and helpful. Barbara changed her mind about him. Darman was soon giving Bush advice on policy and politics. In debate practices, Darman played Michael Dukakis with uncanny accuracy. He showed up for the final practice sporting a tank helmet like the one Dukakis had worn. Bush loved it. A week after the election, Darman was named budget director.

Fred Barnes *is senior editor at* The New Republic.

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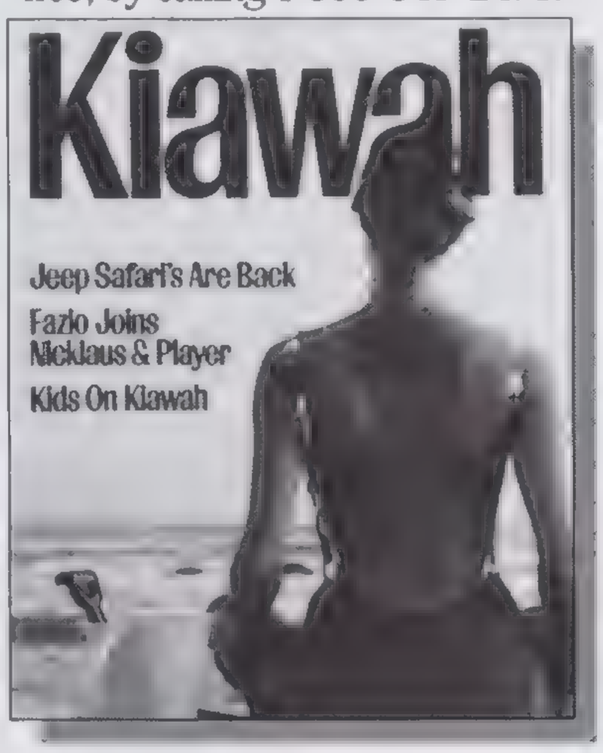

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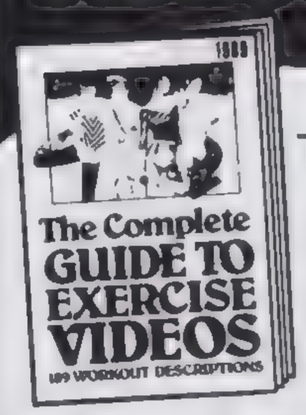

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Horoscope

By Michael Lutin

Dear readers: everybody is running around, as perky and bright as a bunch of daffodils, madly trying to prove they are *not* bored with commitments that seemed like dreams come true a few short months ago. When some people get what they want, they lose that *je ne sais quoi* challenge to overcome impossible obstacles. Getting what you want isn't enough. You have to keep it. If you've heard it before, it's because themes get repeated when planets like Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune go retrograde in Capricorn. Success requires not only creativity and motivation but lots of boring repetition. I, too, wish that every day were as unique as a sunrise, but if you need that kind of novelty, buy a kaleidoscope. Happy spring.

ARIES
March 21–April 19

You've been controlling yourself splendidly lately—very little stamping of feet, throwing of dishes, or screaming. Keep it up and you're sure to become an acceptable, sensibly dressed member of society. Unfortunately, certain people who control your fate don't buy your act, and they won't get out of your way. The trick now is to move ahead without just marching into the office and shooting.

TAURUS
April 20–May 20

Many Taureans are trying to decide between morality and delicious greed. Should they go back to school for a Ph.D. or just go for the dough and start selling cosmetics? Your path now is one of higher consciousness and the search for truth. This doesn't mean you have to stop sneaking into the kitchen after midnight for a triple banana split. Just stop telling friends that your tragic weight problem is glandular.

GEMINI
May 21–June 21

You chatter on about William Hurt's new movie or the latest concoction from Italy, while all the time you're secretly planning where you want to live in your next life. Give it a rest. You can't control all the forces of nature, so quit hounding yourself about every new wrinkle. Even if you were fourteen, you'd feel old at this point. Blame it on the retrogrades and go about your business. You're great at denying reality anyway.

CANCER
June 22–July 22

So...the fascinating new lover is turning out to be another control freak or just plain unavailable. Meanwhile, your ex is still hanging around making absurd demands, and you're stuck in the middle wiping noses. The retrogrades in Capricorn indicate delays till September. So if you're waiting for a divorce to be final so you can remarry right away, if I were you I'd stick the hors d'oeuvres in the freezer till fall.

LEO
July 23–August 22

That fabulous job from heaven you were so excited about is already getting a little old. The challenge now is to keep showing up as chirpy as a parakeet, even as the glow of office camaraderie and the security of a paycheck begin to extract their price—your sanity. So if you work in an office next to the boiler room beside a coworker who turns out to be the boss's pet spy, just remember: Cinderella started out the same way.

(Continues, page 300)

The men of Barkinton Bay never understood why every time the fog rolled in, the women strolled out.

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Lights: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—100's: 14 mg "tar," 0.9 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb '85. 120's: 14 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine. Ultra Lights: 6 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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Reflections on Rita.

"She does the crossword puzzle... in ink.

Doesn't like New Wave, New Age, or New York.

And don't even get me started on her legs...."

Silk Reflections

Hanes Silk Reflections

It's the way you wear your Hanes.

Horoscope

VIRGO
August 23–September 22

So that you don't just sit by and let these retrogrades control your life, here are three areas to think about. 1) Children: ask the pediatrician for some reading material, but don't freak when he hands you a copy of *The Exorcist*. 2) Self-expression: keep the creative juices flowing *without* diet pills when your muse poops out. 3) Love life: chant three oms and meditate on an image of Shirley MacLaine.

LIBRA
September 23–October 22

You must resolve dependency issues and untie old knots with Mom or Dad, even if you have to use the Ouija board to do it. Reexamine parental controls that once offered a kind of conditional security (if-you-behave-we-won't-disown-you type of thing). You may think that none of this applies to you; if so, contact a shrink at once.

SCORPIO
October 23–November 21

You've become much more secure in the world you've created over the last five years—a lot less angst and breast-beating. Dare I say you're happy? Even greater success now comes from working things out with your nearest and dearest. You know you should call your sister and wish her happy birthday, but why don't you? There's got to be a happy medium somewhere between the silent treatment and the ray gun.

SAGITTARIUS
November 22–December 21

Time for economic sorcery. In Scarlett O'Hara's day, of course, it was considered downright *common* for womenfolk to understand anything like money, especially those who were wearing the latest thing from Paris. But this is 1989 and you are not Scarlett O'Hara. The only two colors that matter right now are the red and the black, and I don't mean taffeta.

CAPRICORN
December 22–January 19

You've always given yourself strict deadlines—five more years to succeed at your job, five to have a baby, ten before the body starts to sag out of control. Get hold of yourself. Seize your own destiny and forget those stupid deadlines. If you're harder than usual to reach right now, good. Your responsibility is to yourself. Let everybody else go to hell.

AQUARIUS
January 20–February 18

You must be wondering if you're going a little crazy. It's moments like these when Oprah could put all the weight back on. You're exploring your inner life right now, but only God knows why. A couple of months ago a woman researcher was sealed in a cave someplace in New Mexico to test the effects of isolation on a person's mental state. She could have saved herself a lot of trouble and just called and asked you what it was like.

PISCES
February 19–March 20

Like the song says: don't worry. Be happy. At last there is absolutely no plan, no omens to guide your path. Somebody has spilled coffee on the map, so here are some questions to ponder while groping about: could you win back your old job/lover/husband? Does personal fulfillment mean carpooling it to Little League? Where, oh where, are you headed?

Several times a week you should get Dressed to the Teeth!

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Your casual, everyday toothpaste is probably fine. But every couple of brushings or so, you should get Dressed to the Teeth with whitening, brightening Topol, the stain-fighting toothpaste with Zantrate™. It works more effectively at fighting stains. And it helps give plaque the brush-off! Keeps your breath in style longer, too.

Use Topol stain-fighting toothpaste with your regular brand, as your added fashion accessory. In just a few weeks you'll see the difference.

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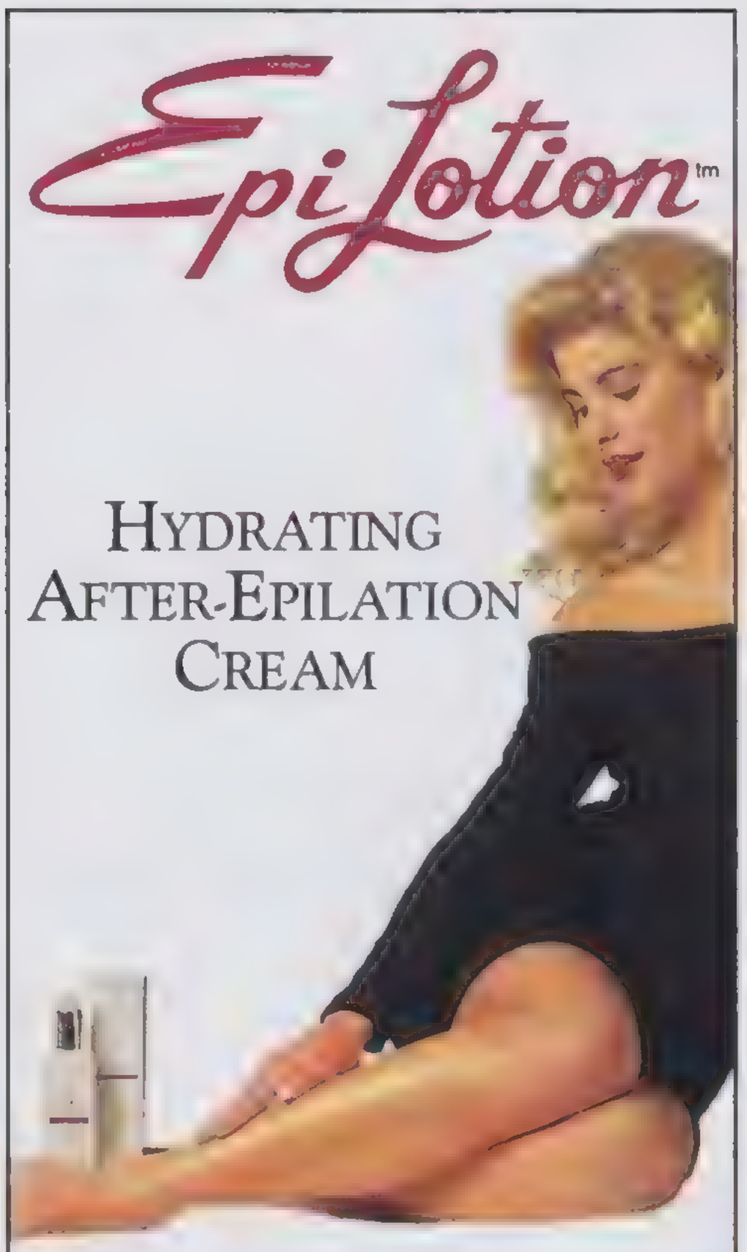

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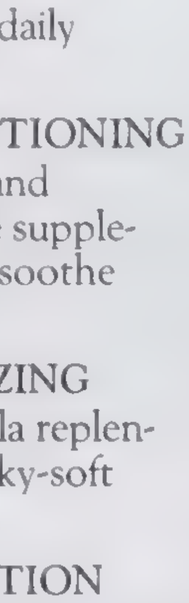

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Mind Health

By Carol Tavris, Ph.D.

the gender gap

Why do experts persist in looking for biological proof that men and women think differently?

Every week, it seems, we read about another study of biological differences between women and men. Recently, *The New York Times* decided that the subject of sex differences was front-page news, with a story headlined "Female Sex Hormone Is Tied to Ability to Perform Tasks" (the tasks in question were tongue twisters and "precise hand movements").

Biological explanations for human behavior have a long history, especially when it comes to explaining real or alleged differences between men and women. Scientists have been trying to find sex differences in the brain for centuries. When they don't find them in one place, they don't abandon their goal; they just move on to another part of the brain.

A century ago, scientists tried to prove that women had smaller brains and larger instincts than men did to account for women's alleged intellectual failings and emotional weaknesses. Dozens of studies were conducted to prove that men had larger brains, which would make them smarter than women. When scientists realized that men's greater height and weight offset their brain-size advantage, they dropped this line of research. Scientists next tried to argue that women had smaller frontal lobes and larger parietal lobes than men did—until researchers reported that parietal lobes might be associated with intellect. A miracle followed: anatomists suddenly "found" that women's parietal lobes were *smaller* than they had believed.

Today, brain researchers split brains instead of weighing them, but they are still determined to find sex differences. The latest theories are based on what is called brain "lateralization of function." The idea is that the areas of the brain thought to be associated with verbal ability (the left hemisphere) and with spatial reasoning (the right) develop differently in boys and girls, as does the corpus callosum, which permits communication across hemispheres.

As biologists search for differences in men's and women's mental skills, psychologists pronounce distinctions virtually gone

Lateralization theories attempt to explain sex differences in intellect that have long been taken for granted: the assumed superiority of females in verbal ability and of males in spatial and mathematical abilities. Decades ago, testing of schoolchildren did find differences between girls and boys in verbal and spatial skills. But the irony is that even as biologists rummage in the brain to account for these differences, psychologists are finding that they are virtually gone.

Janet Shibley Hyde, Ph.D., a psychologist at the University of Wisconsin at Madison, who has *(Continues, page 308)*

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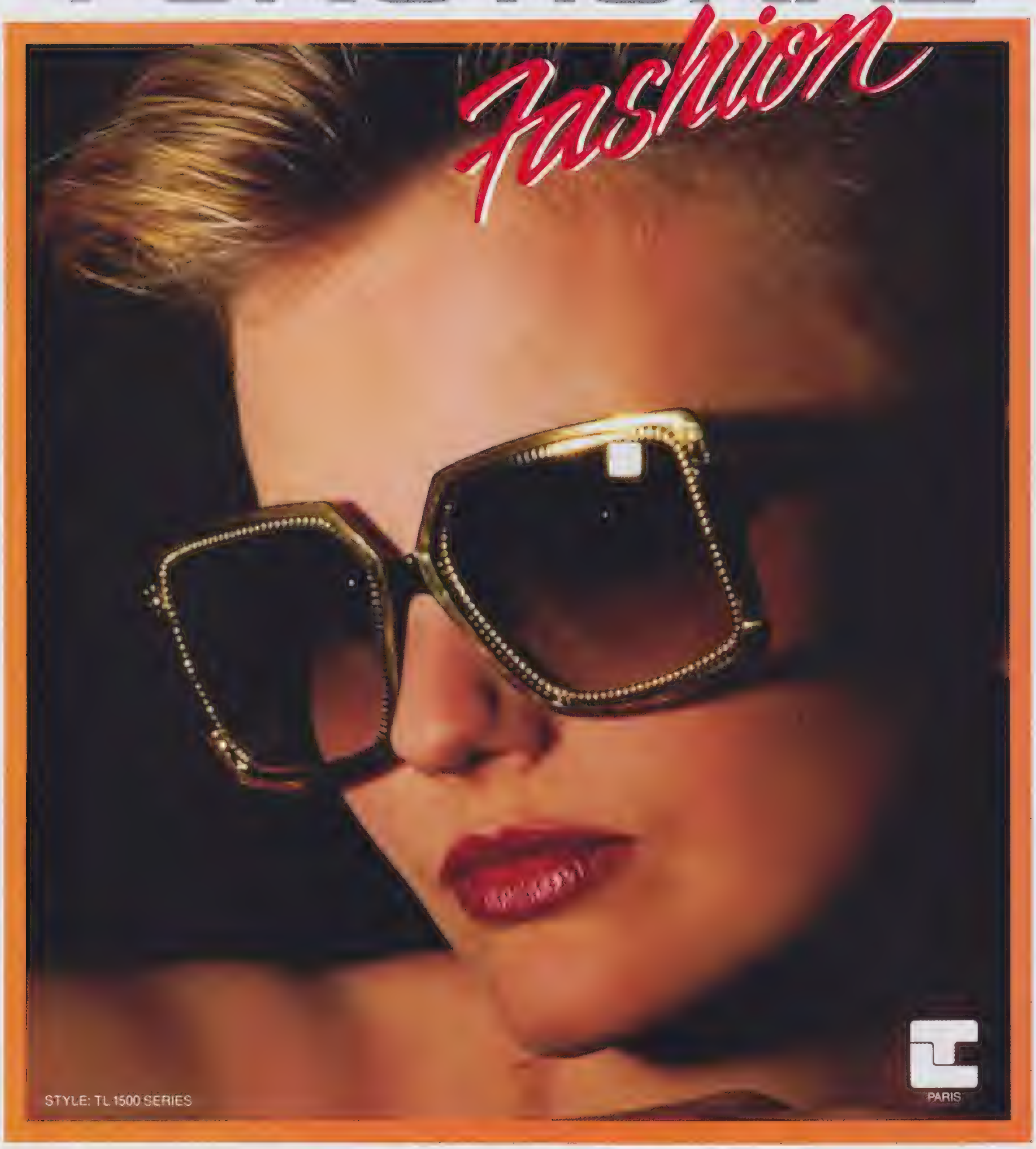

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studied alleged sex differences for years, and Marcia C. Linn, Ph.D., of the University of California at Berkeley, reviewed 165 studies that represented the testing of 1,418,899 people in verbal ability (measuring skills in vocabulary, writing, reading comprehension, speaking fluency, etc.). "We are prepared to assert that there are no gender differences in verbal ability, at least at this time, in American culture," Hyde and Linn concluded. "Thus, our research eliminates one of the two wobbly legs on which the brain lateralization theories have rested."

The other leg—the assumption of sex differences in spatial ability—may be just as wobbly. Paula J. Caplan, Ph.D., Gael MacPherson, and Patricia Tobin, of the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education, reviewed existing evidence on spatial ability. One expert said, "There is *no* convincing evidence of sex differences in this area." Another expert cited took a more modified view: "The observed differences are very small, the overlap [between men and women] large, and abundant biological theories are supported with very slender or no evidence."

Alan Feingold, a doctoral candidate at Yale University, who reviewed more than thirty years of SAT scores, found that gender differences "declined precipitously." By 1980, boys had completely caught up with girls in verbal ability. Girls also had completely caught up in abstract reasoning and numerical ability—except at the highest levels of math performance—and they had halved the difference in mechanical reasoning and space relations. More recent findings indicate that boys are once again outscoring girls. However, the fact that the findings are so changeable over the years suggests that we are talking about environmental influences—not built-in brain differences.

An even more damning problem for brain lateralization theories is that anatomical studies of brain differences refuse to be consistent. People think that physiology is *solid*; if one study finds a difference between three male brains and three female brains, that must apply to all men and women. But just as there

are individual differences in the way people look, there are also variations internally, too. One researcher, after reviewing brain lateralization studies, found no consistent evidence of sex differences in the corpus callosum or other brain regions.

Unfortunately, the many studies that fail to find sex differences are underrepresented in the scientific literature. For every study of brain differences that makes the news, there's another study that doesn't find differences—and doesn't make the news. This bias in reporting contributes to the impression that men's and women's brains and intellectual abilities differ.

None of this means that the sexes share identical psychological experiences in the world. Women and men still travel diverging life paths in their encounters with love, sex, work, and discrimination. The question is: why do researchers persist in looking for biological explanations for male-female differences rather than looking at differences in men's and women's social, economic, and cultural experiences? Biological theories never seem to include the complexities and politics of real life. They can't explain why abilities and ambitions change when women and men are given opportunities previously denied them.

Some psychologists think that too much attention has been paid to the matter of gender differences altogether. Roy F. Baumeister, Ph.D., of Case Western Reserve University, suggests that the study of sex differences may ultimately do more harm than good. "By seeking, reporting, and discussing sex differences," he observes, "psychologists lend scientific prestige to the distinction between men and women. It endorses a way of looking at the world in which men and women are fundamentally different."

Hyde and Linn don't oppose the study of gender differences, but they believe it is time to look at more meaningful ones and to drop unsupported ideas that sex differences in the brain account for "the large gender differences in earning power and career advancement in our society." ◆

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By Erica Frank, M.D.

diet-in-a-pill

The diet industry's latest weapon against fat sounds too good to be true

Amazing new weight-loss pills . . . will revolutionize weight reduction.'' ''Natural flab flatteners.'' As we waddle along in our dreary compulsion to be both cardiovascularly and cosmetically thin, we encounter the latest weight-loss gimmicks—fat pills—and hungrily respond to their enticing claims. But are these products legitimate?

These ''amazing new'' pills reportedly guarantee you steady fat loss and calorie reduction. One of the pills is marketed (with only slight variations) under three different brand names: ''Fat Barrier,'' sold through more than 400 Futureshape salons worldwide, ''Lipo-Bond,'' distributed by Herbalife, and ''Fat-Magnet,'' a mail-order version. Fat-Magnet claims that you can reduce fat simply by taking their ''tested and proven'' new pill. What you aren't told is that the so-called testing and proof provided by the developer, William Shell, M.D., has not been subjected to the scrutiny of publication in a peer-reviewed medical journal. In fact, concern about Fat-Magnet's claims led to an ongoing investigation by the Food and Drug Administration. Fat-Magnet has also been required to alter its claims following a Postal Service fraud complaint charging it with false representation. As a result, promotions for Fat-Magnet may no longer claim that the product will cause the user to lose a substantial amount of weight in a short period of time, that it will cause weight loss without exercise, that it attracts fat and causes it to be eliminated from the body, or even that it is safe when used as directed.

Your pocketbook is all that's likely to be slimmed by taking fat pills

Testing methods and post-office complaints aside, do these fat pills actually work? Their ostensible mechanism of action is based on the ingestion of bile-salt extracts bound to fiber spheres. Dr. Shell claims that these bile salts, unlike our own free bile salts, hold on to fat instead of dissolving it, causing the body to excrete a fat/bile-salt/fiber complex. None of the bile-salt experts consulted were convinced that this was a legitimate weight-loss method, though some felt it might merit further scientific investigation.

And what of the ''flab flattening'' Tone Caps, the latest venture of self-styled New York socialite Nikki Haskell? ''Natural'' is the promotional gimmick of Haskell's product, which, she says, is made of ''papaya from the Amazon and garlic from the higher Andes of Peru.'' Haskell explains how the papaya ''attacks fat and protein with its natural digestive enzymes'' and the garlic, ''a natural diuretic, washes it out of your system.'' It was difficult to discover more about this unheard-of phenomenon, as there have been no product studies. Karen Miller-Kovach, M.S., R.D., national spokesperson for the American Dietetic Association, and Shirley King Evans, R.D., technical information specialist for the U.S. Department of Agriculture, agreed there was no physiological basis for Haskell's claims. According to these sources, it is well known that papaya enzymes break down protein (though not fat). However, protein-breakdown products, rather than promoting weight loss, simply make proteins more digestible. While there is nothing to suggest that garlic is either ''a natural diuretic'' or a weight-loss inducer, it is a cholesterol reducer and has few adverse side effects.

So, once again we find that enticing weight-loss claims do not deliver all they promise. And while it's possible that the only thing that may be significantly harmed by taking fat pills is your pocketbook, that is also all that is likely to be slimmed.

Are there any silver linings on the diet horizon—a fat absorption–prohibiting product that might help those who require effort-free remedies? One possibility may be Procter and Gamble's new Olestra. Olestra is a nondigested—and, therefore, unabsorbed—fat-, cholesterol-, and calorie-free cooking-oil ingredient, which could, according to company studies, reduce shortening's caloric and fat contents by up to 75 percent. The FDA is reviewing Olestra's food-additive petition and examining the eleven-thousand-page document that defends Olestra's safety and efficacy.

And this—the scientific method—is the real silver lining. There may be amazing new weight-loss pills that will revolutionize weight reduction without causing adverse side effects. But the only way to distinguish revolutionary new treatments from bogus ones is to use the *real* revolution of the scientific method. For now, we must continue to exercise, restrict fats and calories, and wait for more news from the scientific journals. ♥

(Health *continues, page 314*)

Erica Frank, M.D., M.P.H., *a physician at the Cleveland Clinic Foundation, has a special interest in preventive medicine.*

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does father know best ?

Can a man morally—and legally—deny his wife or girlfriend the right to an abortion? PEGGY ORENSTEIN reports

Shawn Lewis was twenty-four years old and three months' pregnant when she was served a court restraining order last August. She had just packed up her infant son and fled her twenty-five-year-old husband, Carlton, a school custodian in Flint, Michigan, opting for poverty and public assistance rather than continue in a relationship with a man who had been arrested for repeatedly beating her, who regularly harassed her, destroyed her property, and even threatened to kill her. In dire straits, Shawn decided to have an abortion. The injunction, issued on behalf of her husband, told her she'd better think again: it said she was forbidden to terminate her pregnancy because Carlton had the right to the custody of his unborn child. Shawn Lewis was prohibited from having an abortion.

Fathers' rights, pro-choicers say, do not extend to control over a woman's body

Christine Anderson was a twenty-seven-year-old mother of three when her court order arrived last July. It wasn't her first surprise that summer: her fourth pregnancy, which occurred a few months after her husband Timothy's vasectomy, had also been a shock. The Minnesota couple was paralyzed by debt; their three-year marriage was on the rocks; and they had agreed that another child would be a disaster. Christine decided that to continue providing for her children—as well as to save her marriage—she had to terminate her pregnancy. Her pro-life husband went to court to make her change her mind.

Since last March, U.S. lower courts have heard at least twelve angry men—husbands, ex-husbands, and boyfriends—demand that the women they've impregnated come to terms with coming to term. The cases have generally been brought to court under the banner of a fathers' liberation movement, the idea being that the mother isn't the only one who has an interest in the future of a fetus. "It's a balancing of rights, the father's versus the mother's," says James Bopp, Jr., general counsel to the National Right to Life Committee, who has tried the majority of these cases. Bopp has also developed a "Fathers' Rights Litigation Kit" for other lawyers interested in the cause. "*Roe* v. *Wade* [the 1973 Supreme Court decision that gave women the constitutional right to choose an abortion] gives a woman the right to her own body. On the other hand, a father also has a constitutional right to the care, custody, and companionship of a child; those rights are in conflict when the mother wants to abort that child."

Men's rights groups across the country, even those that are pro-choice, support at least some aspects of the platform, but pro-choice organizations run by women are skeptical. The fathers' rights argument, they say, is a wash. The real issue is an attempt by men to control women's bodies, and, equally dangerous, an attempt by anti-choice forces to muddy the issues in the hopes of overturning the precariously perched *Roe* v. *Wade*.

So far, even when lower courts have granted men's requests, higher courts have unanimously overturned the decisions. Last fall, for the first time, Bopp took the pleas of rebuffed, estranged husbands Carlton Lewis and twenty-four-year-old Erin Conn, a toy-store worker from Elkhart, Indiana, to the Supreme Court. In both instances, the court opted against hearing the cases (an earlier Supreme Court decision overturned a Missouri statute requiring written consent of a spouse for an abortion) and let the right of a woman to control her reproductive system—and her destiny—stand.

"The Constitution certainly protects Mr. Lewis's right to be free from government intrusion in his decision to have a child," the National Abortion Rights Action League's (NARAL) lawyers wrote in a brief urging the court to turn down one of the cases. "But it is up to Mr. Lewis, not lower court judges, to find a woman who will have a child with him. No individual, male or female, has a constitutional right to have a court compel another to procreate with him or her."

And that, one assumes, is that. After all, if the highest court in the land lets a decision stand, there isn't much else a legal beagle like Bopp can do, is there? "The court simply decided not to hear the cases; they still may hear one in the future," Bopp counters. "We're still involved with two cases, both pending in the Indiana [Supreme] Court. I wouldn't be surprised if the Court does decide to hear them. This issue presents legitimate, important issues that have a broad impact, since in every abortion there's either a husband or a father. The rights they have, which the lower courts have recognized, are important; and we hope the Supreme Court will eventually hear one of these cases and recognize them, too."

On the surface, the men's rights argument can't help but be compelling. Over the last twenty years, encouraged by increasingly independent women, the father's expected role has changed from that of a peripheral au-

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thority figure who brings home the bacon and promptly falls asleep under the sports section after dinner to that of a sensitive, primary caretaker who can do a dish, change a diaper, and bandage a boo-boo with equal aplomb. We take for granted that fathers can gain custody of children in divorce suits—almost unheard of in the hoary days before *Kramer vs. Kramer*. In this new, equal-opportunity atmosphere, fathers' rights groups point out, it follows that a man should have some say over the termination of a pregnancy that he helped to create.

The father's lib movement claims that the mother can't be the only one to have a say in the future of a fetus

"The fathers' rights argument is different from what the Right to Life lawyers say," says Dick Woods, executive director of the National Congress for Men and the first person to help a man obtain a court injunction against his pregnant wife. "We say that only when a father has a demonstrated interest in the unborn child, when he is ready, willing, and able to accept the emotional and financial costs of a child, does he have a valid argument going.

"In several of the cases we've seen, the pregnancies were planned over a long period of time. The couple repeatedly went to clinics to get tests; when they finally conceived, there was a real celebration. In one case, the couple took an ultrasound picture and showed it to grandparents and friends and said, 'This is our baby.' The fathers made career decisions based on planning for the child; they gave up opportunities so they could have shorter hours or better health coverage. Some had gone to gynecologic appointments. Some had made financial commitments, such as contracting to remodel a room, or buying baby furniture. All these things established commitment to children."

Women's groups, though, question whether painting the spare room is a commitment comparable to carrying through with a pregnancy. Or whether a man who would drag his wife through the legal system, in an attempt to force her against her will to endure a pregnancy and give birth to a child she doesn't want, is demonstrating the caring and compassion necessary to be a good father. In two cases in Iowa, Woods was successful in convincing women to bring their pregnancies to term, but he refuses to comment on the subsequent relationships among the members of either family.

Pro-choice advocates are quick to dismiss both Woods and Bopp. A father's rights, they say, simply do not extend to dictating compulsory pregnancy. "It's not in our tradition to compel people to undergo major medical procedures and burdens, which is what the risks and process of pregnancy are," says Sylvia Law, a New York University law school professor. "Children can't compel parents to give them a kidney or to give them blood marrow. I don't have any problem with the notion that a man can't tell a woman to bear a child."

Forcing a woman to give birth, to endure the dangers of pregnancy, pro-choice activists say, is tantamount to indentured servitude, a bizarre attempt to turn back the clock to the days before women could vote or own real property. "Fathers have the right not to engage in sexual intercourse," quips Lynn Paltrow, staff counsel for the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU). "They do not have the right to control somebody else's body. Women are not the property of the men they happen to have slept with."

"Right to Life lawyers talk about balance," adds Marcy Wilder, staff attorney for NARAL. "But when there's a conflict, only one person can decide and it has to be the woman. Any other outcome gives the control of reproduction back to the man."

As it happens, the vast majority of the cases that Bopp and his acolytes have tried are brought by angry, estranged husbands like Carl Lewis and Erin Conn. Or Michael Reynolds, a Salt Lake City man, who had his nineteen-year-old wife slapped with divorce pa-

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pers and a "paternity" suit on the same day. Or last summer's headline-grabbing case of wealthy Long Island orthodontist David Ostreicher, who claimed that his young wife, Toni, aborted out of malice; she was furious because he refused to rip up their prenuptial agreement. For her part, Toni insisted the abortion had been his idea, that he told her he didn't want to support a baby. Lurid installments of the Ostreichers' arguments were played out in newspapers across the country; the legal issues quickly moved from paternity to divorce.

"It's clear that these kinds of cases arise when there's already a serious conflict in the relationship," says Wilder. "The man is trying to exert control over his partner. This doesn't happen when there's a loving, caring man."

Is there a relationship between a father and an unborn child that should be protected by law?

In fact, the only recent case that didn't end in divorce was that of the Andersons in Minnesota. The court injunction against Christine was lifted, and she went ahead with her abortion as planned. The Andersons split temporarily; but eventually, without changing their respective stances on abortion, they reconciled.

Both the ACLU and NARAL say there's a hidden agenda in the fathers' rights cases, especially as they're being tried by Bopp: rather than merely trying to gain custody for a hapless father, the lawyers are attempting to undermine the *Roe* v. *Wade* decision by harassing women individually. "They get a woman up on the stand and they do a brutal cross-examination," Wilder says. "They make her talk about her sex practices, her birth-control habits, all kinds of things. They hope to harass women and keep them from getting abortions on an individual basis."

Bopp, of course, takes umbrage at such a low blow. "Those people have a blind spot," he sighs. "Their conception of reality is that there is no child, therefore it's a dispute between the pregnant woman and the man. *Roe* v. *Wade* talked about the 'unborn child'; it said the unborn child didn't have a constitutional right to life, not that there was no child. The premise of our case is that there's a relationship between a father and an unborn child that's constitutionally protected."

The courts have continued to side with NARAL and the ACLU, but the victors are leery about winning a battle rather than the war. In a talk at the University of Arkansas last fall, Supreme Court Justice Harry A. Blackmun, who has always supported a woman's right to make a choice, said that *Roe* v. *Wade* could be overturned before 1989 was out. Solicitor General Charles Freid of the Justice Department has noted that the case of *Reproductive Health Services* v. *William Webster*, currently high on the docket, may well provide the opportunity. Certainly, President Bush would applaud a reversal of the *Roe* v. *Wade* decision.

If *Roe* v. *Wade* is eliminated, the door will be open for each state to decide whether to allow, curtail, or prohibit abortions. Eleanor Smeal, the president of the Fund for the Feminist Majority, recently said that she's only confident of pro-choice legislation in five of the fifty states: Hawaii, Alaska, Vermont, Oregon, and Washington; and with states like Arizona and Missouri already preparing anti-abortion laws, the future for pro-choice women looks grim. Without the constitutional guarantee of choice, the states can institute any number of restrictions: they can make abortion impossible for poor women to afford; they can demand that both parents of a minor—even a minor who has never *met* one of her parents—give written consent before an abortion can be performed; they can even enact a provision that allows a potential father, whatever his relationship to the woman in question, to force a pregnant woman to bring a fetus to term and then turn it over to him. ♥

Peggy Orenstein *is the managing editor of* Mother Jones *magazine.*

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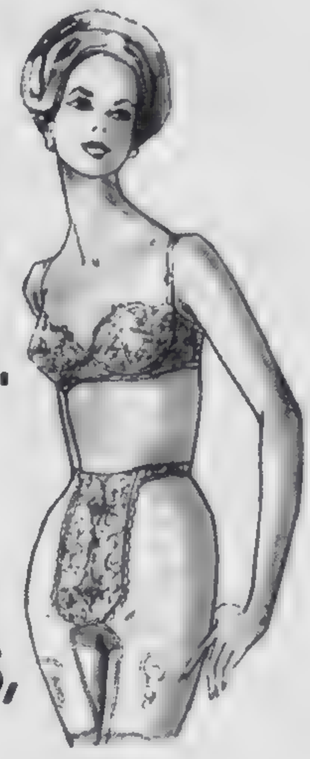

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over africa

Epic adventure: RICHARD ALLEMAN and a flying boat take on Kenya, the Sudan, and Egypt

The necropolis at Meroë, in the Sudan, top, dating from 300 B.C. Above, skiffs on Kenya's Lake Turkana

The December night in Nairobi has the cool, snappy feel of winter in Southern California. I have been in Kenya for about twelve hours. Still dazed from the back-to-back overnight flights that get you here from New York, I am in the bar off the terrace of the Norfolk Hotel, drinking a beer and drinking in the scene.

The bar is lined with caricatures and murals that document the Norfolk's infamous days as a center of white mischief in colonial Kenya; back then, the hotel saw everything from heavy-duty hanky-panky on its billiard table to light-hearted target practice in its barroom. Tonight, the bar is filled with Kenya's nouveau colonials: the safari outfitters, travel agents, tour guides, bush pilots—Brits, Yanks, French—who have made careers of packaging Africa for the masses. Completing the scene are clusters of blacks in business suits; chic Sikhs in turbans, designer jeans, striped Brooks Brothers–clone shirts; plus assorted hotel guests, victims, in varying degrees, of Banana Republic.

I am part of the last group and, I must admit, I *am* wearing a safari jacket. Tomorrow morning, along with a dozen other travelers, I embark on an odyssey that will take me from Nairobi to Cairo, some 2,600 miles, in slightly less than two weeks. We are going to be traveling in a highly unconventional way: aboard a Catalina "flying boat," an amphibious aircraft built during World War II for reconnaissance missions.

The man behind this improbable trip is a forty-year-old Frenchman named Pierre Jaunet. He has spent nearly two decades in Africa, organizing and leading treks to remote places like northern Kenya, south Algeria, Chad, Libya, the Sudan. For the last three years, he and his wife, Antoinette, have devoted all their energies to getting Pierre's flying-boat fantasy off the ground.

Just how crazy all this is hits me when I first lay eyes on the Catalina at the airport. On land, it looks more like some monster praying mantis than an airplane. And despite its new paint job, it looks old. Very old. I try hard to fight off thoughts of loose rivets and metal fatigue, not to mention scenes from B-movies about plane crashes in the jungle. Fortunately, everyone else started in Victoria Falls (I have joined them midtrip) and some try to ease my anxiety.

"It looks much better when *(Continues, page 326)*

RICHARD ALLEMAN

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Travel

it's in the water," Inge, a German woman living in New York, tells me, as we crawl up a flimsy metal ladder and pull ourselves through the Catalina's narrow hatch. Inside, everyone sits knee-to-knee in huddles of four.

"We were scared, too, the first time," says Maryanna, a radiologist from Washington, D.C., who is seated across from me in the front compartment.

"Still are," adds Maryanna's traveling companion, Alex, also a doctor.

Max, a bearded Brit, completes our foursome. Absorbed in the navigational charts he has brought with him, he says nothing. He also travels with his own altimeter, which is beside him on the lacquered-wood shelf below the window. Max is here for the plane.

The Catalina, our flying boat, at anchor on Lake Turkana

Everyone in this cast of characters has a reason for being here, a story. Maryanna and Alex are adventure-travel junkies. On this one trip, they'll be able to knock off Botswana's Okavango Delta, Zanzibar, northern Kenya, Sudan, and Egypt. Others, like Bob, who heads an accounting firm in Westchester County, New York, are after photographs; always loaded down with cameras, he hands out balloons to get native kids to pose for him. Some in the group are hard-core naturalists—like Judd from Tacoma, a former board member of the National Audubon Society. The aforementioned Inge is forty-something and a widow; she says she has signed up for the trip because she fears that time is running out for Africa; later, she jokes that her real motive has been to snare a millionaire and figured a $15,000 adventure to be an appropriate hunting ground.

Pierre is working the plane now, chatting everyone up, checking what people want to drink once we're airborne. Antoinette is organizing things in the galley. Oliver, our copilot from Vancouver (or is it central casting?—six-five, blond, mirrored aviator glasses, khaki shorts, Indiana Jones leather jacket) saunters by to check something in the tail. Meanwhile, Jim, our pilot from Spokane, who could be Oliver's older brother, has started the big prop engines mounted on the overhead wings. Things are happening fast now. Oliver is back in the cockpit. Pierre and Antoinette are checking seat belts. We start taxiing down the runway. There's no turning back. This is it.

The plane lifts off with surprising grace. Below us, the silver-green plains look like an establishing shot from *Out of Africa*. There is no time to be afraid; this "glimpse of the world through God's eye" (*Out of Africa* again) is too beautiful. We level off at a mere 2,800 feet; the earth still has a lot of character from this altitude; I am mesmerized by H-bomb-like clouds, terraced hillsides, blond cattle, thatched villages, purple trees. The best place to take all this in is the bar/library, nicknamed the "bubble," at the back of the plane; here, two bulging Plexiglas eyes (former gunsights) form bay windows over cushioned banquettes.

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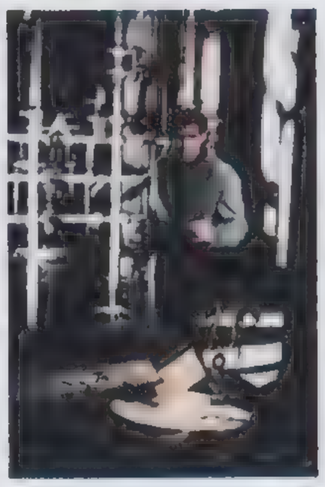

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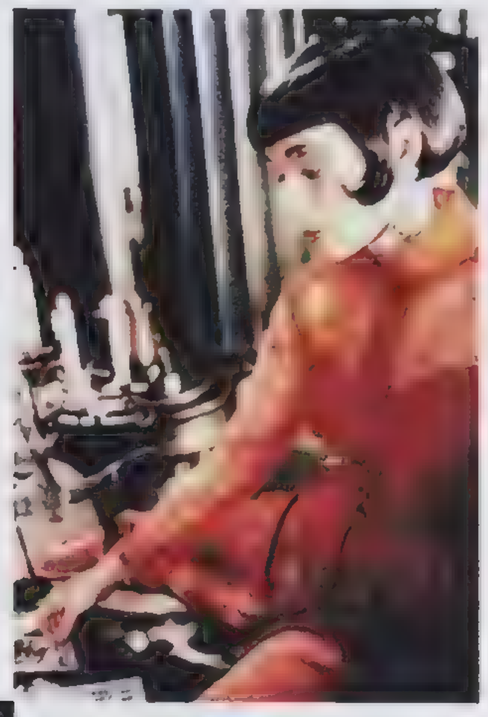

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Lunch aboard the Catalina is just as civilized. Pierre and Antoinette set up a table with linen placemats for each foursome; we then have a perfect picnic of olives, *saucisson*, *cornichons*, pâté, fresh bread that Antoinette has picked up that morning, fruit, cookies, good French and South African wines. By the time we are ready to land at the town of Marsabit in northern Kenya, I have been totally won over by life aboard the Catalina.

We are to land on a runway—not on water—at Marsabit. The only problem is that we can't seem to find the bloody thing. There is much fussing with maps in the cockpit as we circle the small green town. Meanwhile, at our table, the wine has made Max positively garrulous, and he is gleefully recounting how Jim and Oliver almost missed Lake Malawi earlier in the trip. Finally, we do come up on an airstrip, but it's closed, so we must use another outside the town. The problem now is that the Jeeps meeting us are at the first tarmac. Pierre's solution is to drop a message to the drivers telling them of our change in plans. We can't believe he's serious, but we soon see Jim wrapping Pierre's note in a linen napkin weighted down with an orange and releasing it from the bubble. When the Jeeps meet us at the second airstrip fifteen minutes later, the drivers report that the message landed within a few feet of one of them.

I remember what a friend told me before I left: "Africa is a religious experience..."

Now, we abandon the luxury of the Catalina to go driving across Kenya's rarely traveled Chalbi Desert. Our ultimate destination is the equally exotic Lake Turkana. We bounce, bump, and bang; endure heat and dust; pit stops mean men go to the left, women to the right. We suffer minor breakdowns and the ever-present possibility of more serious mechanical trouble.

But these hardships have their rewards. Ours is a fantastic pink sunset and, later, when it's pitch black and I'm convinced that we're totally lost, there is a chateaubriand dinner at the tented camp that's been set up just for us in the middle of the desert. There's also the night sky—a static blizzard of stars so intense, so close to the earth that it puts one on intimate terms with the universe. I remember what a friend has told me just before I left: "Africa is a religious experience."

After the splendor of the night, I am shocked by the bleak landscape I wake up to: a vast chalk-white plain strewn with boulders, a Zen garden that appears to go on forever. Before breakfast, I feel like an astronaut exploring another planet as I poke about this weird, crunchy terrain picking up small stones and bits of weathered bone with Mozart on my Walkman.

There are no roads here. When we take off after breakfast, it is as if we are traveling across some great body of solid water. It's also thrilling. We skid on sand that feels like snow, fly across fields of powdery, cocoa-colored earth. Frequently, off in the distance, we see shimmering rivers, forests, Mies van der Rohe cities. But we never reach them—they are mirages.

Eventually, we come upon a real oasis—indeed, the Grand Central Station of oases. Hundreds of palms and a constant coming and going of shepherds and shepherdesses and their animals: sheep, goats, cattle, donkeys, and camels. More camels than I've ever seen in one place. Some of them are drinking from shallow pools of water, many are just lolling about, catlike and self-satisfied. The oasis is both idyllic and strictly business. No one pays attention to us as we picnic on the edge of the action.

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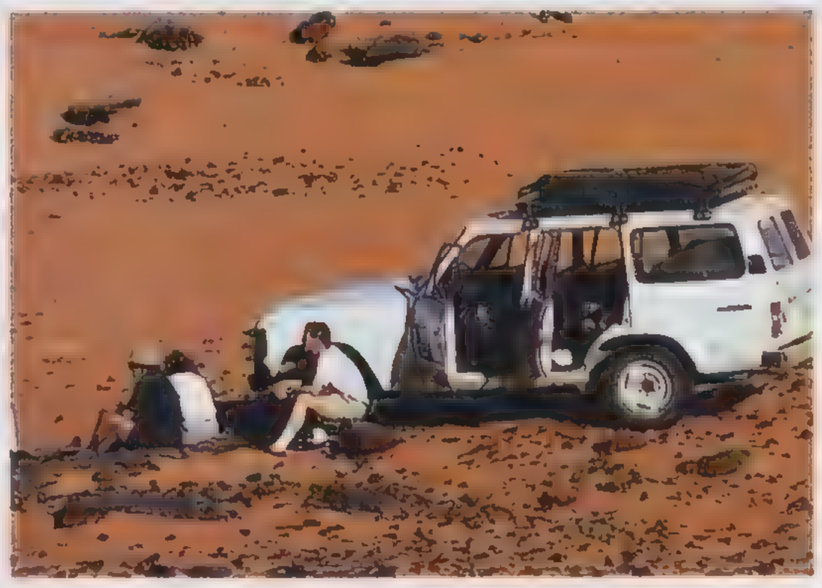
After lunch, we are bouncing across the Chalbi again—stopping periodically to add water to one Jeep's now leaking radiator ("Fix it with camel dung" is Max's advice to the driver). We race with a fleet of powerful, eight-foot-tall ostriches. At over fifty kilometers an hour, they kick up more sand than we do. Eventually, as sand becomes dust, dust becomes dirt, and dirt becomes hard-pack, we find ourselves on a real road. Pitted and boulder-ridden, it is the toughest stretch of the day. But at the end of it lies another reward: Lake Turkana, a majestic 1,500-square-mile body of deep-green water that European explorers aptly dubbed The Jade Sea.

We say hello to relative luxury at the Oasis Lodge, a cottage compound with hot and cold swimming pools. It is basically the only place to stay on the lake, although some of the huts in the village outside the club's gates advertise rooms; one is called "Hilton Hotel."

Lake Turkana lures serious fishermen, with Nile perch—which can weigh into the hundreds of pounds—the biggest catch. The lake is also home to pelicans, ibis, flamingos, crocodiles, and one of Kenya's poorest tribes, the El Molo. They live in haystack houses and fish for a living. When we visit one of their villages on a tiny island, we are met by children selling baskets, fat fish bones, cowrie-shell necklaces. They are very black; they have good smiles. One little girl in a purple dress attaches herself to Inge, follows her everywhere, clutching her hand.



Road warriors in the Sudanese desert

"So, I find a daughter instead of a millionaire," Inge jokes. But there are tears in her eyes when she says goodbye to the child.

After two days at Lake Turkana, we reboard the Catalina, which has been flown up from Marsabit for our seven-and-a-half-hour flight to Khartoum, capital of the Sudan. I have trouble with the Sudan. There's famine and civil war in the south (which is why we fly at 11,000 feet most of the morning); the politics are dreadful. It could be dangerous. So why go? According to Pierre and Antoinette, the desert in the north of the country is one of the most fascinating on earth. But from the Catalina, it's the Nile that grabs us first.

About an hour and a half out of Khartoum, Jim starts our descent. Below us, Mississippi wide, slate-colored, and intermittently edged with square green patches of vegetation, is the White Nile. Soon we are at 1,800 feet. Feluccas, palm trees, bulrushes, biblical mud villages flash by; people in long white robes wave at us. It's the Nile according to Cecil B. deMille. And then, the icing on the cake: Pierre announces that we are going to make a water landing. We fasten our seat belts and buzz pastel

MARGY AND BILL WICKETT

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mosques and multistage minarets as we make a low pass at the river to check the water. The second time is for real. We hear, then see, pontoons being lowered from the wings overhead; then, only water; then—splash! Applause.

We bob on the river as Pierre lets down the anchor and a Zodiac glides towards us to take us to shore, where tents have been set up for customs and immigration. Khartoum is not easy; immigration takes forever (and also takes our passports, which we will not see for the next four days). The Grand Hotel, where we spend the night, is no longer grand: in my room, the hot water is the color of the Nile; the beds are mushy; handles come off in my hand; a shower curtain comes off in my face; and the swimming pool comes off like a swamp. (Some in the group switch over to the minibars, washcloths, and movie channel of the nearby Hilton International Khartoum.) What the Grand does have going for it is its Nile-side location and a sweeping tiled terrace, where well-robed Sudanese sit in wicker chairs having tea and Pepsis. A strict Islamic country, Sudan outlaws all alcoholic beverages—even to non-Muslims.

The next morning, our group is huddled on this same terrace waiting for permits to travel outside of Khartoum. We were to leave at 10:00 A.M.; it's now close to 1:00. We are cranky and already fed up with prohibition, Sudanese-style. Indeed, some of us are ready to go straight to Egypt. I have picked up an English-language newspaper and am reading about how bad the political situation really is here; a massive demonstration is planned for next week; there could be a coup. And here we are, sitting ducks, with no passports. This is the scariest moment of the trip.

But it is followed by the two best days. We finally get our permits (as well as an official escort from the Ministry of the Interior), and once more go charging off into the unknown in a caravan of four-wheel-drive vehicles. It is a different desert, considerably lusher than Kenya's Chalbi, with acacia trees, poison-green patches of gourds, fields of monster milkweed. Our camp, which we reach at dusk, is lusher, too. There are walk-in tents, hot showers, and the best food yet—prepared by a crew that caters for oil companies. The desserts, baked in a charcoal oven, are especially memorable: crème caramel, peach tart, banana pie with tapioca sauce.

Frieze at Luxor's Temple of Hatshepsut

MARGY AND BILL WICKETT

Even more memorable is the morning. We have camped at the site of an ancient city called Naqa, and the ruins of three tiny temples, dating from 600 to 300 B.C., are steps away. Naqa was part of the Kingdom of Meroë, which was

What To Wear At Sea

renowned for its agriculture and the skill of its goldsmiths. Meroë was strongly influenced by neighboring Egypt, and these ruins, with their pylons and hieroglyphic inscriptions, confirm the connection. My favorite is an unrestored jumble of mocha-colored stones and columns guarded by statues of rams lying half-buried in the sand.

But the most spectacular ruins are to come. A half-day to the north is the site of the Royal City of Meroë. Today, nothing is left of the city, but its necropolis is another story. Spreading across a range of steep sand dunes are the remains of some fifty pyramids dating back to 300 B.C. They are all different sizes and in various states of ruin or restoration. They are more acute than their Egyptian counterparts but were built for the same reason—as burial chambers for kings and nobles. From a distance, the scene looks like a surreal landscape imagined by Salvador Dalí. And we have it completely to ourselves. There are no souvenir stands, no other tourists. Our cushy camp has been set up on the other side of the dunes, but most of us spend several hours exploring the pyramids before heading to the tents. And some of us sneak back at sunrise.

After Meroë, Egypt is a letdown. This is not to say that the temples of Abu Simbel, Philae, Luxor, and Karnak do not inspire wonder. It is just that they, with their crowds and their multilingual guides and their *sons et lumières*, are all seriously in the business of tourism. What moves me most about this leg of our journey is our final flight aboard the Catalina, a three-hour hop up the Nile from Luxor to Cairo. It's a cool, murky morning that matches our collective melancholy. No one says it, but we all know that once we land, the adventure will be over. Wrapped in a blanket, I track the ancient river, the circuit-board villages, the flocks of egrets that look like bursts of confetti. And then, all too soon, come the pyramids and Cairo's urban sprawl and a splashdown in the filthy downtown Nile. And, frankly, I would just as soon be back in the air, back in our wonderful bubble.

flight facts

Trans-Africa by Flying Boat tours are marketed in the U.S. by Mountain Travel; (415) 527-8100. The next departure is set to take off from Victoria Falls on November 24, 1989, and wind up in Cairo on December 20. The price—$13,800 per person—includes virtually everything except international flights to and from Africa. Two-week segments (Victoria Falls–Nairobi or Nairobi–Cairo) cost $8,250. Mountain Travel can also provide details on shorter Catalina/Africa trips being planned for the summer.

To fly to East Africa, British Airways leads the way with daily nonstops to Nairobi from London and frequent service to Harare in Zimbabwe (for Victoria Falls) and Cairo. British Airways made news last year when it totally redesigned its business (Club) class. Now it relaunches First Class with new cabin interiors, new cutlery and china, tray tables that allow passengers to leave their seats during meals, and, on some planes, video libraries and individual video players. See page 328 for details.

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Travel news

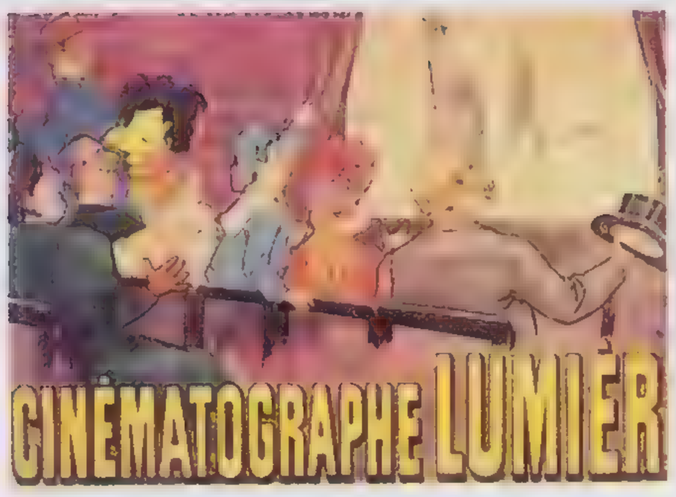
By Richard Alleman

Beyond the outback: the wild, wild west—Aussie style; this is the land of the kookaburra, Matilda waltzing, Dreamtime

dudes down under

Somewhere between Outward Bound and a dude ranch, a new Australian travel company called Back of Beyond has come up with what it feels is an unbeatable formula to soothe the psyches of stressed-out city folk. Stage one of Back of Beyond is a "holiday that hurts": five grueling days of riding, sheepshearing, cattle mustering, boar hunting, kangaroo chasing, and beer drinking at a station in the Australian outback. Stage two is the cushy part: a week of R and R at a smart beach house outside Sydney, complete with pool and "surfing butler." The price for all this agony/ecstasy is $2,550 per person, with airfare to Australia additional. Departures are year-round, although between March and September (Australia's fall and winter), the beach bit moves to the Great Barrier Reef.
For more information, see page 334, or call (212) 947-1131.

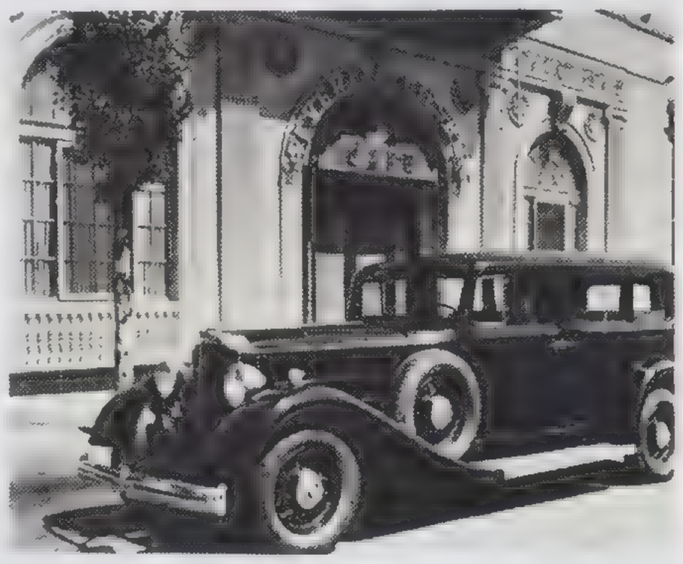
hollywood on the thames



One of the biggest hits of the London season has been the new Museum of the Moving Image. Located near the National Theatre in the South Bank arts complex, MOMI is the world's largest facility devoted to the history, art, and artifice of motion pictures and television. Besides its memorabilia, props, and costumes (including Charlie Chaplin's original tramp ensemble), MOMI has numerous hands-on exhibits plus special galleries focusing on film pioneers, early Hollywood, newsreels, French cinema in the 1930s, animation, and science fiction. To help tell its story, MOMI relies on some seventy video monitors as well as a crew of lively actor/docents. London phone: 928-3535.

grand hotel comeback

After being closed for a two-year, $65 million face-lift, the 1928 original wing of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, in Beverly Hills, has just reopened. Now steered by the prestigious Hong Kong–based Regent International Hotels group, the reborn Regent Beverly Wilshire will be run like the company's fabled Regent Hong Kong, with stewards on each floor to attend instantly and around the clock to guests' needs. Other innovations are beautiful new public rooms, enlarged bedrooms with enormous marble baths that have oversized tubs, separate glass showers, and an embarrassment of soaps, shampoos, lotions, and loofahs. More good news is Regent's planned redo of the hotel's 1971 Beverly Wing.



fantasy trip

If you can spare five weeks and $36,000, Abercrombie & Kent's Royal Air Tour takes off from Los Angeles on October 10. Using a jumbo jet refitted for eighty-eight passengers, this round-the-world extravaganza grew out of an after-dinner game in which A & K honchos Geoffrey and Jorie Butler Kent tried fitting their favorite destinations into one itinerary. Making the final cut: Bora-Bora, Australia, Bali, Hong Kong, China, India, Kenya, Egypt, and Britain. Great hotels, top A & K guides, receptions hosted by prominent locals are also part of the picture. Call (312) 954-2944 for details.

Top: MICHAEL COYNE/The Image Bank; bottom: Bison Archives

"Good Morning, America."

The sun rises first in the U.S. at its easternmost Atlantic point, St. Croix, largest of the beautiful United States Virgin Islands. And when ABC's "Good Morning America telecast live from there, they raved: "A wonderful island"..."Incredible beauty and old world charm"..."Most historic"..."It's quiet, it's serene, it's paradise!"
See your travel agent.

St.Croix

In the American paradise: the United States Virgin Islands.

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joy riding

Women's lack of passion for their cars drives JONI EVANS crazy

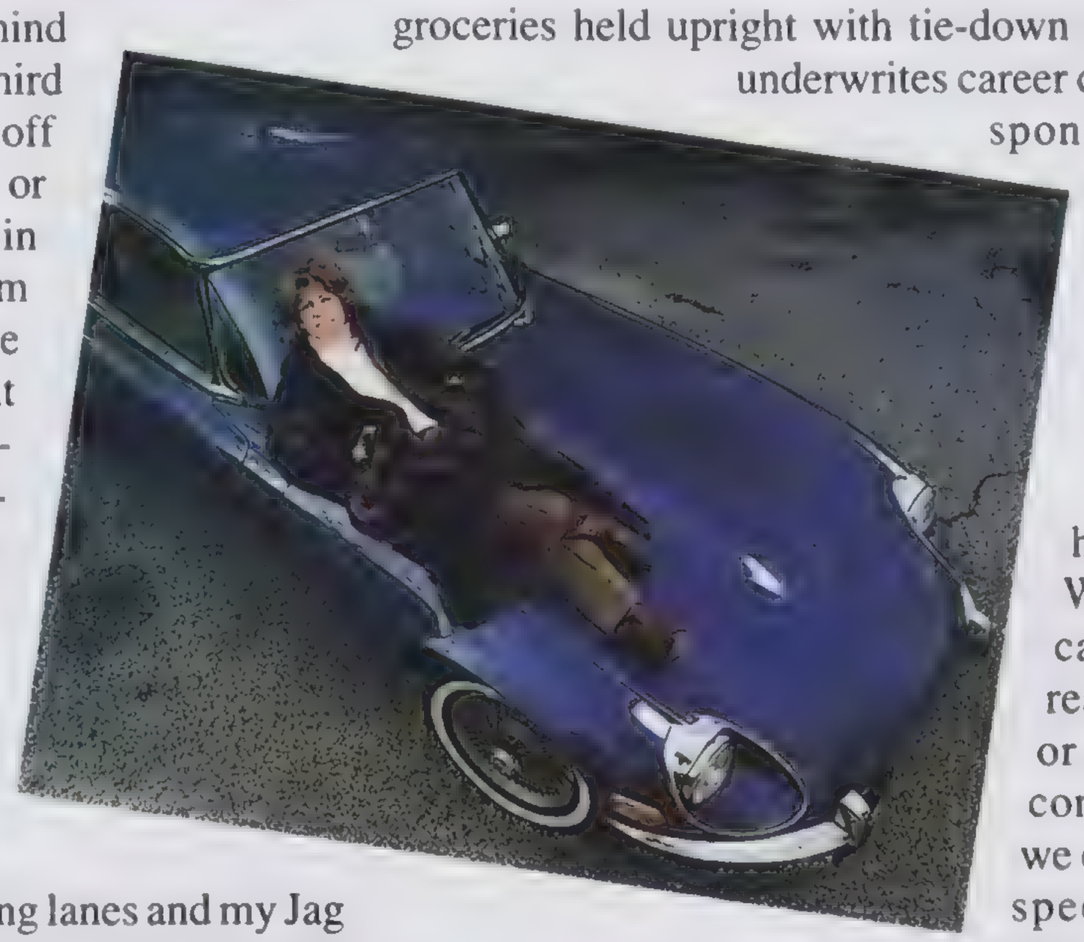
My romance with cars started very early, in the parking lot of Mamaroneck High School in the 1960s. Even then, there was something about my boyfriend's Chevy Impala convertible that did more for me than my boyfriend did.

Today, I own a 1972 Jaguar V-12, and I find myself thinking about it the way I have sometimes thought about a love affair. I don't even mind that it rarely runs, that at least one-third of its thirty-six hoses tend to snap off like garter belts when it hits 50 mph, or that its cooling system overheats in the summer and its wiring system gets frostbite in the winter. Because even when it conks out (and no, it can't be taken peacefully by an ordinary tow truck; its magnificent extra-long front end must be eased onto a flatbed at seventy-five dollars per hour, minimum), it is still a thing of beauty. All is forgiven when it runs at peak performance—when all twelve cylinders are firing in sequence, when all I need to do is *think* about changing lanes and my Jag has already done it, when my foot on my clutch controls one and a half tons of responsive, fast, strong, centered, obedient power . . . well, yes, indeed, it seems I've come to know my car in the biblical sense.

Not many women I know appreciate the *experience* of driving. Maybe it's all too new. The cars of the fifties, sixties, and even the seventies belonged to Daddy, who did not really trust us—or our mothers—to be good drivers. (Why else did the Beach Boys sing, "And she'll have fun, fun, fun, till her daddy takes the T-bird away"?) Boys, for whom pride of ownership was a rite of passage, knew to buy their own cars long before high school graduation. That was normal. For us, buying a car was as rare as buying a mink. Then.

Now, a few decades later, things have changed. Women are the fastest-growing segment in the automobile industry. Today, we account for 35 percent of all cars bought. Jane Hammond, chairwoman of Chevrolet's Women's Marketing Committee, predicts that by 1990 the number will be 50 percent. Even women buyers of luxury cars have been increasing by 10 percent each year.

This new purchasing power has sent the Good Old Good Olds Guys back to school to learn how to sell cars to women. It isn't easy—we ask more questions than men, demand more test drives, look for safety and easy handling over performance and engineering. As early as 1978, Chrysler formed a women's passenger car committee, which has helped increase the company's sales to females from 32 to 45 percent. Ford's Taurus/Sable models feature trunk storage for nineteen bags of groceries held upright with tie-down nets. Chevrolet underwrites career conferences and sponsors women's sporting events with a vengeance that rivals Virginia Slims in the seventies.



Getting to know you: Joni Evans atop her 1972 Jaguar V-12

So the world has changed. Women buy cars. But do we really love them, or are they just a convenience? Do we ever prefer five-speed manuals to our automatics? Do we subscribe to *Road & Track* or *Sports Car Illustrated*? Do we want to trade in our mph's for rpm's? Do we know who Enzo Ferrari was and, if so, did any of us stop to mourn when he died last summer?

No, no, no, no, and no.

Maybe it's because a car represents a far greater percentage of our earnings than men's that makes us cautious rather than passionate. Maybe it's because we took home ec instead of shop that we like reliable more than incredible. Maybe it's because American cars feel safer than European cars in the same way that American men do.

Whatever it is that stops us, it's time to change. If we will be sharing 50 percent of the market, we should have 50 percent of the fun. We must learn to expect engine responsiveness and accurate steering, even if only on our rides to Foodtown. Wouldn't life be sweet if by taking our grocery-laden car onto the open road we found out the true meaning of a good rear suspension system once and for all?

Joni Evans *is the publisher of Random House.*

GEORGE LANGE

A QUICK LESSON IN SUPPLY AND DEMAND.

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BUCKLE UP FOR SAFETY.

Food notes

river brats

BARBARA KAFKA reports on a rare American culinary dynasty

Culinary dynasties with wise old chefs training the next generation are the norm in Europe. In America, one immediately thinks of Alice Waters and her West Coast acolytes, but in New York City there is another benefactor, Buzzy O'Keeffe, owner of The River Cafe at 1 Water Street in Brooklyn. O'Keeffe hires the young and talented, arms them with the best and freshest ingredients, and lets them rip, giving only gentle nudges toward an American point of view.

His first superstar was Larry Forgione, who at twenty-seven put The River Cafe's kitchen on the map. Forgione left to start his successful An American Place in 1983, and is now at a larger location at 2 Park Avenue, which seats 140. Here, he serves an informal lunch with sandwiches, salads, soups, and only about six to eight of the upscale entrées that have made his fame. Hors d' oeuvres are offered in a large bar area between four and seven, and, for the first time, dinner is à la carte, rather than prix fixe.

Even with all the changes, I will be very surprised if you don't see signature dishes like buffalo and three-fish terrine with their own caviars among Forgione's elegant, splendidly evolved presentations of American ingredients.

One of the great culinary events of last year was the opening of Aureole (34 East 61 Street, NYC; 319-1660), whose kitchen is presided over by Charles Palmer, another of O'Keeffe's protégés.

Palmer, who succeeded Forgione as River Cafe's head chef, was even younger—twenty-four—when he took the helm. Although he comes from a farm in upstate New York, he is deeply interested in French food but retains that American emphasis on the natural taste of the major ingredient.

The restaurant, on two floors of a brownstone, is soothingly pale with low reliefs of swans and other fauna, the service is enthusiastic and knowledgeable, and the food (pictured above) is splendid and satisfying—no tiny portions or bland seasonings for Palmer. The relatively short menu changes daily, but you may find Salmon Fillet Sauté with preserved shallots, stewed red lentils, and artichokes, or Pan Roasted Tea Smoked Squab with a balsamic vinegar and foie gras sauce. This is one of the few new-style places that does a terrific job with beef, and the terrines are wonderful. Lunch is à la carte and dinner is a prix fixe $45, a very good value, which, coupled with a reasonable wine list, will make for a gala evening.

Lest you think that Buzzy O'Keeffe is bereft, having lost two wunderkinds, rest assured that his latest young genius, David Burke, is, at twenty-seven, doing great things. Like the others, he got into the business washing dishes and doing odd jobs around kitchens to make extra money before going on to culinary school and making the obligatory pilgrimage to France.

Now Burke is upholding The River Cafe's tradition with original dishes like crabmeat falafels with spiced avocado puree, salmon seared with ginger and crushed pepper with burgundy butter and lotus chips (which don't have much taste but are beautiful on the plate). Side dishes like garlic and sage polenta are wonderful, but the brilliant "finger" pommes soufflés are the real find—tiny hollow potato morsels that were a fortuitous kitchen accident.

Burke creates sculptures on the plate, rather than the usual fussy paintings. His love of height is evidenced by the four-inch-high bittersweet log cabin of chocolate, one of a whole range of chocolate desserts. The River Cafe is still one of the most romantic restaurants in New York and a remarkable breeding ground for American talent.

---

fooling mother nature

If you, like A. A. Milne's king, "only want a little bit of butter for [your] bread," now is the time to enjoy it without guilt. A new product has half the fat and calories of the real stuff, and no odd ingredients. Called Le Slim Cow (well, you can't have everything), it is made by French dairy products manufacturer Saint-Hubert. Amazingly, it tastes good, keeps in the refrigerator for two to three months, and can be frozen. You can bake with it and stir it into mashed potatoes, but you can't heat it up in a skillet or it falls apart.

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Editor: Laurie Schechter

classic lines

Italian master Piero Fornasetti brought a whimsical respect for the past to contemporary design, says PATRICK KINMONTH

1

*I*n the 1920s, in Milan, a young boy pressed his nose to the window of a chic shop behind which reposed a tie of printed silk. The boy went home and—heaven knows how—copied the tie and grew up to become Piero Fornasetti.

Fornasetti, like his compatriot Mariano Fortuny, was a combination of the insatiable detective and the inspired pasticheur, an artist whose homages to the things he loved eventually transcended their models to become entirely his own. If Fortuny's fabrics were part of a romance with Venice's voluptuous heritage, Fornasetti's graphic obsessions were emblematic of his identification with Milan, a city of advertisements and graphics, and the printing press.

Born in 1913, the young Fornasetti tried his best to be conventional and please his father by becoming an accountant, but he could not escape his true nature. Success was not to be handed to him, so to speak, on a plate. At the Brera Academy where Fornasetti went to learn the painter's art, he found his technical curiosity frustrated. He left to teach himself with the help of a fourteenth-century treatise on painting by Cennino Cennini. One by one he cracked the classic skills—the mystery of the lithographer's stone; the engraver's repertoire on wood, copper, and steel; the color cookery of *tempera all'uovo* and fresco. He turned from the most ancient skills to the most modern photographic printing techniques. Such virtuosity made it possible for Fornasetti's real contribution to emerge: the architectural use of graphic designs on three-dimensional objects and his puns on the classic decorative skills of Italian artisans. His furniture combines a confusing ornamental richness with a stark simplicity, becoming a wry critique of how the beauty of things past can enter the present.

He was a combination of the insatiable detective and the inspired pasticheur

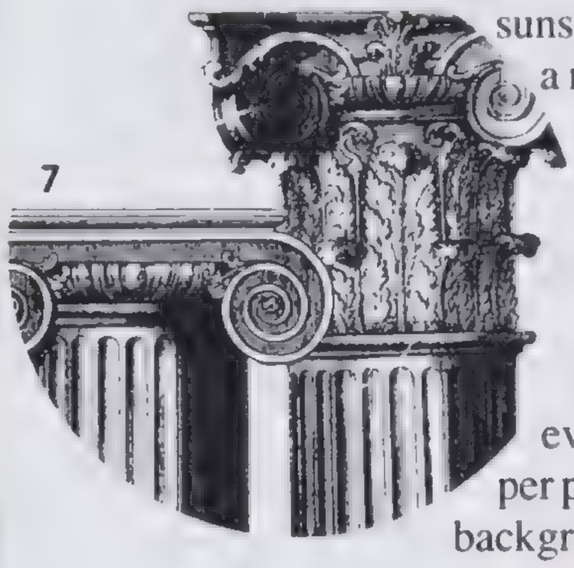
3

1. Piero Fornasetti in classical guise. 2. Secretary he designed with his mentor, Gio Ponti, available from Norton Blumenthal, Inc., New York City. 3. Sunburst saucer from Cozmopole, Los Angeles. 4. Signed umbrella stand from Norton Blumenthal. 5. In a bedroom at his house in Varenna, Italy, a Palladian chest designed in 1948 and antique lyre-backed chairs covered to match the mirror, table, and bedspread. 6. Another bedroom in the Varenna house.

2. MICHAEL BENEBIB. 3. Courtesy Cozmopole. 4. MONICA STEVENSON
5, 6. OBERTO GILI. 8. PIERRE SCHERMAN

form follows fornasetti

Designers now seem to envision the world in bold Fornasetti black and white, adapting his signature graphic emblems to objects refined and ordinary. The English design firm Timney Fowler owes much to Fornasetti's freewheeling inventiveness, and his classical suns and faces were borrowed for a recent Perry Ellis collection. And Gear has given Fornasetti's forms a soft touch, with its sofa upholstered in a fabric printed with the facade of a Neoclassical building. Columns à la Fornasetti even appear on a series of paper plates—providing the perfect background for classic canapés.



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7. Architectural party plates available from Pottery Barn.
8. Runway Fornasetti from Perry Ellis, spring/summer 1988.
9. Architectural sofa by New Country Gear for The Guild Hall.

9

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Living

Art collector Doris Saatchi tells a story of Fornasetti's first brush with fame. He entered a competition with several silk scarves on which were printed the front page of the London *Times*, a cover of a program for La Scala, and other graphic motifs of equal novelty. These attracted a great deal of comment from the judges—particularly since the competition was for the design of a tea set. Gio Ponti, one of the judges, was so taken with the freshness of Fornasetti's eye that he commissioned a china pattern from him. Their collaboration lasted more than thirty years. It was Ponti who designed many of the pure and simple furniture shapes over which Fornasetti's imagination played. "For an object to be useful," Fornasetti once said, "is not enough. Each object should have a kind of poetry. The object's true value lies in its spirit." The spirit of Fornasetti, who died last year, is turning out to be a guiding one for our part of the century, even though he described himself as "the right man at the wrong time." If that was ever the case, the times have certainly caught up with him. The Fornasetti shop in Milan is still going strong, and Themes and Variations in London will present a retrospective of his work in June.

Fornasetti designed the obelisk panel in 1953. The Greek key motif appears throughout his house.

Fornasetti made a most important connection between two opposites: the unchanging quality of the essential (black and white, the circle, the sphere, the cube, the rectangle) and the endless divertissement of ephemera with which we are bombarded. In his country house in Varenna, Italy, near Lake Como, he created a total Fornasetti environment. His own collections included five thousand packs of playing cards, a famous collection of Bohemian glass, and a vast library of decorative books and engravings. From all of this he chose his images and set them dancing over the smooth white surfaces he liked. Themes and variations were his most proper study. And that, after all, is what we all are.

A leopard chest and horse-patterned tiles he created for his country house

OBERTO GILI

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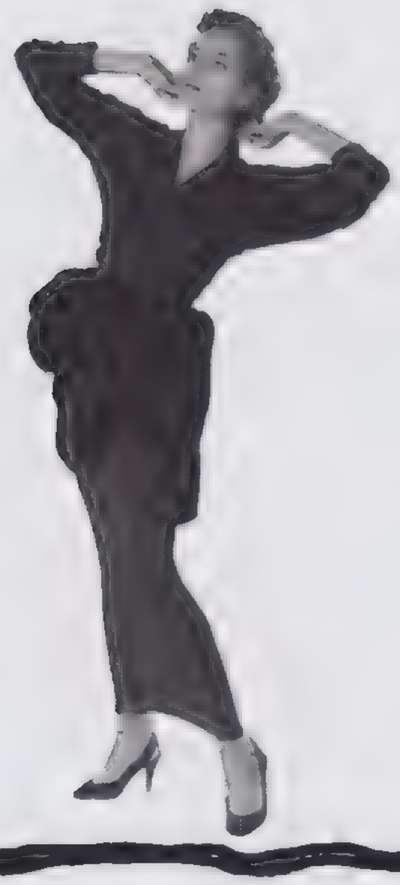

$95. Surplice Top, 36" Full Skirt, 48" Tube

$57. 30" Wedge Sleeve Mock-Turtle, 48" Tube

$90. 50" Sleeveless Dress, 50" Square Sleeve Wrap

$101. 30" Wedge Sleeve Mock-Turtle, 30" Square Sleeve Wrap, 48" Tube, 24" Tube

$72. Long Sleeve Crop Top, Pajama Pant

$83. 24" Tube, 30" Sleeveless Mock-Turtle, Bicycle Pant, Skort

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GAULTIER

Calvin Klein Sport

VOGUE
Point of view

fashion shapes up...

It was bound to happen. With millions of women jogging, jiggling, pumping, and pounding their bodies into shape (and millions more gazing on guiltily, wishing they had the guts, gumption, or get-up-and-go to do it), fashion has finally begun to reflect the national obsession with **a fit body**. Though the infatuation with high-impact sports has waned (as you'll see in this issue, Florence Griffith Joyner may be one of the few women in America still running three miles before breakfast—and that's because she's, well, Flo-Jo), our desire to flaunt that tightened-up, trimmed-in body hasn't. And what better time to show you what we mean than with summer clothes that are by nature smaller, simpler, cooler, less constructed. . . . What you'll also see in this issue: a continuing **emphasis on the leg**—and lots of it. Whether designers cut their skirts short (as they do in their new, less expensive yet wonderfully designed second collections, shown here in a round-the-clock, working girl's wardrobe) or send slits shimmying up to the hips of long skirts at the couture, they clearly state that, this summer at least, legs are the focal point. . . . **Bareness** is the other modern way to reveal the body. Big, chunky sweaters have plummeting V-necklines that cause them to slip casually off the shoulder; swimsuits are cut as low and as intricately as the most refined slips; strapless bandeaux slide under ground-sweeping sarongs and chiffon skirts. Even floor-length white dresses (which we show on actress Uma Thurman) take a sneaky route to revealing skin by way of a change of proportion: if one shoulder is covered, the other is left bare; if legs are hidden, the whole collarbone is exposed. It's as if the designer's eye always seeks a balance between bareness and coverage. . . . A similar kind of thinking prevails in our story about backs. Here, dresses pull on with the ease and have the comfort, the sexiness of bathing suits—as well as the same crisscrossed, tank-suited **athletic styling** in back. These dresses, no doubt, will be the clothing of choice for those who prefer grand exits. . . . And for those who like to give graphic emphasis to a shapely body: stripes. They are the most modern form of ornamentation and can, when combined with stretch, wriggle over and define quadriceps like nothing else.

in the black—

In the movie Working Girl, *expensive, clean-lined style is the ticket to success. In real life, designers offer that same look—at a great price—in their second collections*

LOUNGEWEAR
The primary advantage of a black and white wardrobe: the pieces mix and match. Here, a big cotton sweater—with an enormous V neckline that lets it slip seductively off the shoulders; jeans with a narrow, slit-at-the-hem fifties cut. DKNY sweater, about $115. Saks Fifth Avenue; Gabby, Great Neck NY; Marshall Field's. Jeans by Calvin Klein Sport. About $48. Calvin Klein Store, Dallas. Straw hat by David Salvatore for Head Master. Prada mules. These fourteen pages: hair and makeup by Giorgio for Suga salon, NYC. Details, more stores, last pages.

Fashion Editor: Jenny Capitain
Photographer: Ellen Von Unwerth

and white

SOFTCOVER
The interest in lightweight fabrics—chiffons and mousselines—shows up in menswear suits. This page: A man's-style jacket—in washed silk crepe de chine—with a cotton side-tied skirt, cotton bodysuit. By DKNY. Jacket, about $260; bodysuit, about $27; skirt, about $95. Saks Fifth Avenue; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia; I. Magnin. Opposite: A tailored pantsuit—in a fluid, feather-light material—with a blouson shirt. By Emporio Armani. Suit, about $735; shirt, about $195. Emporio Armani Boutique, NYC. Details, more stores, last pages.

Tailored suits–in soft, weightless fabrics–have a more relaxed look

DOUBLE DUTY
New versions of classic items work overtime—for casual as well as dressed situations. This page: Shot with gray, in a short length, a trench goes over a little evening dress or a tailored suit. Coat, Studio 000.1 by Ferre. About $695. Saks Fifth Avenue; Charles Sumner, Boston; Toby Lerner, Philadelphia. Opposite: In white, and paired with black pants, a twin set is polished enough for the office. By Joan Vass, USA. Cotton knit cardigan, about $126; top, about $80; pull-on pants, about $140. Barneys New York; Dayton's; Joan Vass, Los Angeles. Both pages, Mark Cross agenda book. Details, more stores, last pages.

When etched in urban gray or
black, basics go further

PRINTED MATTER
Whether summer shapes are loose or body-hugging, they invariably reveal yards of bare skin. This page: An oversized rayon shirt that slips on as easily over a bra and shorts as over a pair of black evening pants. Comme des Garçons Shirt by Rei Kawakubo. About $175. Charivari, NYC; Dayton's; Hudson's. Puckered cotton, spandex, and polyester bra by Agnès B. About $46. Agnès B., NYC, Los Angeles. Cotton fleece shorts by Ralph Lauren Active Wear. About $80. Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC and Manhasset NY, Boca Raton FL. Straw porkpie by Makins Hats. Sunglasses by Christian Lacroix. Opposite: A great little summer dress in stretch gingham. Of cotton, viscose, and acetate. By Emporio Armani. About $340. Emporio Armani Boutique, NYC. Details, more stores, last pages.

Graphic patterns put a spin on a shirt, a body-skimming dress

in the black—and white

Two approaches to a maillot: one rugged, one delicate

in the black—and white

THINK TANKS

The headlines this spring are made by swimsuits that look like evening dresses; they have portrait necklines and come in satin or panne velvet. But maillots that are best suited to the pool are still spare and straightforward. This page: Emporio Armani's low-front maillot has a top that resembles a slip. About $110. Emporio Armani Boutique, NYC. Anne Marie Beretta sunglasses. A suntan lotion that hardly reflects a casual attitude to skin care: Elizabeth Arden's Superblock Cream SPF 35. Opposite: DKNY's sleek, athletic-influenced cotton and Lycra swimsuit emblazoned with "DKNY." About $65. Bergdorf Goodman; Nordstrom, San Francisco; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Details, more stores, last pages.

Ornamentation for minimalists: fringe in gold, in lace

in the black—and white

FRINGE AREAS

More minimalism: a shorter dress. This page: A silk chiffon short dress gets "fringed" with lace. From Miss O by Oscar de la Renta. About $540. Elizabeth Arden Salons; Montaldo's; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Opposite: A short haircut by Giorgio of Suga salon in New York City. It's "mannish in the back, layered on the front and sides to look choppy," he says. "It sharpens the jawline." Here, the hair gets spiked with L'Oréal's Studio Styling Creme for a fringy look. The rest of the fringe story: a 14-karat gold-filled bracelet by Jessica Rose. About $1,200. Artwear, NYC. Starfish earrings by Jay Feinberg. Yacht courtesy of Great Bay Charter and Travel, Miami. Details, more stores, last pages.

in the black—and white

Ideal summer dressing: clothes that don't require accessorizing

CLEAN-CUT
In summer, more than at any other time, women want clothes that don't need pulling together. This page: As easy as dressing gets—a long cotton jersey dress. By Calvin Klein Sport. About $48. Bloomingdale's; Calvin Klein Store, Dallas; Nordstrom, San Francisco. Opposite: A strapless jumpsuit with a smocked bustier top. From Emporio Armani. About $435. Emporio Armani Boutique, NYC. Most of "In the black—and white" was photographed at The Colony Club Hotel, Palm Beach, Florida. Transportation, Eastern Airlines. Details, more stores, last pages.

the paris revue

Even though Parisians may be gearing up for the two hundredth celebration of the rise and fall of the guillotine, the couture proves that the French haven't lost their taste for the royal treatment. As always, even designers with a minimalist bent manage to summon up the most lush and lavish for their favorite front-row customers....And there's news aplenty for spring. Designers from Karl Lagerfeld at Chanel to Marc Bohan at Dior pay tribute to the most glamorous ladies of the past with references to Josephine Baker and her twenties-style pearls (they are everywhere), and to the delicately draped and bejeweled thirties "cruise" dresses worn by Nancy Cunard (Lagerfeld dedicated the collection to her). Emanuel Ungaro takes remembrance of things past a bit over the top with brazenly tongue-in-cheek references to Marie Antoinette herself. Eighteenth-century courtiers' jackets with high collars and leg-of-mutton sleeves are richly printed and buttoned up over simple, modern short dresses; his bride wears a floor-length petticoated dress, a headpiece sprouting everything but birds. Throughout the couture, there is an offbeat color palette swiped from Gauguin....When designers are not reminiscing about the past, they are pressing ahead to the nineties. Strapless maillots slip under sarong skirts; clean-lined dresses carry the minimum: one flounce. Sheer chiffon grazes the body; shoulder pads soften up. As always, Yves Saint Laurent tops everyone, conjuring forth yet another round of new classics....Although skirt length is no longer an issue, proportion is. Karl Lagerfeld pairs long, pleated daytime skirts with perfect, elegant flats. Said one well-known Lady Who Lunches to a friend at the show: "They'll look so much better with heels."... Just the thought is enough to make one quake in one's Roger Vivier boots.

This spring, Paris is full of twenties-style pearls, draped chiffon, shades of Gauguin

EVENING STARS

Designers have a passion for pearls—and show them worn by the pound. This page: Chanel's pearly downpour—a silk georgette dress strapped and crisscrossed with pearls, plus more pearls as jewelry. Makeup that picks up the glow of pearls: Chanel's Teint Naturel Liquid Makeup in Golden Beige. These twelve pages: hair by Julien d'Is, Paris; makeup by Stéphane Marais for L'Agence Bruno, Paris. Details, last pages.

Fashion Editor:
Grace Coddington
Photographer:
Peter Lindbergh

Airy, transparent fabrics (the most obvious favorite: silk chiffon) swept through all of Paris, taking on unusual South Sea colors

THE CHIFFONS

Yves Saint Laurent chooses a bitter, Gauguin green silk chiffon for his bustier dress, opposite page. It has a low-draped bodice, a couldn't-go-much-higher slit up the side (one of YSL's signatures this season). His touch of whimsy: a Superman-style cape. This page: A draped, narrow dress in papaya-colored silk chiffon. It has a loosely gathered peplum layered over an almost transparent ankle-length skirt. The jewels: overscaled rhinestone pins and a cuff. All by Chanel. Details, last pages.

Yves Saint Laurent does it again: he

NEOCLASSICAL STYLE

Always celebrated for his tailoring, Yves Saint Laurent tops off his collection with a set of masterful suit looks. Far left: A curvy, double-buttoned linen coatdress. The mother-of-pearl buttons and earrings are one of Saint Laurent's accessory themes. Center: Tailoring softened with silk chiffon—a transparent blouse under a linen jacket, matched with a slit-way-up-the-side skirt. This page: A lightweight wool grain de poudre suit with a hit of color—sunflower cuff links inspired by Van Gogh. Details, last pages.

Paris tosses bouquets all through the collections. The dazzling floral prints: blooming chrysanthemums, lilacs, tulips

IN FULL BLOOM

Emanuel Ungaro's into-the-garden print, this page. A silk taffeta dress with soft shoulders, a narrow waist, and a full skirt. The surprising twist: transparent silk chiffon pants. Opposite, left to right: An asymmetrical silk satin jacket with a jeweled lapel, high-waisted silk crepe pants; a brocade jacket worn over a matching skirt; a tulip-printed silk satin coat over a silk dress. All by Emanuel Ungaro. Details, last pages.

paris couture

SARONG STORY

Yves Saint Laurent combines the sarong and scarf themes, opposite page. His version is a hip-hugging floral skirt, dramatically sashed with a knee-length scarf and topped by a bandeau. All, in silk. This page: Christian Lacroix takes a playful gamble, casting a striped spandex sportswear bodysuit in an evening role. With it, a pareu of hand-painted silk crepe. Details, last pages.

Credit Gauguin for influencing this season's sarong. It's wrapped and tied around the body, continuing the emphasis on scarf dressing

THE LOWDOWN

The message at the couture: sleek, clean, sometimes embellished. Valentino pushes the neckline to a new low, this page, in his minimal silk chiffon dress with a plunging décolletage. Hair goes equally sleek, short, lightly controlled with Clairol Condition Maximum Hold Styling Gel. Opposite page: Emanuel Ungaro's simple style—a silk crepe halter dress decorated with embroidered rhinestones on the front. Details, last pages.

antechamber in front of his favorite statue, a bronze commissioned by Catherine the Great in 1774. This page, The baldachin of Lagerfeld's Louis XV bed is an extravaganza of hand-woven brocade, ostrich plumes, and bird of paradise feathers.

royalist leanings

Surrounded by the grandeur of Louis XV or the frenzy of the couture, Karl Lagerfeld remains a man in full command, reports **Georgina Howell**

At 10:30 on a Monday morning, the day before the Chanel couture show, five flights above the rue Cambon, on the atelier floor of Chanel, waves of laughter and talk indicate the presence of Karl Lagerfeld to supervise the final fittings. Behind a door marked MADEMOISELLE Privé—ghost of Coco!—one of the world's richest and most prolific couturiers sits at the center of his court. Princess Caroline of Monaco is on his right and Chanel chairman of the board Alain Wertheimer is on his left.

The room is in a frenzy of activity, awash with trays of buttons and jewels, piles of hats, and regiments of shoes. Some twenty-five members of the staff are continually turning to Karl Lagerfeld or his right-hand man, Gilles Dufour, who pushes his spectacles up his nose and says apologetically, "Toujours party! It's no temple here."

Behind his enigmatic sunglasses and emblematic ponytail, the designer is in mid-exposition. If all his brusque pronouncements could be collected in a book, there would be nothing left to say about clothes.

"Good taste is like a red light. Everything stops dead!" he raps out. "There's a last-minute element in fashion you can't predict. Look at Ines. Couture head, flea-market body!"

His muse, Ines de la Fressange, looks up with a smile. The flea-market body, today, wears her current street uniform of a red velvet Chanel jacket, gaudy as a Christmas tree with chains and glitter. Otherwise, she's wearing only orange wool tights.

"Ça suffit!" he calls suddenly, and a handful of chains are removed from the neck of a navy chiffon dress paraded before his table. "The aim is to simplify without depriving!" He indicates a small bow and white camellia instead, leans back, and warbles the refrain "...always something there to remind me."

There is nothing the inheritor of the Chanel mantle doesn't understand about parody and inversion. He only accepted Coco's empire the second time it was offered, after Alain Wertheimer tracked him to London at the end of 1982 and trapped him into a long talk one Saturday morning.

Karl Lagerfeld puts out a hand to the bespectacled young president next to him. "I told him what I proposed to do would make people furious and take years." What he did was thumb his nose at the Chanel legacy, sending it up with micro skirts, clanking chains, and camellias dripping from hems.

"I knew he was the one," explains Wertheimer, carefully. "People had tried before to revive Chanel with respect. But you can't stand still, in fashion or in business." He accepted the controversial stipulation that the German couturier would never be an in-house designer, and backed his offer with the kind of money that would keep the house going through the longest possible rough ride.

"Lacroix?" says Karl Lagerfeld, with a twist of the lips. "That's pocket money!"

Chanel today is all understated perfection. This year the girls are olive skinned, hardly grown, and crop-headed. "Argentinian high-society look," he explains to Princess Caroline. "Like very well brought up boys. Sexless. Divine, no?"

Princess Caroline, glowing with winter sunshine, stretches her long tanned legs and laughs, shaking glossy brown hair off the shoulders of a strict little brown suit. "Always the puritan!" she exclaims. "He says I look best like a governess, my hair pinned back sternly. He only really likes me in the black dress I had last year, with tightly closed white collar and long buttoned sleeves."

Suddenly Lagerfeld barks out, "Pas comme ça! Too naive, too dramatic!"

He rises and circles the table to remove a cartwheel of camellias and replace it with a plain navy scarf tied at the nape. Victoire de Castellane, the newest addition to the inner circle and Gilles Dufour's niece, steps forward hurriedly and takes a Polaroid.

Princess Caroline first met Lagerfeld when she was sixteen and being photographed in his Saint Sulpice apartment. "He's unique as a friend. He keeps you on your toes! He sends a catalog, and you must rush and see the exhibition. His friends are continually ransacking the country to find something unusual he doesn't already know about."

At fifty, Lagerfeld is the creative force behind three fashion empires: Chanel, Fendi furs, and his own two signature collections. He understands fashion as a historian—"Dresses are only interesting as part of everything else that's going on"—and he runs his empires like Napoleon. For Chanel, he designs the hats and shoes and jewels, designs and photographs the advertising campaign and the show program, and even writes the poem for the frontispiece, a new couture fad.

Lagerfeld's annual income is probably in excess of four million dollars, and his kingdom rolls out its frontiers further each year. In addition to the apartment on the Left Bank, he lives in a cream wedding-cake villa deep in pine trees at the edge of Monaco's turquoise sea: he is a tax-free resident with two more apartments in Monte Carlo for an overflow of visitors. He is also restoring a château in Brittany, whose reconstructed formal gardens have just been planted with 700 old French roses. In Rome he occupies a classical stone house next to an ancient convent, full of the sound of bells. The recent addition of La Mée, a historic house near Melun, causes his old friend the florist and gardener Moulié Savart to scratch his head in bewilderment. "It's like Fontainebleau!" he says. "He bought it but he never goes there. How could he? He hasn't the time."

Since Lagerfeld scattered his Art Deco collection to the four winds,

"Good taste is like a red light. Everything stops dead!"

along with his beard and monocle, and abandoned the Vienna Secession style, all these houses have been filled with eighteenth-century masterworks. He has furniture by Cressent, Delanois, and Foliot, paintings by Nattier, Boucher, and Rigaud. When the contingent from the Louvre spot him across the salerooms of Drouot, they draw their fingers across their throats and go back home.

Like royalty, he displays a kind of consideration that hardly belongs to the 1980s. In case he should disturb your bath or reading, a call comes through during office hours: "Will it be convenient for M. Lagerfeld to ring you tomorrow at 6 P.M.?"

Seated again, he rummages in a bag at his feet and brings out one of his scrapbooks to show wallpaper samples for La Mée. These weighty drawing books, crammed with Polaroids of friends, telephone numbers, and pictures torn from magazines, illustrate the way his whole life has become a collage of creative expression in decoration, design, historical research, and social interaction. Now he's sketching the seating plan for his birthday dinner for Princess Caroline tomorrow.

"Stress?" he barks, as if he has never heard the word. "Don't name it and you won't get it. You can say I'm a professional dilettante. What I enjoy about the job is the job. I recharge my batteries by doing the next job. I *burn* to work. It's my drama!"

The next afternoon, an hour before his show, Karl Lagerfeld eats hamburgers and fries and drinks Coca Cola at a hidden table in the Plaza Athénée, observing with interest the progress of the prostitutes along the inner promenade.

"The quality of the hair is something else, no?"

Chivvied by Gilles Dufour, he returns backstage at the Champs-Elysées Theatre at three, pausing only to sneer at a Valentino suit in a hotel showcase. "It's not even funny."

With the murmur of the audience on the other side of the screens becoming ever louder, there are seventeen outfits yet to arrive. Dufour, harassed, patrols

Seasonal seating: *A detail from a set of giltwood Louis XV chairs and sofa signed by Bara and covered in Aubusson fabric depicting the bounty of the four seasons.*

"Anything dusty, dirty, musty—
forget about it here. I like
my eighteenth century fresh"

Period settings: *In the gallery, Louis XV chairs covered in scarlet surround the table draped with a Venetian lace tablecloth. The painting of a scene from the life of Christ once hung in Marie de Medici's private chapel. Opposite, Louis XV vermeil flatware and crystal, linen napkins and Meissen china await the attention of Lagerfeld's staff.*

royalist leanings

the clothes racks with a furrowed brow, looking at his watch. He gets his hair combed and sprayed by one of the hairdressers, then can be seen brushing it out again in a corner.

Lagerfeld, arm in arm with his old friends Jacques de Bascher and Patrick Hourcade, stops to chat with Salo Paquito, the Spanish tailor, and with Colette, the dressmaker, both apprentices in the couture since they were fifteen. Brahim, his personal secretary and driver, comes and goes with Aubusson carpets from the château and packages from the house.

The show should have started, yet the couturier remains completely relaxed. He gives brief television interviews in three languages, then settles down to discuss his childhood.

"A half hour before the show!" breathes Ines. "You would not see this anywhere else!"

Brought up in a bleak castle outside Hamburg, the son of a canned-milk manufacturer, the child compensated for his isolation by reading his way through his father's library—"Thank God, a good one." His mother, a Thomas Mann heroine dressed in Lanvin, requested nothing from her children but that they remain completely quiet during her three-hour daily violin practice. "If I started to tell a story, she would get up and leave the room," he says. "I learned to reach the punch line before she reached the door." A tyrant in lederhosen, the ten-year-old roamed the house looting pieces of furniture and paintings for his room.

Suddenly, the drivers arrive. Two racks of clothes are rushed into the dressing room. Transformation! Gilles Dufour shouts, "Premiers passages, s'il vous plaît," and everyone runs. Lagerfeld takes charge of the wedding bouquet and warns the models, "Tranquille." He has absolutely no interest in nerves. Today he has already written seventeen letters, bought three chairs by André Dubreuil, been to the hairdresser, and bathed and changed at home. He wears a roomy Matsuda jacket, a white shirt with a printed collar, a gold stickpin in his tie. Just as soon as he can make his way through the crowds after the show he will be on his way with Brahim to see an exhibition of pre-war ballet design at Boulogne-Billancourt. By seven he *(Continues, page 454)*

"I admit this is a very selfish house for one person"

Small scale and grand scale: *The designer's 18th-century bed is signed by Sené. Lagerfeld created its theatrical baldachin. The first tier of the 18th-century nightstand is inlayed with Sèvres porcelain. The stucco statue of Madame du Barry is by Augustin Pajou. Opposite: The designer's collection of antique stickpins.*

Fit for a king: *The blue salon is furnished in Louis XV pieces covered with brocade silk velour. The bed, a [illegible] bought, was recreated from period documents. The paintings flanking the fireplace are by Jacques de La Joue. The Aubusson rug from Versailles belonged to Louis XV.*

royalist leanings

petit

As a child I wanted a French eighteenth-century house, arranged exactly as people lived then,'' says Karl Lagerfeld as he moves at whirling-dervish speed toward his portable dining table. His one-man lunch of grilled sardines, French green beans, and pink grapefruit is a six-minute feast, served on Meissen. And while that may be the porcelain-of-the-moment, for Lagerfeld, eighteenth-century china, crystal, and linens are integral to his Louis XV mantra.

''There is nothing Formica here. I have to cope with all this, as there is nothing else.'' ''All this'' means nine rooms (plus his archives) on Paris's Left Bank, in an apartment with its original eighteenth-century paneling and a collection of museum-quality furniture so vast it requires the use of the guest wing for storage. The entire place (and Lagerfeld's mental condition) might best be described as a Versailles complex.

Every piece, every surface, every detail of decor is authenticated. French Vogue editor (and champion figure skater) Patrick Hourcade serves as Lagerfeld's curator and knows the origin of each Versailles royal rug, and even the name of the designer of the gilt frames in which the huge royal commissions hang.

Such attention to detail does not come easy. Many of the textiles, including the cheerful yellow and silver brocade in the bedroom, were woven by hand in Lyons and took up to two years to make. The bed, with its baldachin crowned in ostrich plumes and bird of paradise feathers, is an exact duplicate of beds in Versailles, required eight artisans to build, and cost half a million dollars. The blue velvet room was inspired by an eighteenth-century gold box with painted porcelain medallions of the rooms of the duc de Choiseul.

''The daily ritual of any house of fashion in the eighteenth century was more casual than you think. One often ate in the antechamber, my favorite place to have a late morning meal.'' And the term dining room doesn't apply to the gallery, where Lagerfeld can serve dinner to his friends at a table spread with Régence vermeil flatwear, watched over by two monumental scenes from the life of Christ that once hung in the private chapel of Marie de Medici.

If Lagerfeld has gone over the top in his decor, he has returned to simplicity in his personal style. His hourglass-shaped, custom-made suits from Caracini have been banished to inaccessible reaches near the ceiling of his closet. He now wears off-the-rack Japanese suits and shirts. Close at hand hang seven white Matsuda shirts, seven dark Comme des Garçons suits, and an equal number of shirts and suits by Yohji Yamamoto.

''I admit this is a very selfish house for one person,'' says Lagerfeld. ''But I do not consider this decor, or a designer's look. This is my idea of casual.'' Then he adds, ''Anything dusty, dirty, musty—forget about it here. I like my eighteenth century fresh.''

palais

royalist leanings

André Leon Talley investigates the designer's intense Versailles complex

Organized inspirations: *Goyard jacquard luggage, opposite, is stacked to the ceiling in his archives. Above: Scrapbooks reveal a reproduction of Man Ray's photo of Nancy Cunard, which inspired the African-style jewelry in Lagerfeld's spring collection. Right: An 18th-century screen rests behind the armchair where the designer listens to his compact discs.*

A step ahead: *The designer on the run, top, outside his Paris apartment. Above: In his bathroom, Lagerfeld stores his cologne in a crystal and vermeil Baccarat urn from Caron in Paris. The bottled fragrances include several of his own and classics by Chanel.*

Top right: DAVID BAILEY, courtesy British Vogue.

pure white

It's not how much one bares, but how one does it. Here, in white—actress Uma Thurman

EXPOSÉS

Clothes that are long, covered, and cut out in unexpected ways can be just as sensual as those that are short and body-baring. This page: Michael Kors cuts the shoulder off a matte rayon jersey wedding dress and slits the skirt thigh-high. "Blatantly sexy is fine," he says, "but there's something more appealing about something sneaky." About $1,000. Bergdorf Goodman. Bangles by Cara Croninger. Opposite: As revealing as a swimsuit—Yorke & Cole's silk dress. About $425. Bagutta, NYC; Blake, Chicago; Madeleine Gallay, West Hollywood CA. These six pages: hair, Didier Malige for Jean Louis David; makeup, Mary Greenwell. Details, more stores, last pages.

Fashion Editor:
Elizabeth Saltzman
Photographer:
Patrick Demarchelier

perfectly natural

Uma Thurman shows off today's new makeup

Nobody could beat America when it came to makeup back in the fifties and sixties. Finally absolved of its dubious reputation, makeup soared in popularity, and from every major cosmetics house came a deluge of larger-than-life colors.

Today, the emphasis is on skin-care products, and sales are almost double those of makeup. (Last year, $2.7 billion was spent on skin care; $1.6 billion on makeup.) As Arline Friedman, merchandising vice president of Bloomingdale's, notes, now makeup also often suggests a skin-care benefit. What happened?

In the early seventies, with a massive move into the labor force, women began to develop more confidence in their personal style. They began to appreciate natural makeup and lighter textures. They learned application techniques with new tools.

In the eighties, when MTV visualized music in a totally different way, cosmetic colors went through a hot, bold spell, but by 1985, what had been described as the "Post New Wave makeup movement" was out cold. Now, the natural look is bigger news than ever, with foundations and powders that improve "naturally" on nature. Among the best: Moisturizing Foundation from the first Givenchy cosmetic line, Maquivelours Liquid Makeup by Lancôme, Soft Focus Powder by I.S., and, a trend, Prescriptives' Custom-Blended Powders.

Today, makeup artist Kevyn Aucoin uses as much makeup as ever to achieve a look of no makeup at all, but it's so light in texture, skin never needs to look covered, hidden. —**SHIRLEY LORD**

SHIRT TALES
Leaving options open: buttons and snaps provide variable exposure. This page: To throw over almost anything casual—a cotton drawstring windbreaker. By Ronaldus Shamask. About $335. Bloomingdale's; Ruth Kishline's Country Clothes, Evansville IN; Roz & Sherm, Birmingham MI. Silk chiffon pants by Luciano Soprani. About $335. Fred Hayman, Beverly Hills. Opposite: A white rayon button-down shirt is transformed into a dress by dropping the tail to the toes. By Ozbek. About $655. Carol Rollo/ Riding High, NYC; Alan Bilzerian, Boston; The Gazebo, Dallas. Details, more stores, last pages.

venus rising

In *The Adventures of Baron Munchausen*, Terry Gilliam's new fantasy-adventure film, Uma Thurman plays the goddess Venus, and she is not miscast. While other teenage actresses pay their dues in the purgatory of adolescent sex comedies, Thurman, with her statuesque bearing and Pre-Raphaelite beauty, has been able to comfortably fit more classical roles. Her best work to date was in *Dangerous Liaisons*, where she plays Cécile, the fifteen-year-old virgin ravished by the predatory Valmont. Restrained yet knowing, her performance richly bridges naïveté and worldliness. "What interested me about Cécile was that she becomes corrupted without losing innocence," Thurman explains. "A ruined woman in those days was a natural woman."

Now eighteen, Uma is a naturally independent young woman. The daughter of a professor of Asian religion and a Swedish-born psychotherapist, she grew up in various northeastern college towns and, for two years, in India. The constant moving and a liberal upbringing taught her self-reliance at an early age. At fifteen, she moved to New York City, working briefly—and successfully—as a model while pursuing an acting career. She continues to favor the city, she says, because it enables her to go about observing others instead of merely being observed by them. Nevertheless, her personal style, which could be described as Left Bank Baroque, seems determined to make this an unequal exchange. "I'm trying to get away from black," she laughs, indicating her maroon tights, Edwardian jacket, and marigold cravat. "Anyway, people have always stared at me, because I'm big, strange-shaped, and a bit of a sore thumb. It's only now that they stare because the sore thumb is recognizable as someone they've seen on the screen."

STRONG POINTS

You can never have too much of a good thing: here, a cardigan sweater is elongated, a pointy collar is exaggerated. This page: Behind the seams of this fitted cotton piqué vest lurks an open back. By Karl Lagerfeld. About $595. Bloomingdale's; Saks Jandel; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia. Worn with linen and Lycra pants by Pepito Albert. About $215. Untitled, NYC; L'Animale, Englewood NJ; Alan Price, Pittsburgh. Bracelet, Maria Snyder. Opposite: "Any accessory fights with it," says Isaac Mizrahi of his heavy silk crepe cardigan dress, "except maybe an ankle bracelet if you're entertaining at home." Saks Fifth Avenue. Details, more stores, last pages.

pearl crazy

Unwitting fashion plate Barbara Bush has created pearl pandemonium. Rachel Urquhart investigates

The pearl, romantically characterized by one expert as "the result of a morbid condition of the mollusc," has an impressive pedigree of mythological origins—lightning, tears, dragons, dew, rain, sand, and worms—and real-life associations: Elizabeth I, Empress Eugénie, and now . . . Barbara Bush. No matter where she goes—to homeless shelters or inaugural balls—signature strands of costume pearls collar the First Lady in appropriately understated patrician style. They are to Mrs. Bush what bangs were to Mamie Eisenhower and what the pillbox hat was to a young Jacqueline Kennedy. They are also not something she likes to discuss. "It's not her style to talk about her clothes," says a spokesperson well-versed in the Bush knack for making a statement by not making statements. "Pearls just don't loom very large on her horizon."

A spot check of other notable horizons, however, reveals Mrs. Bush's indifference to be the exception, not the rule. "The great status necklace right now seems to be a wonderful strand of pearls," says Kenneth Jay Lane, who makes the $150 glass pearl choker that Mrs. Bush is most of-

PEARLY GREATS

1. Knit one, pearls three: Marvella's triple strand on cashmere. Cartier watch. 2. Pearl pileup in the classic style. 3. Jackie Onassis's pearly whites. 4. Mother of pearls: Barbara Bush. 5. Pearl power from the couture: Chanel's silk crepe gown with waist and shoulder brooches. 6. Azzedine Alaïa's bra top, skirt. Details, stores, last pages.

ELLEN BURNIE

1, 2: Hair and makeup: Sandra Bocas for the Benjamin Salon. 6: Hair, Julien d'Is, Paris; makeup, Stéphane Marais for L'Agence Bruno, Paris. Details, last pages.

PETER LINDBERGH

The passion for

ten seen in. "They're like instant breeding. They're wholesome. They're alluring. You can't go wrong with them."

So despite Mrs. Bush's reticence in discussing her appearance, she has become the very thing her East Coast reserve abhors—a trendsetter. The telltale signs are there: not only are women marching into beauty salons and demanding Barbara Bush Hair, but, as Jane Tuma, director for shoes and accessories at Saks Fifth Avenue, says, "It's an avalanche. Customers are all asking for pearls like Mrs. Bush's. It's amazing that one person can create such a demand."

Add to all this the influence of Princess Diana's seven-strand dog collars and Kelly Klein's pearls, nabbed by Calvin from the sale of the duchess of Windsor's jewels, and you've got yourself a pearl epidemic, even among young women who used to shun them as grandmotherly and conservative. The spring and summer collections are dripping with pearls as well. At Chanel, ecru chiffon dresses have shimmering seed-pearl bodices, straps, trim, and tassels; Christian Lacroix runs large pearls along the top of fifties-inspired gold-framed sunglasses; there is even a pearl version of the classic Chanel watch in the works. And at Sotheby's Magnificent Jewelry auction April 12 and 13, a cultured pearl necklace/bracelet combination with matching clip earrings is expected to fetch up to a million dollars.

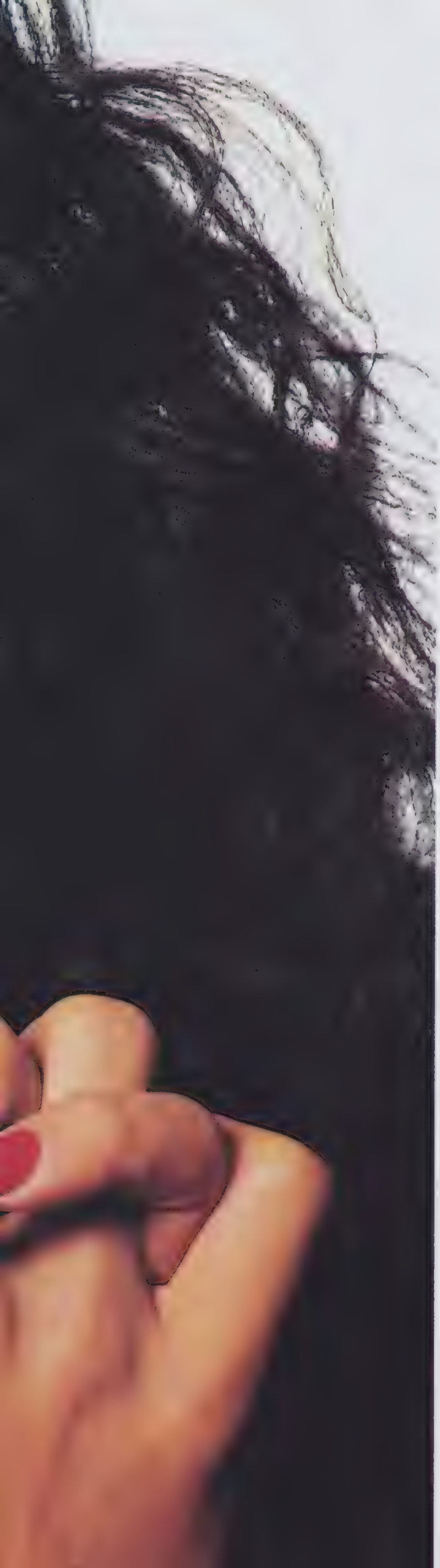
Luckily, the best way to keep real pearls looking good is to wear them. (It's rumored that Cartier employed pearl "wet nurses" to sit in the vaults and wear the store's strands—body oil is said to keep them fresh.) But if Mrs. Bush ever feels that wearing hers is too much of a national distraction, she can follow the example of other leading ladies and dispose of them: Cleopatra achieved the impossible by dissolving a valuable pearl in wine (OK, it was to prove her love to Marc Antony), and Elizabeth Taylor almost lost her famous pearl, La Peregrina, to her dog's teeth.

PEARLY SIGHTS

1. Fred Leighton's tasseled, multistrand rope. 2. Pearls before Klein: the duchess of Windsor's pearls, as worn by new owner Kelly Klein. 3. Quantity and quality: two eight-strand chokers, one by M + J Savitt, one by Chanel. 4. Blaine Trump's classic approach. 5. Christian Lacroix ropes them in. 6. Size counts at Givenchy. 7. A string of black pearls at Chanel. 8. The seven strands that shook the world—Princess Diana's signature collar. 9. At arm's length: pearl bracelets. Details, stores, last pages.

pearls has reached epidemic proportions

1, 3, 9: Hair and makeup: Sandra Bocas for the Benjamin Salon. Details, last pages.



go with the flo

Never in the history of women's sports has an Olympic athlete had the winning style of Florence Griffith Joyner. **Stephanie Mansfield** catches up with Flo-Jo as she races to new world records

She streaked across our television screens in fuchsia and lime, all hair and lips and eyes with those Fu Manchu nails; you would swear you were watching a Solid Gold dancer, not the winner of three gold medals in last summer's Olympic games.

She is Flo-Jo, the fastest, flashiest Seoul sister ever to come out of the starting block. She can outrun O. J. Simpson, do three thousand sit-ups at a time, as well as partial squats holding 320 pounds, all without disturbing her ladylike pearl stud earrings, and still find time to stencil tiny palm trees and sparkling things on her fingernails. Blessed with speed and style and defiant sexuality, Florence Griffith Joyner has broken down the barrier between vanity and athletic prowess and is living proof that one needn't cancel out the other.

"You can sweat and still look nice doing it," says Griffith Joyner, taking time out from packing for a trip to Europe to talk about her eccentric fashion sense on the track and field, an arena where she sprints into home-

THE FASTEST WOMAN ON EARTH Florence Griffith Joyner not only tried every sport as a child...but "tried very hard not to look like a boy"—the thinking behind her glamour-girl looks and long spangled nails. So why isn't this million-dollar face smiling? "When I smile, I let down a couple of hundredths of a second," she says.

Fashion Editor: André Leon Talley Photographer: Penn

stretch in a grape spandex one-legger under patterned bikini bottoms, her lips glossed a high raspberry sheen. "I love bright colors," she says. "There's a lot of energy there. The color fires me up."

At twenty-nine, Griffith Joyner is disciplined and direct, with a girlish laugh and a voice currently undergoing diction lessons, the promise of lucrative film and TV offers looming in her future. (There are also acting and dialogue coaches.) Her hair is often a massive tangle of black curls, her nails are expertly polished, her huge brown eyes peer out from spidery lashes, and her skin is cocoa-butter smooth. On her left hand is a diamond ring on which Brian Boitano could do figure eights. And those legs! She has thigh muscles to rival the best in the NFL, and arms like two pump-action carbines. G.I. Flo.

As a child, growing up in the projects of Los Angeles, Griffith Joyner liked to wear hair ribbons and play dress-up. Appearance was always important. Her mother insisted her hair be combed, her face washed, her clothes pressed. She also became devoted to a succession of Barbie dolls. "We don't just play with those dolls," she reflects. "They have something to do with how we feel about life and how we look at other women." Young Dee Dee, as her family called her, escaped the pain of poverty with a fantasy world of beauty and cosmetics. "I remember doing a lot of dolls' hair. I destroyed a lot of dolls putting my mom's hot curlers on them. I burned up so many of them."

It comes as no surprise that her grandmother, Gertrude Scott, at eighty-four still works as a beautician. Her mother, Florence, a seamstress, was also a major influence. "My mother always wanted me to be different. She made all my dresses as a young girl." She taught her daughter "to be unique" and encouraged her to invent her own style. "I always tried to create a different pattern. Something no one else had. To be a great designer, that was one of my dreams."

Griffith Joyner—who now can afford Valentino and Balenciaga—remembers shopping trips as a young girl.

"I would say, 'Mom, I want to get some shoes like my friend or a dress like that,' and my mother would always say, 'Don't you want something different?' " Griffith Joyner laughs. "She'd say, 'It's easy to look alike; but when you look different, that's special.' I guess I've always been into something more special."

She is the fastest, flashiest Seoul sister ever to come out of the starting block. She can outrun O.J. Simpson and do three thousand sit-ups

Griffith Joyner discovered running at the age of seven. "I never liked the outfits they wanted us to wear: T-shirts and shorts. The T-shirt was cute, but I'd roll up the sleeves or tie up the front, just to do *something different*."

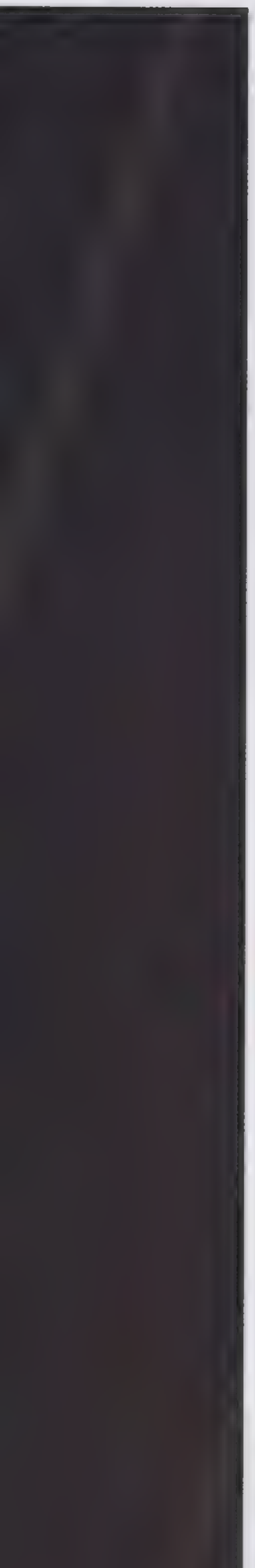
Off the track, Griffith Joyner's personal style was just as different. She'd go to the mall with her pet boa constrictor wrapped around her neck, muffler-style. "They used to laugh at me. I'd wear one green sock and one blue sock. One rolled up, one down. Braid my hair at the top, sticking straight up. Even today, people laugh at things I wear. I became immune to the criticism."

Griffith Joyner knew how to sew, so she began making her own running outfits, buying bright accessories for more impact. "When I first wore a bodysuit, everybody said, 'That will slow you *(Continues, page 454)*

These pages: clothes designed by Florence Griffith Joyner; makeup, Kevyn Aucoin; hair, James Harris.

FLO MOTION The look that launched a thousand offers: Flo-Jo's winning combination of flash and dash in track and field has made her the darling of corporate America—the only advertising star to emerge from the summer Olympics. Flo-Jo's been asked to lend her name—and her stylish image—to products from cosmetics and soft drinks to clothes.

Last season Andy Van Slyke made the Pirates a contender. This year he's the likeliest candidate for Most Valuable Player. Here, he gears up at the gym in St. Louis's Doubletree Hotel, where he heads every day of the off-season.



JIM VARRIALE

diamond stud

John Seabrook visits baseball hero Andy Van Slyke and finds more than a hunk in kid's clothing

Some women who care nothing about sports have of late become crazy for baseball. The movie *Bull Durham* may have been the catalyst for this passion, but Kevin Costner alone could not, in my opinion, sustain this kind of heat. I watched the final game of the Mets 1988 National League championship series against the Dodgers with a woman I know. It was sort of humiliating. She kept going on about how cute Ron Darling was. Meanwhile, Ron Darling was losing the game for the Mets. "He looks so sad," my friend said.

"He ought to be."

"I feel sorry for him."

The worse the Mets did, it seemed, the deeper was her affection for them. When they finally lost, she went into the kitchen and stared at the toaster. I tried to explain that the Mets had played like bums, that they didn't deserve this degree of pathos. "What do you know?" was all she said.

I *know* that I have been a Mets fan for a lot longer than *you*, I could have said. But I was secretly impressed by how hard she took the game. I've never felt the deep sympathy she feels for the players. I think partly it's the outfits they wear. A lot of athletes are covered up with pads when they perform, but baseball players are out there more or less in pajamas, the kind a three-year-old boy would wear. And unlike, say, basketball players, they're standing still most of the time. The camera can come in on their faces. Occasionally, they look exultant, when at last they have done something right, but much more often their faces show perplexity, frustration, noble suffering. Even a great hitter fails seven out of ten times at bat, and this, I think, is mainly what my friend likes about baseball players. It isn't their physical attractiveness, it's their vulnerable side.

I was thinking about this on a Thursday last January when Andy Van Slyke, driving a red Porsche, gunned the car into the parking lot of an elementary school in St. Louis. Van Slyke is the center fielder for the Pittsburgh Pirates, and quite possibly there are women in that city whose feelings for him resemble my friend's thing for Ron Darling. True, his vulnerable side is on display less often than is the average player's. Last year he hit twenty-five home runs, stole thirty bases, and drove in one hundred runs. He made the All Star team, won a Gold Glove, and finished fourth in the league's MVP voting. This year, if he gets only a little better, and if the Pirates can make a serious run at the division title, he is likely to join players like Daryl Strawberry, Andre Dawson, and Orel Hershiser in the thin air of great celebrity. Still, he strikes out a lot, so there are plenty of chances to feel really bad for him.

On this day he was wearing a sleeveless red sweatshirt. Three or four young mothers were outside the school trying not to stare in his direction. It may have been that they were trying not to notice the way the muscles danced around his arms, but I don't think so. I think they were trying not to notice how sweet he was with five-year-old A.J., the eldest of his three sons. A.J. was wearing a sweatshirt with baseball players on it. He got out of the car and came around to the driver's side to give his father a kiss.

That afternoon, Andy sat at the kitchen table with his wife, Lauri. Andy was wearing sweatpants with ITALY printed on the thigh. Lauri had on matching sweats, soft pink, the same shade as her nails and blush. Lauri, an accounting major in college, was poring over the bills while Andy, who spent what would have been his college years in the St. Louis farm program, stared rather cheerlessly at the day's stack of letters. They were piled in the place opposite him, most of them addressed in a childish scrawl, *(Continues, page 454)*

close fit

Fashion and fitness join forces as designers take their cues from athletics to reveal well-toned muscles and curves

The street has been the fashion designer's laboratory for years. But in this era of fitness—when having just a pretty face has given way to developing a great body—powerful new influences also come from the gym. Tank tops, T-shirts, sweatshirting, and bareness clearly reflect the most important trend that emerged in the eighties: the Age of Exercise. After years of flat-chested, small-hipped androgyny, it's no coincidence that a healthy new body is back in style, with firmer, stronger, more muscled lines . . . revealed, this spring, under layers of transparency, or uncovered by cutouts.

The look that turned up everywhere this season, on every runway, for day and night, was the athletic "racer" back . . . baring the newest feminine curves—deltoid and lat muscles—exercised by women today to build upper-body strength. Whether exposed in something as bare as Ronaldus Shamask's crisscross evening dress, right, or rippling under Bob Mackie's "wet suit," the back is the newest erogenous zone.

But is it the athlete—or the athlete's uniform—that is now influencing designers? For Isaac Mizrahi, inspiration comes from the shape of an athlete's clothes, not an athlete's body. "I'm inspired by sports clothes, not sports," he says. "What could be sexier than a sweatshirt?" For Mizrahi, the answer is almost nothing. His spring collection is an ode to the hooded sweatshirt—"Comfort is everything," he says—done his way: for day and night, in fabrics like white hammered satin.

For Giorgio di Sant'Angelo, athletic-inspired fabrics are the point of departure. One of the first designers to reinvent modern fashion, he worked with Du Pont to develop a lighter-weight Lycra. It led to the first body stocking; then, as Sant'Angelo says, to "clothes that fit like a second skin." For spring, Sant'Angelo zeros in on a new stretch fabric: mousseline gauze.

Stretch, so necessary to athletic clothing, may radically change fashion's future and the way women look—and feel—in clothes. Capable of being added to almost any fabric, stretch promotes a better-looking body—a longer line, a sleeker fit—without restricting movement. Women who work out understand its appeal. In fact, fitness-minded women immediately recognize Donna Karan's day-to-night fashion thinking—bodysuits over which she wraps or layers skirts and pants—for what it is: the ultimate leotard-dressing.

Geoffrey Beene, who, in the late sixties, designed his famous send-up of black-tie galas—floor-length sequined football jerseys—loves athletic clothes for the purest reason: "They must work." But beyond function, even fad, there's the issue of fashion as social commentary. Says Beene, "To be modern, a casual attitude must enter the ballroom." For Beene, modern and casual come together in the jumpsuit, which a decade ago he predicted would be "the ball gown of the future." The future is here. Beene's jumpsuits (one version opened his retrospective at NYC's National Academy of Design) are the ultimate one-piece dressing, the fashion equivalent of the dancer's unitard.

The athletic influence is not likely to vanish. The hottest athlete at the summer Olympics was Florence Griffith Joyner (page 402). With her lace tights and hooded tanks, Griffith Joyner has put fashion on the athletic field. She is setting a style and a pace that will take the image of fit, modern women—and modern fashion—into the nineties. **—DOROTHY SCHEFER**

Because of their bareness and body-skimming simplicity, swimsuits are one inspiration for nighttime dressing. Opposite: Spaghetti straps crisscross on Ronaldus Shamask's black silk dress. About $600. Saks Fifth Avenue; Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Dayton's. These eight pages: hair, Gabriel Saba for John Sahag salon, NYC; makeup, Francesca Tolot. Details, more stores, last pages.

Fashion Editor: Jenny Capitain Photographer: Herb Ritts

Sports are a way of life," says Bob Mackie. "So it comes naturally to take that athletic influence to clothes, then add a little dazzle." This page: Mackie takes inspiration from the surfers at Malibu for a zip-front, wet-suit-like jumpsuit in bugle-beaded rayon matte jersey and chiffon. Elizabeth Arden Salons; Sara Fredericks, Boston; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. Opposite: The competitive edge—in a dress with a top cut like a racing suit. Oscar de la Renta's, in black puckered silk. Macy's Herald Square; Sara Fredericks, Palm Beach FL; Jacobson's. Details, more stores, last pages.

hiding little, hugging every curve: a leotard is obviously the inspiration. These two pages: Helmut Lang's black second-skin dress. About $495. Barneys New York; Christian Michi, Charleston SC. Opposite: Neatly framing the face and drawing attention to a long stretch of body—the bob, cut in random layers to add shape, texture, and fullness. Details, last pages.

close fit

When a sense of sensuality is added, "athletic" dressing becomes more than just functional. This page: Role reversal—a bathing suit so attuned to real dressing that it can be worn as evening wear, a skirt so athletically inspired that it works with a bathing suit. By Chanel. With matching hip wrap, about $845. Chanel Boutique, NYC; Saks Jandel; Neiman Marcus. Opposite: A top with a double nature. The front is glamorous gold lamé; the back has navy knit crisscross straps. By Carolyne Roehm. With navy knit pants, about $990. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman Marcus; I. Magnin. Details, more stores, last pages.

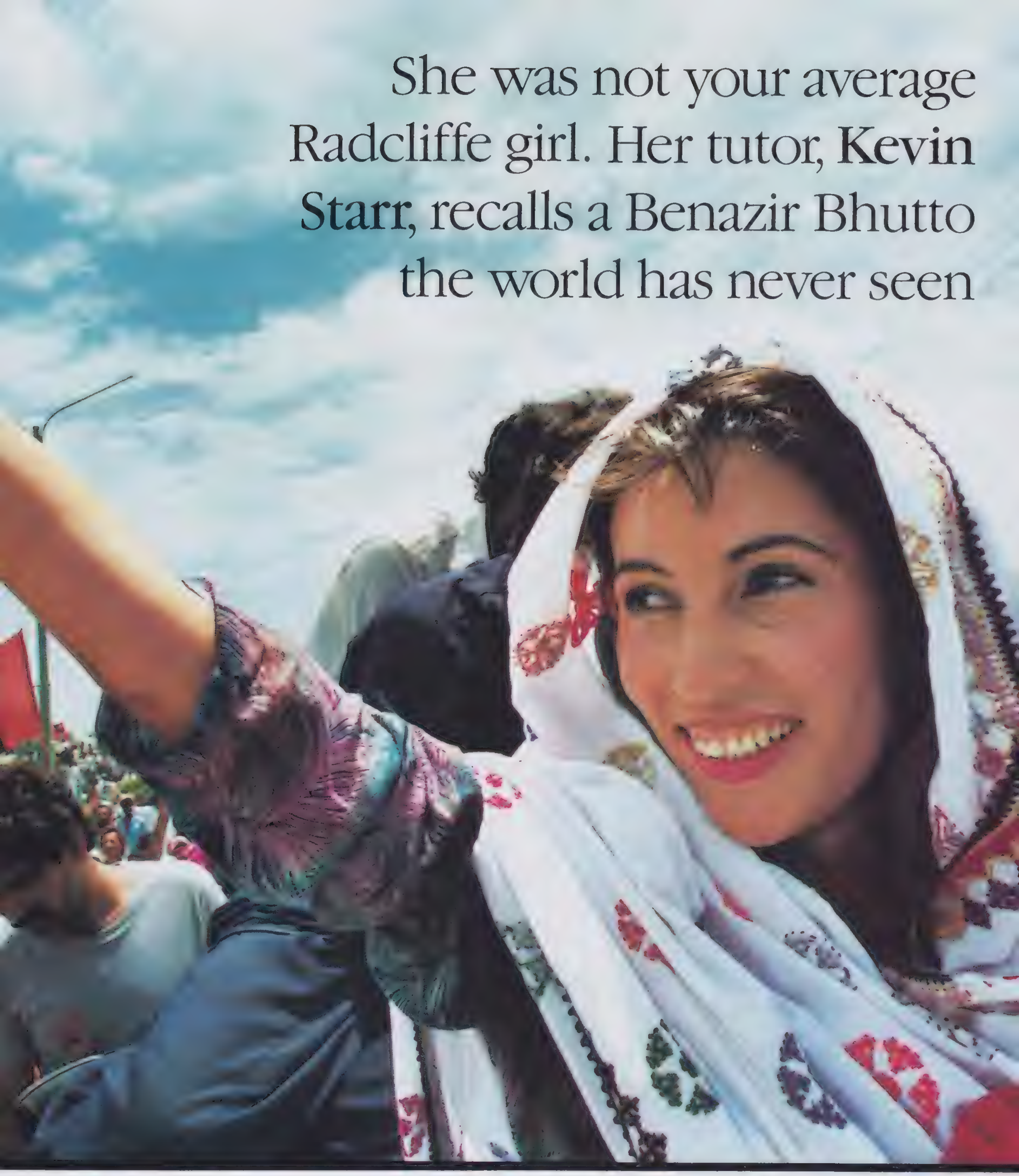
close fit

BE-NAZIR PINKIE BHUTTO

Born on June 21, 1953. Secondary school: Convent of Jesus and Mary, Karachi, Pakistan. Home address: 70 Clifton, Karachi, Pakistan. Field of concentration: Government.

Priming

She was not your average Radcliffe girl. Her tutor, **Kevin Starr**, recalls a Benazir Bhutto the world has never seen



MARY ELLEN MARK

the Minister

At Harvard she was Pinkie. No

In the fall of 1969 a tall and graceful sixteen-year-old from Pakistan with gazelle eyes and ferocious intelligence began her studies at Radcliffe College, Harvard University. A year later, a seasoned sophomore of seventeen, she moved from the freshman dorm at the Radcliffe Quad to Eliot House on the Charles River. There she spent the following three years, graduating in 1973 with a cum laude degree in government. Benazir Bhutto, who will be thirty-six this June, now serves as prime minister of Pakistan. Her friends at Eliot House used to call her Pinkie. No one calls her Pinkie anymore.

Friends and acquaintances from Benazir Bhutto's Harvard days must keep two disjunctive images in mind. On the one hand, there is Pinkie, the laughing, exuberant member of a half-dozen overlapping undergraduate circles. Pinkie—playing squash in sweatpants so as to observe Islamic modesty. Pinkie—hanging out with soccer, basketball, and football players, a jock groupie with a preference for good old boys from the South. Pinkie—bursting into the Eliot House dining room on a snowy weekday evening with nothing Islamic about her parka and jeans. Pinkie—playing Joan Baez records in her room or listening for the umpteenth time to Carly Simon singing "You're So Vain." Pinkie—organizing a party around a television showing of Dr. Seuss's *How the Grinch Stole Christmas*. Pinkie—ringing my doorbell at the senior tutor's suite, K-11, and asking to take my daughter, Marian, then a precocious eight, to a basketball game.

And now there is Her Excellency the Prime Minister. Pinkie has become Benazir: formal, reserved, stately, and aristocratic, her handsome face pharaonic in its precision and impassivity. She returned to Pakistan after four years at Harvard and four years at Oxford only to have her father the prime minister deposed in a coup and two years later hanged after a brutal imprisonment. She spent most of the following years in jail or under house arrest. In August of 1985, she escorted the body of her brother, Shah Nawaz, back to Pakistan after he had been poisoned at his home in Cannes in the south of France, a second Bhutto victim, she believes, of the wrath of the reactionary elements who deposed and hanged her father.

Pinkie was a jock groupie in sweatpants with a preference for good ol' boys from the South

An estimated fifty thousand people crowded the funeral procession. General Zia ul-Haq threw her back in jail, and in November she left the country. When she returned again in April 1986, she was greeted by huge crowds at the Lahore airport. By December 1988 she was prime minister of Pakistan—the first real job she has ever held in her life.

She came to Harvard as the pampered daughter of immense privilege. Her father, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, inherited vast estates but came to power as a reforming socialist. She was educated at home by private tutors and at an exclusive Roman Catholic boarding school in the foothills of the Himalayas. Her father had attended Oxford and Berkeley and wanted the same Anglo-American education for his daughter. So she came to Radcliffe at sixteen, a year or two younger than most of her class.

At first, the demands of undergraduate life, even at privileged Radcliffe, baffled and appalled her. Writer Anne Fadiman, who was a freshman along with Bhutto, later remembered how Pinkie had never, until coming to Radcliffe, picked up a ringing telephone and answered it for herself. She was revolted by the coed lavatories that were the rage among aggressively nonsexist undergraduates. She was shocked when students smoked or flung their legs nonchalantly across the desk during tutorials.

By the time she transferred to Eliot House as part of a thirty-six-woman contingent that transformed it into a coed institution, she had already become acculturated. Throughout the long governance of its master, John Finley, a professor of classics, Eliot House had cultivated an aristocratic ambience. Orderly, preppy-jock, Anglophilic, and enamored of lineage, Eliot House under Finley defined itself as being simultaneously for and against the larger American possibilities. Every year hordes of Eliot House graduates would sail for Oxford or Cambridge to complete their educations.

By 1970, when Pinkie Bhutto arrived, all this was changing, along with everything else at Harvard. A new master, Alan Heimert, Powell Cabot Professor of American Literature, was seeking to democratize Eliot House without destroying its fundamental gestalt. Heimert's efforts paralleled larger transformations throughout Harvard and Radcliffe: the Kennedy era had boosted the colleges into the national consciousness as a representatively American (as opposed to a purely establishment) institution. In those years, Harvard was filling up with its usual amalgam of American and foreign upper classes, jocks, and superbrains. But waves of public school students and country boys and girls ("boondockers," in admissions committee code) and minority students (including at least one paroled felon) were flocking in as well.

"On the one hand, Eliot House emanated a mood of seriousness and orthodoxy," says Anthea Waleson, who now teaches at Stanford. "On the other hand, it was the radical early seventies, the Vietnam period. There were a number of major riots at Harvard while we were there. I remember looking out of my window one afternoon and seeing the police clearing the street."

Bhutto threw herself enthusiastically into this bubbling mixture of backgrounds and social change, cultivating a democratic style and never putting on airs. "She was always in motion," Elsie Wilson Thompson recalls, "always animated, always at a high energy level. She was ever the participant, never the passenger."

Writer Laurence Bergreen says Bhutto always seemed to

one calls her Pinkie anymore

enter the Eliot House dining room in the center of a bustling group. One time, Bergreen came into the dining hall on his own. Pinkie was seated, as usual, at the center of a lively circle. Shoving her chair to one side, she bellowed across the stately dining room: "Larry, Larry, come sit by meeee!"

Bhutto asked a hundred questions about the United States. She became adept at mimicking American accents. One spring break she accompanied a group of her Southern friends to Mississippi, and she became fascinated by the regional differences in American culture. After years pent up in a Catholic boarding school, the freedom of Harvard was an exhilaration. Just before she came to power as prime minister, she had a long talk with an assistant secretary of state about her attitudes toward the United States. She asked him to go back and tell his people at the State Department that she was not anti-American. She understood American society, including its contradictions, and she understood what did or did not play in American politics. She had, in fact, a kind of residual American self from her Harvard years with which she could relate to the United States.

Interestingly enough, the women who first voluntarily chose to come to Eliot House, the very symbol of the old order, were by and large a conservative group, Bhutto included. In a way, the Eliot House women of the early seventies were living after, but not in, the revolution. Most of them have gone on to do the kinds of things Radcliffe women were supposed to go on to do. Thompson, for example, went to law school at University of Virginia and is in practice with her husband in Charlottesville. Tina Rathborne became a filmmaker: her best-known effort is *Zelly and Me*. Kathleen Kennedy Townsend, a Winthrop House undergraduate who married an Eliot House tutor, became an attorney and ran for election to Congress from Maryland. Benazir Bhutto became prime minister of Pakistan.

Twenty years later, the prime minister's Eliot House contemporaries recall the diversity of her friendships. "She hung out with athletes and intellectuals, especially those aware of third-world countries and problems," recalls Don Ganem, an associate professor of medicine at the University of California in San Francisco. "She also had smart-set social friends and friends with deep political connections, such as Kathleen Kennedy, RFK's daughter, and Jamie and Peter Galbraith, whose father, John Kenneth Galbraith, the Harvard professor of economics, had been ambassador to India."

Surprisingly, this Islamic young woman, who refused to wear dresses or to dance and who kept Islamic dietary laws in the dining room, had a large number of men friends, including the Lebanese-American Ganem, then a premed student from Massachusetts (Pinkie liked the fact that his parents spoke Arabic); Frank Currie, now a high-tech lawyer in Palo Alto, whom she called Currie-poo; and a half-dozen hockey, basketball, and soccer players. She also took up with Bergreen and such other burgeoning intellectuals as James Snyder, now deputy director of the Museum of Modern Art in New York City; the Galbraith brothers; Hamilton Fish, son and grandson of the congressmen and himself a congressional candidate; and Bruce Johnson, a Seattle attorney.

"She mingled easily with both men and women," remembers Johnson. "We took it for granted at the time. That was the mood of the early seventies, but given her background and religion, it was really extraordinary."

> Before coming to Radcliffe, she had never picked up a ringing telephone and answered it for herself

In early January of this year, Ganem happened to catch Benazir Bhutto on the *MacNeil/Lehrer Newshour*, which gave her fifteen minutes, an eternity in television time. The chiseled responses coming from the reserved and decorous prime minister contrasted dramatically in his mind with the memory of Pinkie Bhutto, Harvard debater par excellence.

"At Harvard," Currie remembers, "Pinkie Bhutto didn't dance. She debated."

Something distinct—something fierce, intellectual, imperious—came into Pinkie Bhutto in debate. The early seventies provided topics enough. Take the Pakistan civil war, for example, which resulted in the loss of East Pakistan, which became Bangladesh, an event that first brought her father, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, to power as president in 1971 and later as prime minister after a new constitution was adopted in 1973. Needless to say, everybody at Harvard was on the side of Bangladesh. Literally alone, Bhutto bucked this tide. She referred to Bangladesh as Occupied East Pakistan, even after the outcome of the civil war was irrevocable, and she defended Richard Nixon because he had declared a "tilt toward Pakistan" during the conflict. Defending Nixon to Harvard/Radcliffe undergraduates in the Vietnam era was akin to defending Karl Marx at the American Heritage Institute, but Pinkie Bhutto stood her ground.

"She had an American college kid side," remembers Currie, "but the minute a political debate flared up, especially if it involved Pakistan, she dropped that demeanor and became almost a new person. I once saw her take on a Harvard professor in open debate about Bangladesh. Not only that, the audience was against her as well. She was about nineteen at the time. She held her own."

Even as the testimony builds from her contemporaries regarding Pinkie the ebullient college coed, another current emerges: symptoms and traits suggestive of a deeper identity that proved to be her destiny. No matter how much fun she was having, Pinkie was also Benazir, daughter of the prime minister, member of one of the two dozen families that owned and governed Pakistan. Ganem (*Continues, page 456*)

Artists are turning to religion, as in Julian Schnabel's recent word paintings. Herbert Muschamp asks: is this a new spirituality—or just a way to shock and provoke?

sacred arts

JEAN KALLINA

THE WORD MADE FLESH: Detail of Julian Schnabel's Pope Pius IX, *1987.* Opposite: *The artist at the Carmelite monastery in Seville, which helped inspire his* Reconditions *series.*

HOLY WRITS: In the overgrown courtyard of the 14th-century monastery [illegible] by the invading French as a military barracks, [illegible] sculpture of wood found at the site that evokes the cross.

Ignatius of Loyola. That's what greeted visitors to Julian Schnabel's 1987 retrospective at the Whitney Museum of American Art. Not broken plates. Not primitive figures crudely limned on sumptuous velvet. Rather, fresh from the artist's studio, an enormous brown tarpaulin in the shape of a cross, nailed high on the wall like a sacrificial object or perhaps a trophy. On the tarp's stained, stitched surface, laid down in strokes of thick white paint, was the name of Ignatius, the sixteenth-century founder of the Society of Jesus, a leader in the Counter-Reformation, and historical symbol of the Church's power to crush the mind beneath the weight of dogma.

Framed by the entrance opposite the elevator—as close to a Baroque axis as can be improvised within the Whitney—Schnabel's *Ignatius* was a theatrical coup. The painting's provocation was manifold: the absence of conventional visual image; the reliance on words to summon up charged associations; the invocation of a historical figure notoriously unsympathetic to the intellectual freedom on which modern art is based. Above all, perhaps, the painting was a demonstration that, for an audience disposed to see art as something enigmatic, you can spell out a name in capital letters and still keep them guessing. What was Schnabel trying to say? Why Ignatius? What's this Sacred Rosebud business all about?

Ignatius, it turned out, was only one in a series of twenty-two works—*The Recognitions Paintings*—that draw heavily on associations with the Roman Catholic Church: the cruciform shape, the names of the popes, the occasional painted or collaged image (the Sacred Heart, Saint Sebastian with arrows bristling, the cross, the word "Blessed," embroidered banners like those borne aloft at the head of a processional). The entire series, in turn, takes its place in a parade of Judeo-Christian religious iconography that has been trooping through the art world in recent years, a display of religious sentiment unmatched since the work of the Symbolists a century ago.

Thomas Lanigan Schmidt's *Panis Angelicus*, Francesco Clemente's *The Fourteen Stations*, Robert Kushner's *Judith and Holofernes*, the *Faith* series of Gilbert and George, the cruciform painting smocks of Herman Nitsch, the allegorical abstractions of Alfonse Borysewicz, the Cibachrome stigmata of David LaChapelle—there have been moments the past few seasons when it seemed that SoHo was turning into a vast outdoor cathedral, with all its galleries so many ambulatory chapels. What the hell is going on?

Age, for one thing: the postwar generation's anxious steps down passages for which religion once provided reassuring guidance—rites for the mind awakening to responsibility and fate, the

body encountering sickness and death. This is art for a generation of Peter Pans, whose identity was invested in the myth of eternal youth and limitless possibilities, including the possibility of unlimited life. Decay, much less premature death from a scourge like AIDS, was never part of the deal.

Disaffection with religion was a natural consequence of our blind faith in the confident postwar ideology of our elders. How could we watch Walt Disney's reverent projections of trips to the moon and remain enthused about the idea of Heaven? How could faith compete with the progress of science? Immortality, for us, would come with a pill, not a prayer.

This new art arises not only from the wreckage of a Golden Age of Impatience for paradise now but from the persistent impulse of the artist to uncover the repressed. Here, the taboo is the ideological content buried by the twentieth-century dogma of formalist aesthetics: the reduction of art to the play of forms untainted by "literary" associations. That dogma denies the belief that vitalized Western art from Kandinsky through the pioneer Abstract Expressionists, that it was art's destiny to inherit from religion the spiritual guidance of mankind.

At moments SoHo has seemed a vast outdoor cathedral, with its galleries so many chapels

Works like Schnabel's are not calling us back to the Bible, nor forward to the religion of art. Unlike the representational religious art of Matisse, Rouault, Chagall, and Cocteau, these works do not use iconography as a language of faith shared by artist and viewer. They depict the breakdown of that language. They join together signs of religion and signs of art to mourn the erosion of both belief systems.

What is left is aura, the glow of religion encircled by the nimbus of art. This aura may express faith or might just as easily connote the decay of a faith, like the crumbling Spanish monastery that partly inspired Schnabel's paintings. But the purpose is not to proclaim the bankruptcy of the spirit but to demand recognition for the spirit outside our systems of structured belief.

In Schnabel's *Recognitions* paintings, these ideas have been stirred to the surface by a William Gaddis novel from which the series takes both its name and the words that appear in the paintings. First published in 1955, in the heyday of formalism, *The Recognitions* is a thousand-page epic easily read as an allegory of Schnabel's own preoccupations. The novel's hero is the son of a New England pastor whose native Puritanism cannot contain his latent pagan impulses. As a young man, he travels to Europe to study painting, lives briefly in Paris and eventually returns to New York and finds his true artistic calling as a "fake," a forger of Flemish masterpieces.

Schnabel had determined to base a *Stations of the Cross* on the words of Gaddis's novel long before he began the series in 1987. Then, on a trip that year to Spain (the scene of the novel's opening section), he was offered a show at an abandoned Carmelite monastery in Seville. The site's history as well as its architecture helped shape the course of his project. Built in the fourteenth century, the buildings were occupied by the Carmelites until the French disbanded the order soon after their invasion of Spain in 1808. The monastery was then converted into military barracks. To Schnabel, this turnover was little more than a changing of the guard, one repressive order succeeding another. He saw the crumbling buildings as far more hospitable to salvation, both spiritual and material, than the beliefs imposed by Church and State.

To a cynic, Schnabel's invasion of the monastery might look like one more alien occupation. And, indeed, the artist has never lacked cynics. They see Schnabel as the symbol of today's fast-track art world, a milieu intellectually bankrupt, bloated with dollars and hype. And it's easy to dismiss the appropriation of religious imagery as one more instance of shameless self-aggrandizement on the part of artists and collectors on the prowl for cheap spiritual kicks. Isn't the smell of incense just a cover for the stench of art's corruption by big bucks? In Schnabel's case, it's also tempting to see blatant religiosity as a taunt to those who mock his myth as the Messiah of Resurrected Painting.

Yet with his blowup of Gaddis's words to billboard proportions, Schnabel frankly confesses that fakery and aggrandizement are ideas he has never been loath to claim. Long before he undertook this series, his art embodied the idea of faking it as a form of faith, faking something as the first step toward achieving a desire. This is not an uncommon approach in art; it enacts the traditional myth of the artist as magician. And it's an approach lately affirmed by science's theory of cosmic bootstrapping: the idea that the world began when a void simply got up the courage to become a universe, with no prime mover needed to give it a nudge. The artist who fakes himself into the role of creator is a fitting figure for our cosmos, just as the Church's place in the immovable center of the universe was smiled upon by pre-Copernican heavens.

Schnabel is the art-world phenomenon he set out to be, and he knows that by the puritanical standard of an earlier day such phenomena are meretricious. His art is, in part, a protest against those standards, against their power to divide spirit from matter. It points to that division as one reason why our belief systems often oppress rather than liberate. In the *Recognitions* paintings, the cross speaks of the crucifixion, and also of the Mexican army, which uses cross-shaped tarps to fit its transport jeeps. The words speak of the Church, and also of political graffiti on the stained walls of the city outside the church. These paintings seek a ground for spirit allied in tension with the materiality of art.

SPIRITUAL OPPOSITES: Schnabel's 1987 painting places the rationalist Jewish philosopher Spinoza within the walls of the decaying monastery.

sacred arts

SPINOZA

URBAN RENEWAL

Pajama and schoolboy jackets cast a new light on the mismatched suit. This page: Rifat Ozbek's cotton gabardine pajama jacket for Ozbek. About $680. If Soho, NYC; Madeleine Gallay, West Hollywood CA. C/O Silk T-shirt. About $95. Bergdorf Goodman; Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago. Pants by Matsuda. About $320. Matsuda, NYC; Hayton's; Hudson's.

[illegible] ping the

[illegible]

[illegible] pages.

hair, Christiaan; makeup, Sonia Kashuk. Details, more stores, last pages.

Fashion Editor: Polly Mellen
Photographer: Arthur Elgort

the civil suit

Pantsuits pulled-together enough for the city take off in new directions. Jackets are edged in contrasting piping, shot with searing color, or charged up with stripes

SUIT CASES
Suits move away from static tailored silhouettes to shapes that are made to move. This page: Giorgio Armani's pinstriped suit—in silk. It's softer, with trousers tapered like sweatpants. T-shirt, about $705. Barneys New York; Giorgio Armani Boutique, Chicago; I. Magnin. Opposite: Katharine Hepburn pants and a blazer take a slight detour—in lightweight wool crepe, with wider pants. By Ralph Lauren. Jacket, about $870; pants, about $420; silk blouse, about $335. Barneys New York; Marshall Field's; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Beverly Hills. The suitable makeup—Lancôme's Hydrating Creme LipColour in Sugared Maple. Details, more stores, last pages.

BODY LINE
"I don't blame any ladies
[illegible]
[illegible]
Lupe Lamora in the
upcoming James Bond
movie, *Quantum of Solace*.
Her parents moved to
New York City from
Puerto Rico in 1954, and
she speaks with a slight
Spanish accent. "It's great
to be appreciated. But
we shouldn't be a trend;
we've always existed."
Here, Soto slips into
body-fitting stripes.
Cotton and Lycra top
(about $92) and cotton
and Lycra leggings (about
$92) by Isaia NYC.
Barneys New York;
Tootsies, Houston; MGA,
Los Angeles. To combat
shine: Cover Girl's Oil
Control Blotting Powder
in Translucent Beige.
These ten pages: hair,
Didier Malige for Jean
Louis David; makeup,
Mary Greenwell. Details,
more stores, last pages.

Fashion Editor:
Grace Coddington
Photographer:
Patrick Demarchelier

linear

Stripes appear in bold widths, in black or navy, sharpening the simplest clothes.

Actress Talisa Soto gives us the lineup

thinking

HIGH CONTRAST

Stripes turn up on everything from bathing suits to crisp cotton shirts. This page: Jazzing up a classic cotton shirt—stripes, a slip of a bandeau. Shirt by Perry Ellis Men's Portfolio. About $50. Lord & Taylor; Macy's California. Antron and Lycra bandeau by Diva. With bottoms (not shown), about $62. Body Shop, NYC; Chrysi's Lingerie, Cherry Hill NJ; E Martini, Charlotte NC. Stretch pants by Romeo Gigli. About $395. Barneys New York; Caron Cherry, Coconut Grove FL; Champagne Taste, Sonoma CA. Opposite: "Stripes remind me of the beach and windy holidays," says Gianfranco Ferre. Here, his cutout swimsuit. About $200. Jimmy's, Brooklyn NY; Romanoff Boutique, Coconut Grove FL; Pino's, Seattle. For those allergic to PABA: Estée Lauder's Sun-Out For Sensitive Skin SPF 30+. Details, more stores, last pages.

linear thinking

TAN LINES

Part of a casual approach to dressing means not starting with nothing. This page: Die double-breasted trench—to another woman—by Mystic Mountain Above Pitch Panda's Thrills Oil. Die skinned by Robert Montano Above #75 Glamour NYC Everything But Water Orlando FL Sporting Chill Wear Hollywood CA Upscale: Redefining racing stripes—a new twist on the T-shirt and bathing suit. The plunging scoop back top leaves almost as much as the high-cut bikini bottom. Top by Sean John Above Bra Barneys New York Luxe Cherry Crescent Grove FL Gallop West Hollywood CA Bathing suit bottom by Diva With bandeau top (not shown) about $62 New York Body Shop NYC; Chrysta Lingerie Shoppe Cherry Hill NJ; F Martini Charlotte NC Details, more stores, last pages

FULLY LINED
Stripes have long been a uniform for Wall Street power brokers and jailbirds. Here, a wild mix-match of three different stripes breaks the rules. Cotton pullover by Jaeger. About $165. Jaeger, NYC, Chicago, San Francisco. Cotton, Lycra, and nylon capri pants, Butterick Pattern #3948. Les Tissages Verel de Belval fabric. A new version of the straw beach hat by J. Crew. About $13. Details, more stores, last pages.

VERTICAL HOLD

Stripes go from clearly sensual to naïve. This page: A corset paired with stretch shorts. Corset by Romeo Gigli. About $350. Rita Jamie, NYC; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago; Gallay, West Hollywood CA. Cotton and Lycra shorts by Robert Mannino. With top (not shown), about $95. Charivari, NYC; Suzy, Great Neck NY; Isis, Long Beach Island NJ. Opposite: The more modest approach—an oversized, hooded cotton sweatshirt and a big wrap of a towel. Sweatshirt by Adrienne Vittadini Sport. About $110. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman Marcus; I. Magnin. Double indemnity for lips: Revlon's soft Berry Lip Treatment Moisturizer has sunscreen. Details, more stores, last pages.

linear thinking

IN CASE HE WAS WONDERING WHAT TO DO WITH THE REFUND.

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Editor: Gabé Doppelt

poppy does dallas

The Big D: Glamour, deals, corruption, power

The Big D.C.: More of the same, plus lawyers

To those in a post-Reagan depression, fearful of a future in which politics and show business no longer connect, we recommend Fridays at 9 P.M. on CBS. Yes, the Ewings have, at long last, come to Capitol Hill. True, George Bush may only be a pretend Texan, but Miss Babs plays the matriarch far more deftly than could Miss Nancy. We only wonder: who will be the first Bush bureaucrat to be as rudely dismissed as Donna Reed? And will George pass off his mistakes as a weird, season-long dream? No cliff-hangers, please.

Miss Ellie

Barbara Bush

Cliff Barnes

George Bush

Peter Richards

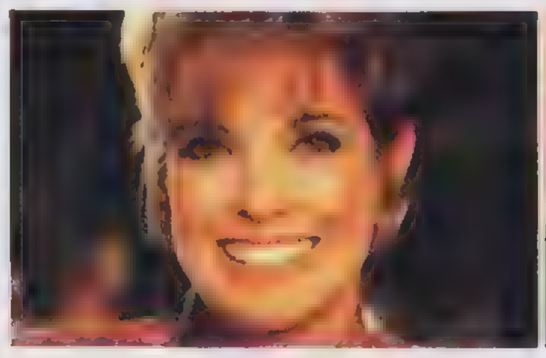
Dan Quayle

Pam Ewing

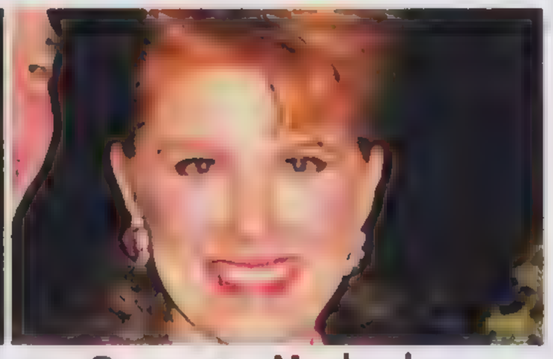
Marilyn Quayle

J.R. Ewing

James Baker



Sue Ellen Ewing



Georgette Mosbacher

Jenna Wade

Elizabeth Dole

Jeremy Wendell

Nicholas Brady

Top row, left to right, courtesy of Lorimar Telepictures; GEORGE • WHIPPLE • Sue and Bob, courtesy Aronovsky Pictures Group. Third row, left to right, Lorimar Bellmann Newsphotos; courtesy Aronovsky Pictures Group. Fourth row, left to right, Lorimar; Gamma Liaison; Ron Galella, Ltd.; Fifth row, left to right, Lorimar; Larry Downing/Newsweek; Gamma Liaison; Ron Galella, Ltd. Fifth row, left to right, Lorimar; Bellmann Newsphotos. Fourth row, left to right, Lorimar; Gamma Liaison; Lorimar; Bellmann Newsphotos

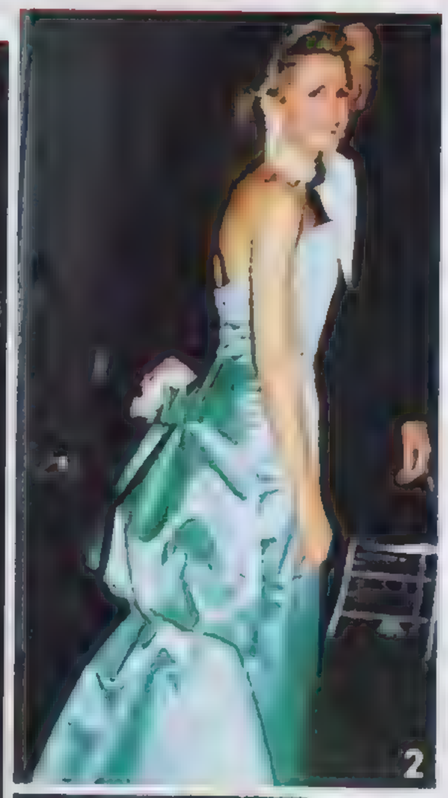
(Talking . . . *continues, page 444*)

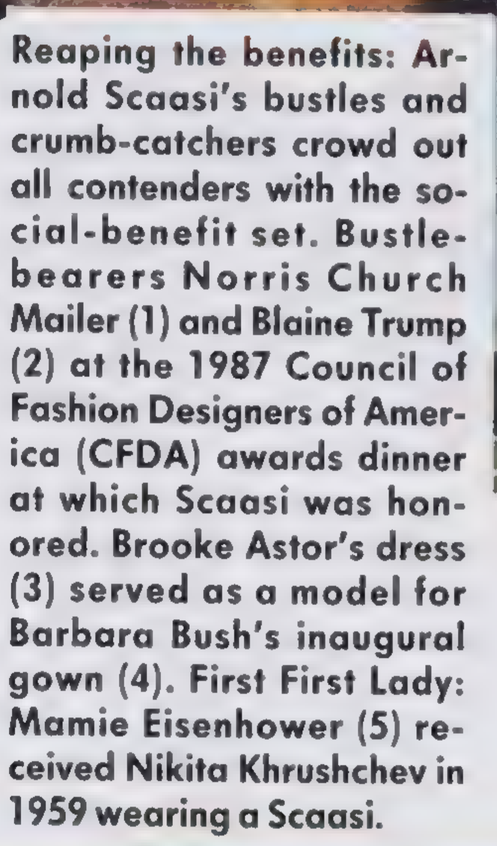
VOLKER ZAHM WERBUNG VO/USA 4/89

mondi

the art of creating fashion

TROY MICHIGAN – SOMERSET MALL
BOSTON – COPLEY PLACE
WASHINGTON – GEORGETOWN PARK
HOUSTON – GALLERIA III
SAN FRANCISCO – CROCKER GALLERIA





Reaping the benefits: Arnold Scaasi's bustles and crumb-catchers crowd out all contenders with the social-benefit set. Bustle-bearers Norris Church Mailer (1) and Blaine Trump (2) at the 1987 Council of Fashion Designers of America (CFDA) awards dinner at which Scaasi was honored. Brooke Astor's dress (3) served as a model for Barbara Bush's inaugural gown (4). First First Lady: Mamie Eisenhower (5) received Nikita Khrushchev in 1959 wearing a Scaasi.

little big man

Diminutive designer Arnold Scaasi has become as rich and famous as his favorite clients.

JULIA REED discovers why

6

7

8

Arnold Scaasi dresses some of the most photographed women in New York: society princess Gayfryd Steinberg, real Princess Yasmin Aga Khan, auto heiress Charlotte Ford, artist Norris Church Mailer. He's dressed Patricia Kluge as a bride and Barbara Walters as a bridesmaid. Barbra Streisand accepted the Oscar for *Funny Girl* in one of his creations. Now he's snared the First Lady, whom he met in 1987 at a White House dinner. Except for the trays of paste jewelry and stacks of interior magazines that feature his houses, the silver-framed photographs of women wearing Scaasi are the only clutter in his oyster silk salon.

Scaasi loves the ladies, especially famous ones. It was the sight of Joan Crawford at a party on his first night in New York in 1953 that convinced him to stay, and he later designed for her. This month, he's celebrating his twenty-fifth year in the couture, creating made-to-order clothes for up to $25,000 for a special wedding frock. At those prices, he knows that the quality of the client matters more than the quantity, and quality he's got—rich, famous, highly visible women who love their Scaasis and proclaim it in his ads.

The same night Scaasi caught his first glimpse of Mommie Dearest, he met her male counterpart, the crazy but brilliant couturier Charles James, who gave him a job on the spot. Arnold Isaacs, a nice boy from Montreal who had studied fashion in Paris, knew he would never go home again. He began making the clothes for the memorable Fisher automobile body ads in which women were draped over the hoods of cars. The Fisher stylist reversed the designer's name from Isaacs to Scaasi, Mrs. Fisher swiped the gowns to wear herself, and the fashion writers assumed he was Italian.

After two weeks working at Pauline Trigère, she urged him to go out on his own, and in 1958 he did. In 1964 he opened his made-to-order business, sticking with couture during a period when almost every other designer was experimenting with sportswear. Today he is the only one left, and he does what the others won't.

Rising English star Rifat Ozbek may protest that "I don't want to do special fittings and small talk and hello-darling-you-look-fabulous-today," but Scaasi thrives on the clucking. He knows that nurturing relationships is essential to the life of the couture. Scaasi made clothes for Polly Bergen when she sang at the Plaza's Persian Room, and she still sends them back for repairs. He made the gown (*Continues, page 446*)

11

10

6. Diamonds and a girl's best friend: Gayfryd Steinberg and the designer. 7., 8. Funny girl Barbra Streisand in her show-stopping transparent bell-bottoms at the 1969 Oscars. 9. It's a stickup: Michelle Herbert, *left*, and Kimberly Farkas, *right*, in crumb-catchers that are strictly for the birds; with Laura Pomerantz. The Scaasi wrap: even the most unassuming gowns get silk stoles. 10. Ellin Saltzman, fashion director of Saks Fifth Avenue. 11. Kimberly Farkas at the 1987 CFDA awards dinner.

1,2,3,6,9,10,11 MARY HILLIARD, 4 Associated Press; 5 CARL MYDANS/Life Magazine/Time, Inc.; 7,8 BETTMAN NEWSPHOTOS. ILLUSTRATION, ROBERT RISKO

PHYLLIS POLAND

212 974-1920

Talking Fashion...

for Patty Davis Raynes's wedding, and when she was given a baby shower last year, her mother wore a Scaasi dress in a teddy-bear print. The designer was the only man in attendance.

But it isn't just Scaasi's attention the ladies buy; sometimes it's a whole new shape. Like Charles James, Scaasi is a great believer in the maxim that clothes make the woman—literally. "In his construction of clothes, James changed the shape of woman," says Scaasi. "When everyone else was doing fitted clothes, he padded shoulders, padded hips, padded—or flattened—bosoms." Scaasi still does. "I'm flat-chested, so he'll slap in those pads," says Nina Griscom. "His construction is wonderful." Indeed, some of his clothes are so well constructed that they sit straight up on a sofa like headless empresses.

"I think a dress has to have something going on," says Scaasi. His are virtual baroque festivals, with fluttering bits of chiffon, rows of shimmering horsehair, swirls of iridescent flowers, gathered poufs, bustles and bows. They are not really like clothes at all, but rather Joseph Cornell boxes filled with the collected fluff of a lifetime—beads, feathers, stones, leaves, clumps of fur, and bits of lace.

Scaasi credits his love of texture to his "imagination"—a consistent one that has been painstakingly chronicled in more than thirty bulging scrapbooks. A recent evening gown features a blue-and-white woven ribbon bodice and a skirt and stole made entirely of canary-yellow ostrich feathers—a dress that just screams for the body of Marylou Whitney. In fact, Whitney is in the scrapbooks, as are countless versions of the feather dress. In 1964, when prices started at $350, the feathers were in Scaasi's favorite shocking pink, lining a white satin coat. A year later, Natalie Wood wore a low-sided, backless tulle party dress—she called it "the sexiest dress in the world"—and new trademarks were born: silver lace "vespertine wings," a front ruffle dubbed a "crumb-catcher" by the press, a stole of one thousand petals. "These were the days," says Scaasi assistant Timothy Sampson, "when women would send their hair out and it would come back in a box."

Some of his clothes are so well constructed that they sit straight up on a sofa like headless empresses

The stacks of scrapbooks also chronicle Scaasi's own transformation. The sleek, brown-haired, double-breasted designer of the sixties became the golden boy of the seventies—blond, with gold chains at his open neck, gold aviators shading his eyes. Now, of course, he must dress the part of reigning society couturier and man-about-town. The gold jewelry is more subtle, the hair carefully coiffed and rather bronze. His now familiar silhouette is defined by his custom-made suits, with single-button jackets and pants that flare.

With the First Lady as his latest client, he'll have at least four more years of scrapbooks to fill. It's a productive relationship he's taking pains to protect. When Barbara Bush asked him to make her inaugural ball gown, it was modeled after the dress Brooke Astor wore to last year's Council of Fashion Designers of America awards dinner. "We called Mrs. Astor," Scaasi says, "and said, 'Please don't wear that dress to the inaugural.' And she said 'Oh, thank you for telling me' "—thus averting a national disaster. ♥ (Talking . . . *continues, page 448)*

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C R A B T R E E & E V E L Y N

Talking parties...

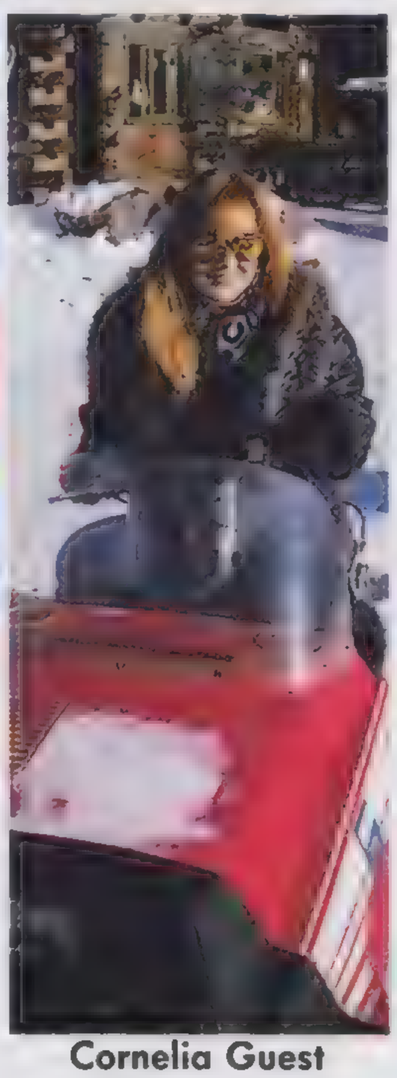
Private planes crowd out commercial flights at the Aspen/Pitkin County airport.

Rob Lowe

Ski bum
Donald Trump

Don Johnson; Melanie Griffith

Martina
Navratilova



Cornelia Guest

Ice Pack

It was high season in Aspen, winter playground for East Coast rich and West Coast famous, and the streets, if not the slopes, were thick with celebrities. In a town where *trendy* is the catchword, the masseuse of the moment (Don Johnson's) drew lines equal to those at the current hot spot (Poppy's). Between club closings at 2:00 A.M. and shopping prime time at 3:00 P.M., a few visitors found time to ski.

Rhea Perlman; Danny DeVito

Robin Williams

Art Against AIDS

More than $1 million was raised by the Art Against AIDS Campaign following the sale of two hundred donated works of art and a gala dinner in Los Angeles. Hollywood producer Ted Field and his wife, Susie, hosted the benefit dinner at their Beverly Hills estate. Burt Bacharach, Robin Williams, and Little Richard entertained.

David Hockney with "date" Stanley

PETER BOSARI; MARY HILLIARD; SCOTT DOWNEY/Celebrity Photos; Visages. Details, last pages

(Talking parties . . . *continues, page 450)*

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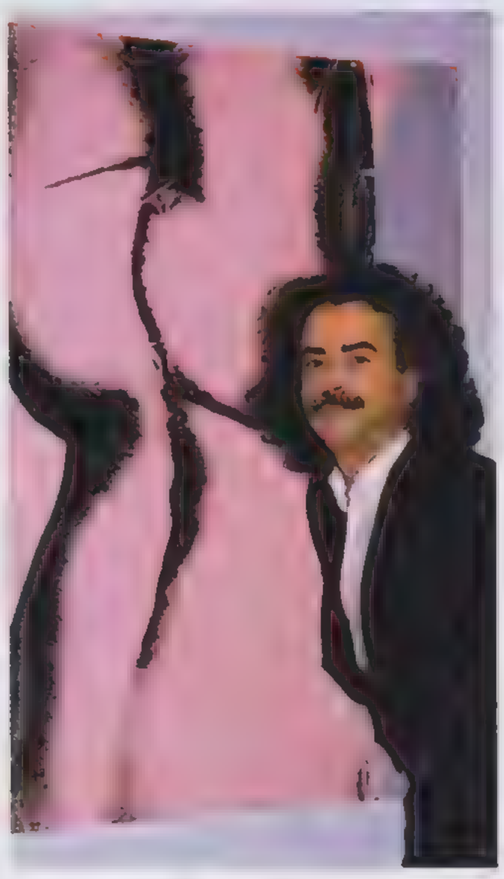
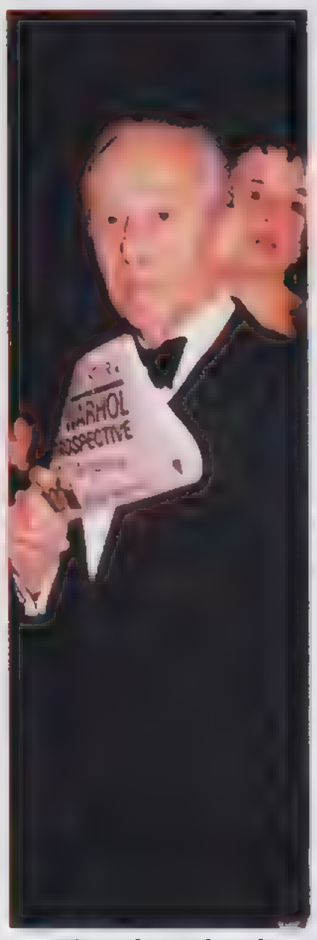
Talking parties...

Former Factory worker Mai Ling, a.k.a. Benjamin Lieu

Stephen Sprouse and two of Warhol's *Six Self-Portraits*



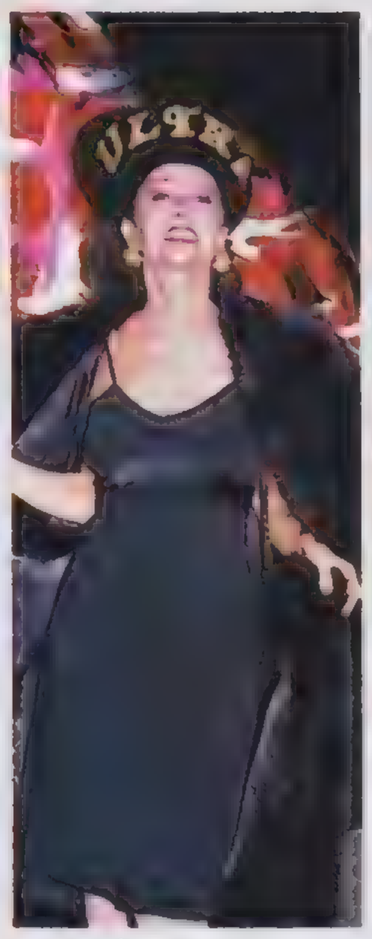
Victor Hugo and his bottom



Wheeler-dealer Leo Castelli

Model Veruschka

Factory-made party favor: Andy's Campbell's cookie



Pop tart Ultra Violet

Art historian Henry Geldzahler

Artists David McDermott and Peter McGough

Pop Opens

A Who's Who of Who Knew Andy crowded the opening of the Warhol retrospective at New York City's Museum of Modern Art. More than four thousand guests stood three-deep for a glimpse of the artist's signature silk screens of soup cans and Coke bottles, then funneled into hallways papered with Technicolor pink cows. Despite its size, the party seemed small, so crammed was it with Factory fixtures, art-world regulars, and sixties relics made briefly famous by contact with the artist.

Writer Fran Lebowitz and her pink "Elsie" bag

ROXANNE LOWIT. Cookie by Jean-Claude Nedelet for Glorious Foods

(Talking parties . . . *continues, page 452*)

Open The Red Door

...to a world
of beauty,
fashion and style

ELIZABETH ARDEN
THE SALON

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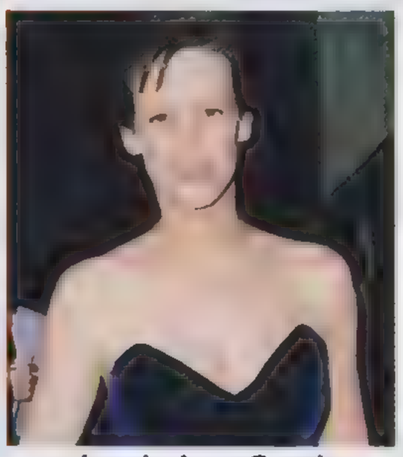
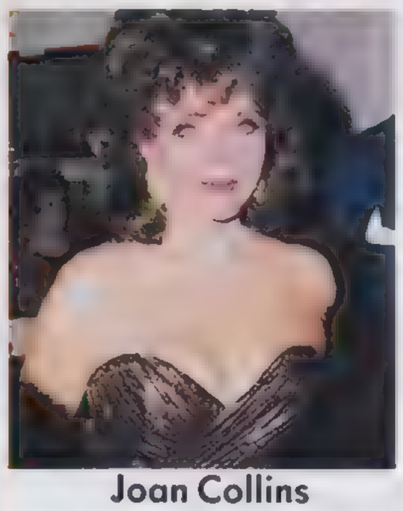
Talking parties...

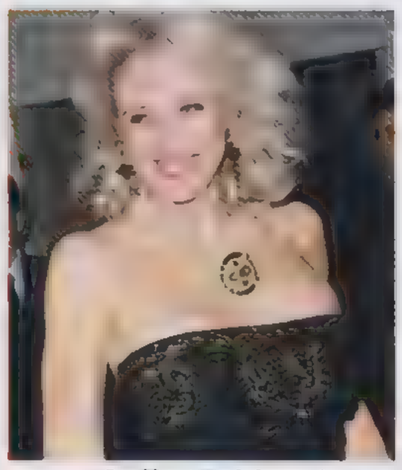
Teri Garr



Jamie Lee Curtis



Joan Collins



Sally Kirkland

Linda Gray

Golden Globes

Nominees for Best Supported Actress at the Hollywood Golden Globe Awards. The envelope please...

High society's short-order escorts:
CeCe and Barry Kieselstein-Cord; Arnold Scaasi and Ellin Saltzman; Louis Dell'Olio and Jac Dubelle

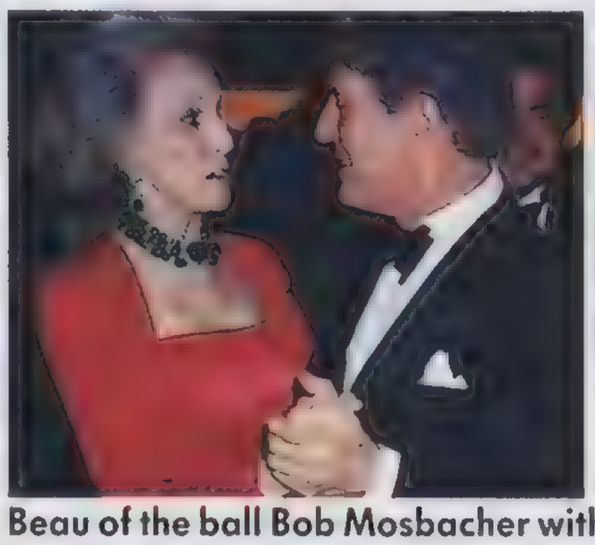
Nina Hyde

Audrey Hepburn; Liza Minnelli

Nancy Reagan

Fine feathers

Wearing their highest high fashion, guests at the Council of Fashion Designers of America dinner honored and ogled each other. Among those recognized for their achievements were AIDS crusader Judith Peabody, *The Washington Post*'s Nina Hyde, Geoffrey Beene, and Nancy Reagan.

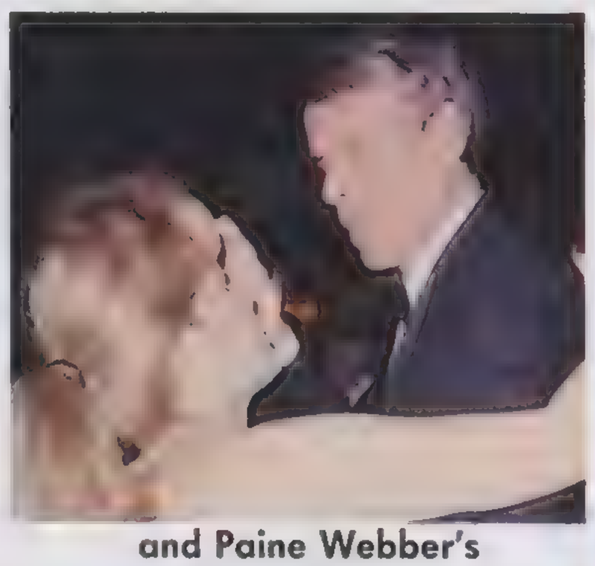


Beau of the ball Bob Mosbacher with Carroll Petrie...and wife Georgette...and Catie Marron

Ball belle Georgette Mosbacher with Randolph Hearst...

Cheek to chic to cheek...

The School of American Ballet's winter benefit showed that fashion often makes an about-face. Last season, couples were kept at arm's length from each other by the pouf of a Lacroix skirt. This time, slinky skirts promoted cheek-to-cheek dancing, as demonstrated by Bob and Georgette Mosbacher.



and Paine Webber's Donald Marron

(Talking...*continues, page 462*)

MARY HILLIARD; ROXANNE LOWIT; PATRICK McMULLAN; MARINA GARNIER; SCOTT DOWNEY; JOHN PASCHAL/Celebrity Photos. Details, last pages

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GO WITH THE FLO

(Continued from page 404)

down.' I didn't believe it. I was more into fashion than I was into worrying about its slowing me down."

The negative response, she has concluded, stems from a natural reluctance on the part of most athletes to be seen as something less than serious. "I think it's the fear. People always ask me, 'Why do you wear that?' A little bit of lipstick is not going to make you run slower. " She pauses. "If you believe something will hamper your performance, it will. It's all a state of mind."

Griffith Joyner's own state of mind can only be described as Frederick's of Hollywood. Teammates were shocked by her lacy white pantyhose (she calls it an "athletic negligee"), not to mention her one-legged unitard.

"Actually, it was going to be a different outfit, but when I cut off one leg, I thought, 'Wow, that's different.' I looked in the mirror and put shorts over it." The shorts look like a sexy diaper. "You just roll it down," she laughs. "That's the new style."

Griffith Joyner, married in 1987 to 1984 Olympic triple-jump champion Al Joyner, wore the one-legger to the July trials. "Critics said it was too flashy, not track-and-field-like. The other girls couldn't take the criticism. I just laughed it off."

While her sister-in-law, gold medalist Jackie Joyner-Kersee, projected a more conservative image, Griffith Joyner reveled in her own flamboyance. Her peers "have grown used to my wearing different outfits. Some of my closest friends want to know, 'What are you wearing today? How revealing is it? Let us see it.' I say, 'No, you have to wait till I take off my sweats.' "

From November to December, Griffith Joyner concentrated on "a lot of mileage" (long runs), as well as bike riding and weight lifting to maintain that muscular body, described by one sportswriter as certain to predict "the look that the twenty-first-century woman would covet." In February she began to work on the track. She rises early, runs for three miles, practices on the track for nearly three hours, retreats to the weight room for about two hours, goes home to her Newport Beach, California, condo and eats a pasta dinner before a night run.

"I can basically eat anything I want, in moderation. For dinner, I usually cook spaghetti, dinner rolls, maybe some broccoli." She rarely drinks, although when she and Al celebrate on the tenth of every month (the calendar date of their wedding) it may be with a glass of champagne.

"When I first wore a bodysuit, everybody said 'That will slow you down.' I didn't believe it"

For the record, her fingernails are definitely her own; but she paints them with a thin coat of acrylic. "I once let them grow to six inches," she laughs. "I've always admired women with long fingernails. When I was a young girl, my mother had a friend with long fingernails. I was just attracted to them."

At 5'7" and 130 pounds, Griffith Joyner usually wears a size six or eight, and off the track likes Anne Klein clothes. "I like a soft look, not outfits with ruffles everywhere. Anne Klein makes calm clothes, cream colors, earth tones."

She and her manager are sorting through the offers that have poured in since Griffith Joyner took home three gold medals and a silver at the Summer Games. (Advertisers have already dubbed her Cash Flo and say she could take home as much as one million dollars a year.) Florence did a guest shot on the TV show *227* and recently did a screen test for Norman Lear. She will also design her own line of activewear. Two Japanese firms, Mitsubishi and Mizuno, will have her endorsing televisions and athletic shoes, respectively; and it is likely that her image here at home will be on everything from soft drinks to cosmetics later this year. (She turned down a request to endorse a headache remedy, wanting to avoid even the slightest drug-related image.)

Perhaps Griffith Joyner's strangest commercial enterprise is her Flo-Jo doll. It will compete with her beloved Barbie. "They're trying to make her look just like I do. She's going to have nails you can put on. The hair, the makeup."

And what about those un-Barbie-like gluteals and hamstrings? Griffith Joyner laughs. "I don't think they're putting in the muscles."

ROYALIST LEANINGS

(Continued from page 386)

should be back at home in time to supervise the birthday dinner.

The models line up for the opening Stravinsky music in yellow, mauve, and lime, Ines in all three. The show is on.

As it ends with a roar of applause, Lagerfeld makes his triumphal progress down the catwalk looking neither overwhelmed nor over-elated.

Gilles Dufour is cross with tension. "He is *too* casual. Just a little worry would have been becoming. Is he bored? To tell the truth, I think he is more interested in his photography these days."

Behind blue wooden gates built for a coach-and-four, across a cobbled courtyard and under an arch, up a stone staircase flickering with scented candles and hung with tapestries, a pool of light falls on an immense desk in the recesses of an eighteenth-century study straight from a painting by François Guérin.

It is four in the morning, less than twelve hours after the show, and a man with graying shoulder-length hair sits in freshly laundered white piqué, covering page after page with a rapid scrawl. It could be Charles-Maurice de Talleyrand writing "War is much too serious a thing to be left to military men"—but for the pile of envelopes addressed to Princess Claude of France, Susan Gutfreund, and Marie-Hélène de Rothschild. Slowly he takes a new sheet of paper, doodles the movement of a chiffon skirt, transposes it into a wool coat, and adds a hat.

Karl Lagerfeld has begun a new collection.

DIAMOND STUD

(Continued from page 407)

though some of the handwriting had an older and more feminine cast to it, with flirtatious curlicues in the y's.

"Dear Andy," said one, "I heard you want a contract for more money. I don't blame you."

"Yep, going into salary arbitration on Monday," Andy said. Renegotiating salaries is one way to relieve the tedium of the off-season. If the arbitrator decides in his favor, Andy's current salary, $885,000 a year, will rise to around $1.3 million. If not, then Andy will have the option of leaving Pittsburgh when his contract expires next year.

"At least we know we're not going to be traded this year," said Lauri, not looking up from her paperwork. "The worst is when we don't know where we're going to be."

"I like Pittsburgh," Andy said, smashing a pistachio nut between his knuckle and thumb. "That goes without saying."

"We like the ball club," said Lauri. "Not necessarily the city."

"Well, the city has a few drawbacks," Andy said.

"Goes without saying," said Lauri.

"Think I'll give the baby a suppository," said Andy.

I know some women may have noticed the photograph of Andy on the opening page. They may have said to themselves, "Yes, this guy has a certain Adonis quality to him. But that's not why we like baseball players." In short, they wondered, "Is this guy sensitive? Is this the kind of guy who would give his baby a suppository?" Well, just remember this. When this incredible-looking guy swaggers onto your TV screen next season and swats the first pitch over the fence, don't get turned off. He's not just another amazing athlete. Really, he has a lot of nice qualities.

GIORGIO ARMANI

OCCHIALI

Produced and distributed by Luxottica

PRIMING THE MINISTER

(Continued from page 419)

remembers going with Pinkie to a dinner of the Boston-area Pakistan Students Association given at the home of MIT Professor and Mrs. Hamid ud-Din. "The minute Pinkie stepped into her Pakistani dress," Ganem remembers, "she became reserved, almost regal. At the dinner, I noticed the deference with which she was treated by the hosts and the other Pakistani students. She accepted it easily. I knew right then that she wouldn't be Pinkie forever."

Eliot House friends Elizabeth Steinhardt Duffett and Barbara Nemetz came to the same conclusion in the summer of 1972, when they spent six weeks in Pakistan as Bhutto's guests. "I remember getting off the plane in a dazed state after the thirty-six-hour trip," Duffett recalls. "I expected to get my luggage and catch a cab into Karachi like everyone else. But there was Pinkie waiting on the tarmac, standing next to a Rolls-Royce. She was dressed in proper Muslim attire but was wearing designer sunglasses. Standing next to her was a turbaned servant looking like something out of Rudyard Kipling. 'You're late! You're late!' Pinkie called to us, and I remember being struck by the juxtaposition of her American undergraduate personality and the pomp and circumstance that surrounded her."

Duffett and Nemetz spent the next six weeks moving by limousine and helicopter from house to house, each more sumptuous than the last. They visited the Khyber Pass, which is no longer open to foreigners. They flew with Pinkie and her father up to the Himalayan princely state of Hunza, where the Aga Khan maintains a palace. With a certain American naiveté, they asked how Pinkie and her father, living in such circumstances, could consider themselves socialists. The question caused a slight strain in the relationship. Duffett and Nemetz could not fully integrate the Eliot House Pinkie with the feudal princess they encountered.

In later years it made a little more sense. "Pinkie," Duffett says, "always had a special way of combining her heritage and the West. She could be at once socialist and feudalistic. In her dress, she had a way of blending Islamic attire with Western chic. Islam calls for her to wear pants, for example, so she wears ultra-tapered slacks and an oversized sweater. Custom calls for her to drape her head in a long scarf, but it's an Hermès."

When Prime Minister Bhutto went to India to meet with Indira Gandhi, he took his daughter with him as aide and escort. When he went to China, he did likewise. "We knew she was different," remembers Johnson, "when she came back to Eliot House after having actually met and talked to Chairman Mao. You can't imagine what power Mao had as an icon to undergraduates of that era. This was before even Nixon went to China." Pinkie accompanied her father to the Nixon White House as well.

The time Pinkie spent at the home of John Kenneth Galbraith also represented a gesture on her part toward deeper realities. As ambassador to India, Galbraith had acquired a vast and sympathetic knowledge of the subcontinent. "Galbraith hovered over her like a father," remembers Currie. "At the Galbraith house, she threw aside her girlish demeanor and became—although I did not have the phrase for it then—the young world leader, her father's daughter in every way. After General Zia had overthrown Zulfikar Ali Bhutto and had him condemned to death, the Galbraiths organized a clemency drive in the United States. Its failure was a blow to the entire Galbraith family."

The details of Zulfikar Bhutto's last days are ghastly. He was humiliated and physically abused and denied proper medical attention. He deteriorated physically and psychologically as the end approached. Benazir saw him through these final, horrible days. Toward the end, he would allow only her to see him in his deteriorated state. After his execution, she was refused permis-

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sion to attend the funeral.

Long before that, however, the prime minister came to Harvard. Silver-haired and supersuave, Oxbridge elegant in his gray pinstripe Savile Row suit, he swept into the Eliot House courtyard like a demigod whom no one could touch, much less imprison and hang. Pinkie basked in her glory as she introduced him to friends. That scene remains a *tableau vivant* of their entire relationship. Within little more than a decade he and her brother would be dead, and she would be approaching the edges of physical and emotional exhaustion after years of imprisonment, harassment, and house arrest.

Oxford, meanwhile, provided the setting for an important sea change. The Americanized Pinkie became the Anglicized Benazir, student of philosophy, politics, and economics at Lady Margaret Hall. At Harvard she ran with a mixed bag of jocks, intellectuals, preppies, and the upwardly mobile; at Oxford she ran with her own social class, whipping around in her yellow MG convertible. Oxford spoke to Benazir's sense of the raj, with herself as protagonist, albeit as a reforming socialist. It also offered a better forum for debate—the Oxford Union—than did the Eliot House dining room.

She remained at Oxford for a fourth year, taking a course in diplomacy after finishing her second bachelor's degree, in order to campaign for the presidency of the Oxford Union, an almost impossible task for a non-U.K. female, no matter how prominent. She campaigned so ferociously the contest was challenged, but she prevailed. Prior to her election as prime minister, the presidency of the Oxford Union had been her only elective office.

In the fall of 1986, having made a triumphal if precarious return to her homeland, Bhutto visited the United States for a speaking tour. When she went to San Francisco to address the World Affairs Council, she had a reunion with some Eliot House friends from the Bay Area. She sat around the table with Ganem, Duffett, and Currie eating vegetarian pizza. Bhutto talked about her imprisonment and the damage it had done to her health. She talked about the loneliness of being under house arrest, with only a cook and a houseboy on the premises.

"You could have talked to them," Duffett remarked.

"Nonsense!" Bhutto replied. "If I did that, they would think I was really losing my grip."

Ganem teased her about still being single. He said he'd fix her up with one of the Pakistani M.D.s he knew. "I wouldn't be an easy person to marry," Bhutto answered.

When the time finally came for Bhutto to marry a wealthy, polo-playing Sindhi businessman, Asif Ali Zardari, Fadiman went to Pakistan and covered the ceremony for *Life* magazine. She was appropriately impressed by its dignity and splendor.

Benazir Bhutto's Harvard years should not be overinterpreted. Long before she showed up at Cambridge, she had been deeply formed by the dynamics of history, class, and political position. Classmate Snyder saw clues of this even in those early Eliot House years. "She was always a self-possessed person," he remembers, "giving commands to her peers but in a light-hearted way. Even then she had a wonderful ability to project her presence, and that is what I think she is now doing so well."

"She has suffered and endured," says Thompson. "She has produced her son and won back the role that cost her father his life. Now I hope that she can do it all."

Kevin Starr, *a writer who lives in San Francisco, was Senior Tutor at Harvard's Eliot House from 1970 to 1973.*

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In this issue...

Details, prices, more stores, more...on this month's looks

Page 4 (cover): Azzedine Alaïa cotton and elastic dress, $510. Alaïa New York; Romanoff Boutique, Bal Harbour FL; Caron Cherry, Coconut Grove FL; Alaïa Chez Gallay, Beverly Hills; Gallay, West Hollywood CA. Scarf, Ralph Lauren. **97:** 1. Michael Kors silk cape, $910; cotton and Lycra turtleneck, $230; linen pants, $300. Barneys New York; The Gazebo, Dallas. 3. DKNY cotton trench, $325; rayon knit sweater, $220; silk and cotton shorts, $110. Lord & Taylor. 4. Donna Karan New York silk trench, $1,655. Bergdorf Goodman; Nordstrom, Oregon. Calvin Klein cotton twill pants, $175. Bergdorf Goodman. 5. Isaac Mizrahi polyurethane and cotton trench coat, $855. Wool poplin overalls, $545. Saks Fifth Avenue; I. Magnin. 6. Giorgio Armani men's cotton trench coat, $1,050. Giorgio Armani Boutique, NYC, Beverly Hills. Hat by Manolo. Macy's Herald Square. Gerald Genta watch. Bag, Axcess at The Limited. At The Limited Stores. **98-99:** 1. Silk skirt, $470. Byblos linen shirt, $200. Hartly, Westwood NJ. 2. Linen and viscose jacket, $345. Bergdorf Goodman. 3. Hat, $74. Patricia Field, NYC. Cotton sweater, $45. Benetton stores. Bob Mackie Collection II beaded silk jacket, $2,340. Saks Fifth Avenue; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. Earrings, Van Der Straeten. Bergdorf Goodman; Madeleine Gallay, West Hollywood CA. 4., 5. See diagram below. 6. Silk, Lycra, and nylon maillot, $480; silk chiffon skirt, $600. Martha; Gallay, West Hollywood CA. 7. Marc Jacobs scarf. Charivari, NYC; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia. Earrings at Saks Fifth Avenue; J. Seitz & Co., New Preston CT. Cotton shirt, NEO WilliWear, $22. The WilliWear Shop, NYC. **100:** 1. Norma Kamali cotton robe, $215. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Ray-Ban by Bausch & Lomb sunglasses. Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field's. Carlos Falchi bag. Sneakers, i.e. Nike. 3. Sam & Libby sandals, $35. Bloomingdale's. 4. Susan Bennis Warren Edwards oxfords, $395. Susan Bennis Warren Edwards, NYC. 5. Jean Paul Gaultier silk jacket, $5,155; pants, $750. Maxfield, Los Angeles. **109:** Sandals, $450. Madeleine Gallay, West Hollywood CA. **116:** 3. Norma Kamali's silk dress, $488. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. 4. Stephen Dweck necklace. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman Marcus. 5. Por Toi dress. 6. Giorgio Armani silk jacket, $3,100; skirt, $1,200. Giorgio Armani Boutique, NYC, Los Angeles. **138:** 1. Clothes from American Rag Cie, NYC. 2. Zelda Vintage wool gabardine jacket, $685; rayon crepe top, $128; pants, $178. Barneys New York; RTW Ltd., Charleston SC. 4. Brookoff & Mahler for FDR Drive rayon shirt, $185. FDR Drive, NYC; Ultimo Ltd., Chicago. Hat, San Francisco Hat Co. Charivari, NYC. Coda, Great Neck NY. **146:** From New Republic: Linen vest, $150; cotton shirt, $90; wool gabardine pants, $170. All at New Republic Clothier, NYC; American Rag Cie, Los Angeles. Hat by Ralph Lauren. **152:** 1. Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun earrings. Macy's Northeast. Christian Lacroix Haute Couture mask. 3. Bangles to order at Martha. 6. Bracelets from the National Museum of African Art, Smithsonian Institution, Washington DC. **165:** Bottom center inset: Linen shirt, $78. At Banana Republic stores. Tina Chow earrings.

Pages 98-99 (info. for diagram): 1. Nylon shirt, Betsey Johnson, $44. Betsey Johnson, NYC; Indulgence, Chicago. Nylon capri pants, Betsey Johnson, $46. Betsey Johnson, NYC; Rolo, San Francisco. Cotton jacket, Tripp NYC, $175. Trash & Vaudeville, NYC. Bag, Paloma Picasso. Bergdorf Goodman. 2. Marc Jacobs outfit. 3. Rachel London shirt. Levi Strauss & Co. jeans. Belt, Ian McColl. The WilliWear Shop, NYC. 4. Hat, Patricia Field, NYC. Rachel London dress. 5. WilliWear cotton shirt, $50. The WilliWear Shop, NYC; Marshall Field's. 6., 7. Rachel London dresses. 8. Marc Jacobs outfit. Hat, Patricia Field, NYC. 9. Rachel London dress. Hat, Patricia Field, NYC. 10., 11. Rachel London clothes. 12., 13. Rachel London dresses. 14. Marc Jacobs outfit. Bag, Carlos Falchi for Marc Jacobs. Macy's Herald Square. 15. Rachel London dress. 16. Swimsuit, Making Waves. 17. Swimsuit, Oscar de la Renta Collection by Little Dippers. 18. Rachel London outfit. Hat, Patricia Field, NYC.

In this issue...

180: Emporio Armani bodysuit. **226:** Dance France nylon and spandex unitard, $54. The New York Body Shop, NYC. Sneakers, L.A. Gear. **236-237:** Kobal Collection. Inset, top to bottom: Don Smetzer, Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation, courtesy of New Yorker Films, Photofest, Magaphoto.

In the black—and white

240: David James. **354-355:** Sweatshirt also at Gabby, Cedarhurst NY. Hat, $85. Head Master, NYC; Mon Petit Chou, Atlanta. Ring, Lalique. Lalique, NYC. Shoes, Prada. Prada, NYC; Jimmy's, Brooklyn NY. **356:** Outfit also at Marshall Field's; Neiman Marcus; Bullock's; Nordstrom. Skirt at Burdines. Sunglasses, Christian Lacroix. Saks Fifth Avenue. Bracelets, wrist to cuff: Robert Lee Morris. Artwear, NYC; Ruth Shaw, Baltimore. Cara Croninger. Artwear, NYC. Mirror, DeVecchi by Hamilton Hodge. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik. Manolo Blahnik, NYC; I. Magnin. **357:** Viscose and acetate suit. Acetate, viscose, and cotton blouse. Hat, Matsuda. Matsuda, NYC; City, Chicago; Maxfield, Los Angeles. Sunglasses, Cutler & Gross. Belt and clutch, DeVecchi by Hamilton Hodge. Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. **358:** Viscose and polyamide coat. Studio 000.1 by Ferre cotton shirt, $220. See stores on page 358. Coat and shirt also at Mary Jane Denzer, White Plains NY; Mary Chancis, Fort Lee NJ; Charles Sumner, Chestnut Hill MA; Aversa, Milwaukee WI; Diagonale, San Francisco; Simpsons, Ontario Canada. Bada sunglasses. Robert Marc Opticians, NYC; Optical Design, Santa Monica CA; Cyxtyz, Beverly Hills. Matsuda bag. Matsuda, NYC; Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Dayton's. Shoes, Genny. Charivari, NYC; Suzy, Great Neck NY; Susan, Burlingame and San Francisco CA. **359:** Cardigan, tank, and pants also at Rising Sun, Provincetown MA; Evelyn Magerman, Jenkintown PA; Annette Dean, Richmond VA; Marissa, Naples FL; Ruth Kishline's Country Clothes, Evansville IN; Pompian, Chicago; Joan Vass, New Orleans. Anne Marie Beretta sunglasses. Alain Mikli Boutique, NYC; Aucourant, Bal Harbour and Palm Beach FL. Paloma Picasso scarf. Bergdorf Goodman; Georgina, Hewlett NY. Earrings and bracelet, Michaele Mc Carthy for La Collection. Jean Laporte, NYC; Esclusivo, Washington DC; Jami's on the Plaza, Naples FL. Mark Cross agenda book, $185. Macy's Herald Square; Bullock's. Mark Cross legal holder, $185. Saks Fifth Avenue; Macy's California. Christian Lacroix bag. Bergdorf Goodman. Calvin Klein Collection Footwear. Bergdorf Goodman; Calvin Klein Store, Dallas. In the background: Emporio Armani swimsuit. For stores, see page 363. **360:** Shirt also at Allure, Philadelphia; Macy's, North Miami Beach FL. Cotton and acrylic shorts also at Polo/Ralph Lauren, Phoenix. Hat at Charivari, NYC; Lawrence Covell, Denver; Ice, Los Angeles. Sunglasses at Saks Fifth Avenue. **361:** Bracelet, Robert Lee Morris. Bag, Debra Moises. **362:** Swimsuit also at Toby Lerner, Philadelphia; Burdines; Marshall Field's. **363:** Polyamide and spandex swimsuit. Sunglasses at Alain Mikli Boutique, NYC; Aucourant, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour FL. **364:** Earrings at Saks Fifth Avenue; Auer's, Denver; I. Magnin. **365:** Dress also at Jacobson's; Pariscope, Newport Beach CA. Gerard E. Yosca earrings. Bergdorf Goodman; Francesca Girard, Manhasset NY, Boston; Fred Segal, Melrose CA. **366:** Polyester jumpsuit. Earrings, Jay Feinberg. Bonwit Teller; Ruth Shaw, Baltimore; I. Magnin. Bracelet, Jessica Rose. Artwear, NYC. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik. Manolo Blahnik, NYC; Jimmy's, Brooklyn NY. **367:** Sunglasses, Liz Claiborne Eyewear. Ring, Cynthia Rybakoff. Barneys New York; Le Bijou, Englewood Cliffs NJ.

The Paris revue

369: Dress fabric by Buche. Embroidery by Schlaepfer. **370:** Silk chiffon fabric by Abraham. Accessories, Yves Saint Laurent. Yves Saint Laurent Footwear. **371:** Silk chiffon fabric by Hurel. Accessories, Chanel. 372: Left: Suit fabric by Moreau. Accessories, Yves Saint Laurent. Right: Jacket and skirt fabric by Dormeuil. Blouse fabric by Bian chini. Accessories, Yves Saint Laurent. **373:** Suit fabric by Gandini. Blouse fabric by Taroni. Accessories, Yves Saint Laurent. **374:** Left: Silk satin jacket fabric by Bucol. Silk crepe pants fabric by Bianchini. Center: Brocade jacket and skirt fabric by Abraham. Embroidery by Vermont. Right: Silk satin coat fabric by Bucol. Silk dress fabric by Gandini. **375:** Silk taffeta fabric by Bianchini. Silk chiffon fabric by Abraham. **376:** Spandex top fabric by Baset Haut. Silk crepe fabric around head and silk crepe skirt fabric by Abraham. Painted skirt fabric by Taroni; painted by Sylvie Skinazi. Jewelry, Christian Lacroix. **377:** Silk fabric by Abraham. Yves Saint Laurent Footwear. **378:** Dress fabric by Gandini. **379:** Dress fabric by Abraham.

Pure white

392: Dress also at Susan, Burlingame and San Francisco CA; Sublime, Ontario Canada. Ring, Kazuko Mitsushima. **393:** Bracelets at Artwear, NYC. Elements, Chicago. **394:** Dress also at Emphatics, Pittsburgh; Alan Bilzerian, Worcester MA; Carol Rollo/Riding High, North Miami FL; Shauna Stein, Los Angeles. **395:** Jacket also at The Front Room, New Orleans. Pants also at B. Barnett, Little Rock AR; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. **396:** Dress, $2,380. Silk crepe fabric by Braghenti. Ring, Kazuko Mitsushima. Calvin Klein Collection Footwear. Bergdorf Goodman; Calvin Klein Store, Dallas. **397:** Vest also at Panache, Millburn NJ; Fred Hayman, Beverly Hills.

Pearl crazy

398: 3. Brian Quigley/Outline. 4. Cynthia Johnson/Gamma-Liaison. 5. Guy Marineau. 1. Cashmere sweater, $250. Cashmere-Cashmere, NYC, Short Hills NJ, Chicago. Cotton jeans, J. Crew, $28. Call toll-free 1-800-932-0043. 2. Agnès B. linen jacket, $225; skirt, $140. Agnès B., NYC, Los Angeles. Necklaces by Monet, Roxanne Assoulin, Stephen Dweck, Kenneth Jay Lane. 5. Silk crepe fabric by Clerici. Accessories, Chanel. **399:** Outfit at Alaïa New York. **400:** 2. Adam Scull/Globe Photos. 4. Mary Hilliard. 5. Guy Marineau. **401:** 6., 7. Guy Marineau. 8. J. Parker/Gamma-Liaison. **400-401:** 1. Necklace at Fred Leighton, NYC. Christian Lacroix Prêt-à-Porter silk chiffon dress, $890. Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour FL. 3. Necklace, M +

428

J Savitt. Ruffles Boutique, Cedarhurst NY; M + J Savitt, Chicago. Chanel necklace, $2,030. Chanel, NYC. Luciano Soprani wool faille jumpsuit, $550. Janet Brown, Port Washington NY; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco; to order at Tucan, NYC. 5. Christian Lacroix Haute Couture Collection outfit and accessories. 6. Givenchy wool gabardine outfit. Fabric by Moreau. Givenchy accessories. 7. Chanel silk chiffon dress. Blue silk chiffon by Huche. White silk chiffon by Hurel. 9. Pearl bracelets by Marvella, Monet, and Miriam Haskell. Donna Karan New York cotton shirt, $330. Bergdorf Goodman; Tootsies, Houston; Bullock's. J. Crew cotton jeans, $28. For info., call toll-free 1-800-932-0043.

Close fit

409: Dress also at Scarboro Fair, Glencoe IL; Savannah, Santa Monica CA; Miki, Mill Valley and Burlingame CA. **410:** Hand-beaded polyester chiffon jumpsuit, $6,400. Also at Sara Fredericks, Palm Beach FL. **411:** Silk cloqué dress, $2,600. Also at Sara Fredericks, Boston. **412:** Polyester dress. **413:** For dress info., see page 412. **414:** Spandex and elastic bathing suit, skirt, and hip wrap. Also at Chanel Boutiques, Palm Beach FL, Chicago, Dallas, Beverly Hills, San Francisco. **415:** Viscose and Lurex knit top and pants. Also at Nan Duskin, Philadelphia, Baltimore; Jacobson's. **426:** Silk T-shirt also at RTW, Charleston SC; Coco, Coconut Grove FL; Roz & Sherm, Birmingham MI; Ayla, Ann Arbor MI; Aberson's Alley, Tulsa; Fred Segal, Melrose CA. Wool pants also at City, Chicago; Ralph Davies, San Francisco; Jordan, Seattle. Belt, Corinne Rogers. Bergdorf Goodman; Panache, Millburn NJ. Tootsies, Houston. Shoes, Unisa. Macy's New Jersey; Coconuts, Miami.

The civil suit

427: Linen jacket and shirt. Silk and linen pants. Cotton cardigan. Outfit also at Georgina, Hewlett NY; Scarboro Fair, Glencoe IL; Maxfield, Los Angeles. Jacket at Tootsies, Houston. Guess Footwear by Georges Marciano. MGA, Phoenix; Charles David, Los Angeles. **428:** Necklace and pin, Martha Sturdy, Canada. Ralph Lauren Footwear. Bloomingdale's. Polo/Ralph Lauren, Winter Park FL, Denver. **429:** Suit, $2,400. Silk chiffon T-shirt. All also at Giorgio Armani Boutique, Manhasset NY, Beverly Hills; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; Neiman Marcus. Sunglasses, Christian Lacroix. Saks Fifth Avenue; I. Magnin. Gloves, Perrella of Gloversville. Macy's Northeast; Glove Me Tender, Chicago and Winnetka IL. **432:** Bandeau with top (not shown) also at Seahorse, Brooklyn NY; Pilar's Beachwear, San Diego CA. Linen, polyester, and Lycra pants also at Weinstein's, New Orleans. **433:** Polyamide and elastane suit also at Jimmy's, Brooklyn NY; Romanoff Boutique, Bal Harbour FL. Towel, Ralph Lauren Home Collection.

Linear thinking

430-431: Top and leggings also at Biba, Chicago; Printemps, Denver. Earrings, Monet. **434:** Cotton and Lycra swimsuit also at Suzy, Great Neck NY; The Cellar, Woodbridge NJ; Isis, Long Beach Island NJ; Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Everything But Water, Altamonte Springs FL; Venus Adonis, St. Louis. Monet earrings. **435:** Top also at Tiziana, Los Angeles. Lycra bottoms with top (not shown) also at Seahorse, Brooklyn NY; Pilar's Beachwear, San Diego CA. Monet earrings. **436-437:** Pullover also at Jaeger, Princeton NJ, Philadelphia, Boston, Richmond VA, Bal Harbour FL, Cincinnati, Palo Alto CA. Cotton, nylon, and Lycra fabric at Horne & Weiss, Ltd., NYC. Hat, J. Crew. For info., call toll-free 1-800-932-0043. Earrings, Monet. **438:** Polyester and elastic corset. Also at Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Printemps, Denver. Shorts (with top not

shown) also at The Cellar, Woodbridge NJ; Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Everything But Water, Orlando FL; Venus Adonis, St. Louis; Sporting Club, West Hollywood CA. **439:** Sweatshirt also at Liberty House of Hawaii. Ralph Lauren Home Collection towel. **448:** Top: Peter Bosari. Second row, left to right: Peter Bosari; Mary Hilliard; Peter Bosari; Peter Bosari; Peter Bosari. Third row, left to right: Scott Downey/Celebrity Photos; Scott Downey/Celebrity Photos; Visages. **441:** Top, left to right: Courtesy of Lorimar Telepictures; George C. Whipple III. First row, left to right: Lorimar; Bettman Newsphotos; Lorimar; Larry Aronovsky/Picture Group. Third row, left to right: Lorimar; Bettman Newsphotos; Lorimar; Bettman Newsphotos. Fourth row, left to right: Lorimar; Larry Downing/Newsweek; Gamma-Liaison; Ron Galella, Ltd. Fifth row, left to right: Lorimar; Gamma-Liaison; Lorimar; Bettman Newsphotos. **452:** Left, top to bottom: Scott Downey/Celebrity Photos; John Paschal/Celebrity Photos; Scott Downey/Celebrity Photos; Scott Downey/Celebrity Photos; Scott Downey/Celebrity Photos. Center, first row, left to right: Mary Hilliard; Mary Hilliard; Roxanne Lowit. Second row, left to right: Roxanne Lowit; Roxanne Lowit; Mary Hilliard. Third row, left to right: Patrick McMullan; Patrick McMullan; Marina Garnier. Fourth row, left to right: Marina Garnier; Patrick McMullan. ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE.

VOGUE PATTERNS

Back views, yardages, details, pages 436-437

Pages 436-437. Capri pants: Butterick Pattern #3948. Sizes 6-16. Size 10: 1 yard 60" fabric. $5.95. Canada, $8.50. Fabric: woven stretch cotton, nylon, and Lycra from Verel de Belval at Horne & Weiss, Ltd.

3948

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all hat and no cows

ALESSANDRA STANLEY checks out the urbane cowboys at Bush's inaugural galas

With all those gaudy parade floats, theme parties, and cacophonous bands, inaugurations don't define the style of a new administration, they lampoon it. It was, therefore, fitting that the Texas takeover of Washington was symbolized with one flamboyant, man-wilting entrance by Georgette Mosbacher, wife of the new secretary of commerce, Houston millionaire Robert Mosbacher. Georgette, who owns the La Prairie skin-care company, slowly sashayed into the Texas State Society Ball, her long red hair loosely caressing her shoulders and the rest of her tightly sheathed in a short, blood-red Dior cocktail dress, looking exactly like the pneumatic cartoon vamp Jessica Rabbit. George Bush was no sooner sworn in than Washington turned into Texas Toontown.

For three days, the capital was awash in champagne and guacamole, black ties and boots, mink coats and spurs. One man, woman, and child showed up at a ball in matching fur coats, their Texas-style homage to family values. Men didn't wear Stetsons; they sported ten-gallon diamond-encrusted Rolex watches, known back home as "Texas Timexes."

The New Texans, after all, are lawyers and bankers, not ranchers ("all hat and no cows," as the English writer Christopher Hitchens put it). The only real difference between fashionable women in Texas and Los Angeles or Manhattan is effect, a sense of self-parody, which prompted one tall, slender brunette to glitter in a black-sequined Dallas Cowboys football jersey top, with number twelve embroidered in silver on her back.

Even George Bush wore custom-made cowboy boots—encrusted with the outline of Texas and his initials in gold—with black tie. It fell to his wife, Barbara, to hold up the New England end of their roots. She adopted the Yale school colors as her antidote to Nancy Reagan Red, wearing a peacock blue Bill Blass coat to the swearing-in, a deeper royal blue velvet and taffeta gown to the inaugural balls. Sure enough, television newswomen, who for eight years had worn fire-engine-red suits to catch Reagan's eye at press conferences, suddenly began facing the cameras in varying shades of the new Bush blue.

Marilyn Quayle provided the only surprise, having loftily dismissed the offerings of Victor Costa and selected costumes made by unknown design students instead. At times she was well served by youth; the stark black and white gown she wore to the inaugural dinners was refreshingly modern. But the student who designed her hat for the swearing-in—a kind of porkpie pillbox that could have belonged to a Sabena Airlines hostess—deserved to flunk out. Mercifully, stiff winds from the chopper that took the Reagans home to California blew it clear off Marilyn's head—a final fashion gesture from a departing administration.

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